A SHOCKING TRUE STORY

THE INCREDIBLE STEEL-TEETH MURDERS

ADVENTURE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT

May, 25c

The Wickedest Street in the World

I WATCHED HIM DIE!

THE RAILROAD INTO HELL *page 13*

SPECIAL

A Will Cook Novel

GUNMEN DIE SUDDEN

MAY, 1957 ADVENTURE 25 CENTS

ATTENTION FISHERMEN!

Amazing 100 Year Old Gypsy Fish Bait Oil Formula

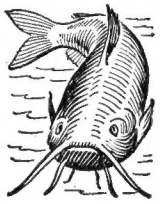
MAKES FISH BITE OR NO COST

—MYSTERIOUS SCENT MAKES SMELL FEEDING FISH GO CRAZY!

EXPERIMENTAL FISHING In an effort to prove to the folks around Destin, Fla., that many kinds of fish are attracted to bait by their keen sense of smell and that the product known as "Gypsy Fish Bait Oil" actually works, this field trip out of Destin on the Teknicolor was arranged, with Skipper Tim Boone. All in all, 1,295 pounds of fish were landed including red snapper, channel cat, porgies, piranka, pollack and other fish that feed along the bottom and are attracted to bait by sense of smell. The anglers are from left to right: Pete Thorne, Joe Love Jr., Charlie Upchurch, Buster Niquet, Stew Keith, Joe Love Sr., and Roy Martin, all of Panama City. Gypsy Oil was used on every piece of bait.

Use your regular bait . . . plug, minnow, worm, fly, night crawler . . . fish your regular waters . . . rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds, or the ocean . . . fish your usual way . . . still fish with pole and bobber, cast, troll, spin . . . all you do is dab a drop or so of the new double strength GYPSY FISH BAIT OIL on the bait. It's just that easy. And North or South, East or West . . . let them get one whiff of your bait while feeding and smell feeders all streak madly for your bait and usually the biggest one wins. You keep hauling 'em in to everyone's envy and amazement!

Like A Shark is Attracted By The Smell Of Blood...



Fishing experts are just learning what wandering Romany Gypsies found out 100 years ago . . . many kinds of the best eating fish such as catfish, snappers, bull-heads, carp often feed along the dark bottom and are attracted to bait by their acute sense of smell. Gypsies invented this mysteriously scented oil and it makes these smell feeding fish literally go crazy. It excites them through the thousands of smell organs that cover their bodies. Like a shark goes wild at the smell of blood, so these smell-feeders go crazy at the first whiff of the new double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. Send the coupon and try double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil at our risk. If yours isn't the biggest catch in your entire party, your money back.

EVER CATCH FISH LIKE THIS?

"I have been using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil 2 years now and have never found anything to compare with it. A group of fishermen were sitting along a stone crib in the Portage River. They were using night crawlers for bait and weren't catching anything. I cast my line in on the other side of the crib and before the sinker hit the bottom I had a 6 pound silver catfish. And I repeated this 4 times before any of the others caught a fish. I showed them my worms and to this day they couldn't figure how I can catch big fish right where they only got nibbles and a few small bull-heads. They don't know I used Gypsy on my bait and they didn't. Last night another party and I caught 24 catfish on rods and reels in 5 hours using Gypsy. Rush this order as I am about out. The big catfish run is starting and I am nearly out of bait and I would not know what to do without it."

Ray Hathaway, 226 E. 6th St., Port Clinton, Ohio.

Here Are Genuine Reports About Catching Smell Feeding Fish!

Many Kinds Of Best Eating Fish Feed By Acute Sense Of Smell . . . And Here's More Proof Gypsy Gets Them!

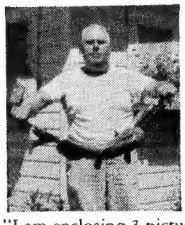
"These fish were caught by my mother Mrs. Ophelia Warren, 974 High St. and Mrs. Lucille Bryant, 961 Park Place. We have all been more than pleased with the results from using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil."

Edward L. Warren
Box 1063, Macon, Ga.

Mr. McMahon and party with 3 big strings of catfish from Lake Kentucky, Tenn. "Gypsy's Amazing" they say.

"Enclosed is a picture of the fish we caught with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil, July 11. All my fishing friends want some."

Thom. W. Kysar
1326 W. Market
Indianapolis, Ind.



"I am enclosing 3 pictures of 2 different catfish we caught using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil on our bait. We fish the Fox River at Mineral Springs, Ill. where we have a summer cottage. One fish my brother is holding weighed 8½ pounds and the other one weighed 7¾ pounds."

Miss Dorothy Gribing
6052 S. Fairfield, Chicago 29, Ill.

Caught June 19, 1955 by Ray Crachel of C & M Grocery Store, 2347 S. Nicholas, Fresno, California. Used live minnows dabbed with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil.

FREE! FISHERMAN'S POUCH WITHOUT EXTRA COST

With every bottle of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil you'll get free a large waterproof plastic pouch. Ideal for lunches, tobacco, matches, anything you want to keep dry and fresh. Yours to keep even if you return Oil for money back. Mail order today!

SEND NO MONEY-You fish "On-Approval"

Be as skeptical as you like . . . go ahead and say we're crazy. But mail coupon or write for your double size trial of the new improved double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. On arrival put up as deposit $1.98 for one or $4.98 for 3 bottles plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Use the next time you go fishing and if you aren't delighted return what's left for money back. Send cash and we pay postage. Don't wait. Mail coupon.

HATS OFF TO THE LADIES

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil does everything you say. Have been fishing Chain-Of-Lakes in Illinois. Have pretty good luck. I caught a 19-inch channel catfish and 1½ pounds bull heads."

Mrs. D. Loring, P.O. Box 352,
Elmhurst, Ill.

EXPERT PRAISES GYPSY

"I have used Gypsy dope bait for 3 years and have made wonderful catches of smell-feeding fish. Both in fresh water and on deep sea trips. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and your company to all my friends."

Henry D. Martin,
35 Roseway St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

RESULTS FANTASTIC

"The results after using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil were fantastic. I caught more and larger smell-feeding fish than ever before and I have fished this same pond many times."

Mr. Ed H. Lewis, Manager
Chamber of Commerce
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

MORE LADIES USE GYPSY THAN ANY OTHER SCENTED BAIT "I am enclosing a check for 3 more bottles Gypsy. I have tried it and it is very good."

Mrs. Ruth H. McCarty, Dubay Colony,
R.D. #1, Dancy, Wisc.

30-POUND COD

"I had a remarkable experience near Ketchikan, Alaska. Trolling, I had placed Gypsy Oil on my bait. Suddenly I had a strike and after 20 minutes fight I found a 30-pound Cod on my line!"

E. F. Gronvall—U.S. Navy, Seattle, Wash.

73 FISH IN TWO OUTINGS

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil is the best ever for really catching smell feeding fish. The first time I used it on my bait I caught 30 fish and the next time I fished I caught 43 fish. And they were the largest I've ever caught."

Louise Moore, Route 6, Box 280, Dublin, Ga.

10-POUND CATFISH

"I am writing to let you know how wonderful Gypsy Fish Bait Oil really is. On the very first day I used it I caught one catfish that weighed 10 pounds. I used a pole and bobber. All my friends keep asking me what I'm using."

Estellar Scott, Grady, Ark.

FRIENDS, HERE'S JESSE'S SECRET

"Boy, oh boy! I catch more smell feeding fish using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil than all my friends put together. They keep asking how can I do so well but I just laugh at them and say you got to know how it's done."

Jesse Messer, Bruceville, Ind.

WALLING KEITH CHEMICALS, INC.
Dept. 437-H, Birmingham 1, Alabama

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Birmingham 1, Alabama.

☐ Send one bottle double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and Free Fisherman's pouch. I'll pay $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return Gypsy after first test trial for money back and keep pouch for my trouble.

☐ Send 3 Gypsy (3 Free Pouches) . . . $4.98 ☐ Remittance enclosed. Send postage paid.

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For fifteen minutes the hate-crazed mob battered Gene Symonds, then left him—in a pool of blood ..... page 13

Latest French gift to America isn't as tall as Statue of Liberty, but Micheline Pierre is just as statuesque ..... page 29

Explosive liquid gas was on that pier, but they had to get a boat to it—through smoke and flame ..... page 20

He carried his guns and a rep as a tamer of boomtowns—but there's always a hard-case wanting proof ..... page 26

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ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

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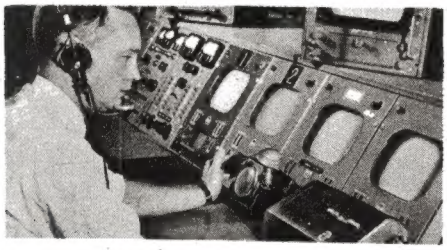

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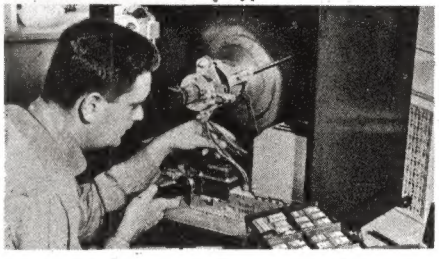

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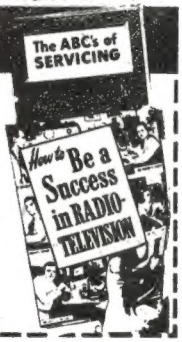

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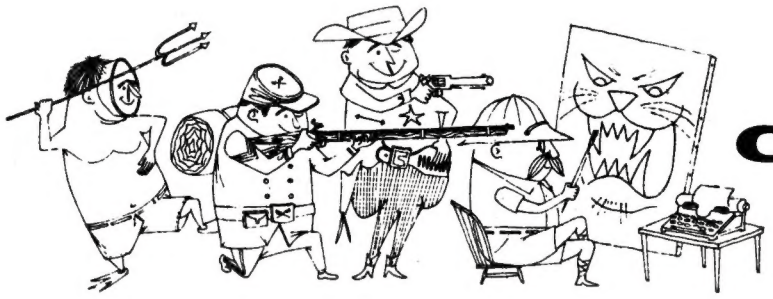


CAMPFIRE

HENRI L. CHARLES ("The Wickedest Street in the World," page 18) is a Montanan who rarely sees the old homestead having spent the greater part of the past twenty-five years in the Mid-East and Europe.

Henri has been a newspaperman and writer for the past thirty years and expects to continue being one for a while longer. He broke into the business in California on the *Oakland Tribune* where he worked on general assignments and rewrite until 1932 when he got itchy feet, pulled stakes and by degrees worked his way to Europe. He had a succession of jobs including one of booking small American orchestras into Parisian nightclubs until he finally found honest employment with the *Daily Express* of London.

He helped cover France and Italy for the *Express* until 1940 when British correspondents in Italy were interned and later shipped home. Charles switched to writing for American publications from Italy, Germany and Switzerland and was in the latter country when Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. He returned to the United States in 1942, remaining only a few months and then shipping to England with a convoy and flying on to the Mid-East where he completed a number of magazine assignments.

He remained in the Mid-East, headquartering in Egypt and Turkey and as the German armies retreated into the Fatherland, went into the Balkans where he saw the Red armies take over and begin the cold war before the hot war was finished. Returning to the United States in 1945, he stayed about a year and went back to the Mid-East and Europe where he has remained, with the exception of several brief trips home, writing magazine articles for American magazines.

DICK HALVORSEN, author of "The Deadly Blend," page 16, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and being the son of an ex- sea captain, he started going to sea and seeing the world during school vacations when he was fourteen. These wanderings continued until his graduation from Dartmouth, where he played football and was twice elected All American in lacrosse. He became associate editor of the original "Sports Illustrated," then a Steve Hannagan press agent on the Indianapolis 500. He spent some time in Europe as a foreign correspondent and in Hollywood as a press agent.

While writing the radio show, "We The People," in New York, World War II exploded and Dick joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. After training he was assigned to the RAF as a nightfighter and was later sent to Africa where he fought until being shot down in 1943. He batted around Africa for another year recuperating from his wounds and ferrying fighters from Nigeria. In 1945 he was discharged.

Since then he has spent most of his time free-lance writing, a job that entails a lot of globe-trotting. Dick flies about 100,000 miles a year in all types of aircraft from helicopters to jets. In the past three years Dick has flown to Europe, Africa, Alaska, Greenland, the Carribbean Islands, South America, the North Pole—and inside the eye of a hurricane, this last for a story on the Air Weather Service.

Dick lives in Huntington, L. I., with his pretty wife, Guri and their two lively youngsters, Ingrid, six, and Ricky, seven.

Dick Halvorsen (left) and Lt. Curtis Eaton before recent jet take-off.

"IT IS GRATIFYING," Mathieu Jacques Latour tell us, "that as an old ADVENTURE reader my first story is published in this magazine." In the old days, Latour's favorite authors were fellow adventurers like George Surdez who wrote about the French Foreign Legion, Gordon McCreagh and Talbot Mundy with their African stories and Arthur O. Friel with his stories of the Brazilian jungles. Latour's article, "The Lady Who Ate Marines," page 44, is in the ADVENTURE tradition of fine true experiences.

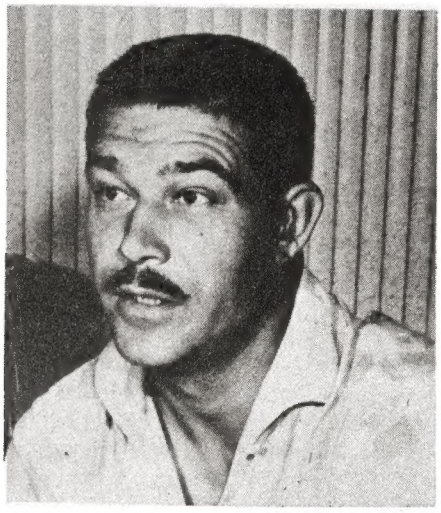
Born in Port au Prince, Haiti, Latour began his life as a soldier-of-fortune when he was a corporal in the Garde d'Haite, an outfit trained by the United States Marines.

He has investigated many voodoo ceremonies, a subject which has always interested him and in the course of bringing in caco guerillas he has been shot at more than once. Of all his adventures with guerilla warfare in the hills, including run-ins with cacos, Dominicans and a nest of Jap spies which was landed in Haiti from Mexico during World War II, Latour admits his adventure with "The Lady Who Ate Marines" was the most bizarre.

STYLED BY A REVIEWER as a "youngish old pro," Will Cook ("Gunmen Die Sudden," page 26) sold his first story to Popular Publications in 1952, and followed this up with seventy-five more in rapid succession. In addition, he has written seventeen novels and a motion picture script.

Armed with two typewriters in his study, another that he carries around in the car, and one more in his sailing vessel, Will Cook writes no less than four books a year and usually works at them all at the same time. At home, on the road, or at sea, where he spends most of his time, he writes and somehow manages to assemble the material in one place to put postage on it.

Backed by a sketchy formal education, (he was an indifferent student) and a vast practical one, Will Cook's everyday interests are vastly different from his story matter. Asked to discuss the west, he will hand you a book. Ask him something about boats, (he designs them for a hobby) women, politics, guns, Elvis



Will Cook is a sea-faring cowboy.

Presley, etc., and he will talk until three in the morning. Ask him where he gets his ideas, he is unable to say, yet readily confesses that he gives away in outline form about three times what he manages to develop into a book or short story. Beginning writers make his home into a club for the drinks are free, the advice substantial, and there is always a spare idea, partially developed, just laying around for the asking.

ROGER MARSH, one of Adventure's most popular experts (Military Weapons) is offering Adventure readers his publications, "Weapons 1" and "Weapons 2," a set of illustrated booklets on Russian small arms and aircraft guns. The booklets, together with technidata sheets are available for $2.00 postpaid from Weapons, Inc., P.O. Box 338, Hudson, Ohio.

Mr. Marsh was chief foreign materials instructor in the Small Arms ORTC at Aberdeen Proving Ground during World War II where his discovery of the lack of American knowledge of Russian arms prompted the writing of these booklets. Mr. Marsh's exhaustive technical knowledge of Russian arms and military equipment, as collected in "Weapons 1" and "Weapons 2," was used by government agencies and the UN and proved valuable in aiding our country in preparing to meet the ever-growing Russian threat of armed aggression. Mr. Marsh believes the sale of these booklets to those readers interested in small arms will lead to the further extension of American awareness of foreign weapons. ■ ■

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ADVENTURES IN MEDICINE

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR LIFE—AND HOW TO LIVE IT TO THE UTMOST

by J. R. GAVER

ARSENIC IN YOUR CIGARETTES: We smoke, too, and facts like these aren't going to deter us, but you might be interested to learn that in 1932-33 the arsenic content of cigarettes averaged 12.6 micrograms per cigarette. Twenty years later, according to Dr. Henry S. Satterlee in the "New England Journal of Medicine," the arsenic content averaged 42 micrograms per cigarette—an increase of over 300 per cent.

How arsenic gets into cigarettes and other tobacco is very simple, Dr. Satterlee explains. Tobacco growers use arsenate of lead as an insecticide to protect the growing plants. He grants that they have been using other type insecticides in recent years, but that, he insists, "cannot purify soils of tobacco plantations that have, for many years, been impregnated by residues of a heavy and relatively insoluble poison, arsenate of lead, which will continue to release in soluble form arsenic which happens to be the only component of tobacco smoke that, as yet, is definitely known to be a cause of cancer for man.

"Not only are we getting arsenic in cigarette smoke," his statement continues, "but also in our city atmospheres, from the combustion of fuel oils in furnaces and gasoline in motor vehicle engines, from the grindings of synthetic rubber tires on asphalt and from the minute scrapings of tarred or oiled roads." Dr. Satterlee, who is a chemist as well as a physician, indicates that the female body is much more efficient in excreting the end products of arsenic metabolism than is the male body, a reason that experts in the lung cancer field believe is why lung cancer is not, in the main, a female disease.

BAD DEBTORS MORE ACCIDENT PRONE? Bad debtors appear to be accident-prone, according to a Harvard University researcher. Pointing out that "a man drives as he lives," Dr. Ross A. McFarland described a controlled study of truck drivers which revealed that 34 per cent of the accident repeaters were also in trouble with credit bureaus. Among the accident-free drivers, only 6 per cent had any trouble paying their debts.

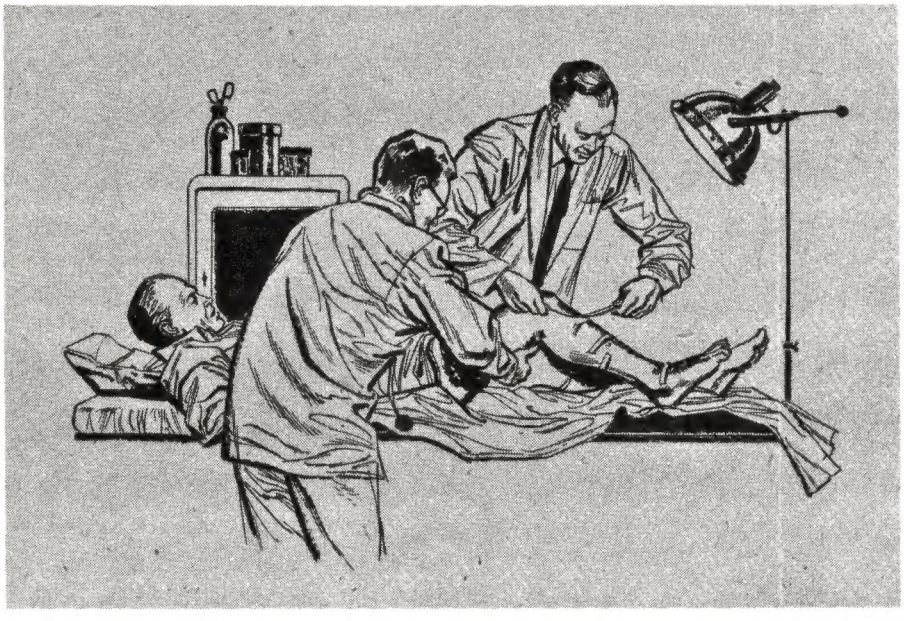
NEW TAPE REPLACES STITCHES: A new plastic tape has been found superior to conventional "stitching" of wounds and incisions, according to a report by Dr. Paul Williamson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, in the "Medical Times." He describes results with the new tape in over 1,000 cases as "unbelievably good," with significant improvement in speed of wound healing, lower incidence of infection, and almost complete absence of the scarring so often left when conventional sutures are removed.

The new tape, a polyester film, looks much like ordinary Scotch tape, but one side is coated with a special skin adhesive developed by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. Small holes in the tape are placed directly over the wound to permit free egress of wound secretions. Preliminary studies have also found that the tape is self-sterilizing, and the fact that scarring can be practically eliminated is of the utmost importance in facial wounds.

Application of the new tape is described as painless and the use of local anesthesia necessary for suturing wounds can be largely eliminated. Instead of the usual painful removal of stitches after the wound is healed, the tape usually comes away freely when it is time to remove the gauze dressing that is placed over it. Your doctor or hospital may not have it yet, but probably within the next few months the use of this tape will be general in the surgical field.

LIFE-SAVING ANTIBIOTIC FOR INFECTIONS: The new antibiotic Cathomycin, which can be a life-saver in treating infections caused by certain bacteria that have become resistant to other antibiotics, is now available to physicians and hospitals, thanks to Sharp & Dohme, Division of Merck & Company, which developed the antibiotic. Extensive clinical investigations have confirmed the original favorable laboratory studies of some months ago, and in addition clinicians have indicated that the unusually high blood levels developed by Cathomycin in the human body revealed an increased effectiveness against infecting organisms which could not be predicted from the earlier lab studies.

Bacterial resistance is an increasingly important problem and Cathomycin has



proved to be particularly effective against Staphylococci, the bacteria that cause most skin infections and become a source of grave danger when they enter the blood stream. Staphylococci are often responsible for such conditions as abscesses, boils, carbuncles, and the very serious bone disease osteomyelitis, and frequently cause infections in cuts and postoperative wounds. Among the systemic diseases which are often fatal are septicemia and endocarditis. What is more, Cathomycin has a high degree of safety for the patient when supervised by a physician and starts to have effect in as little as one to two hours, the time usually taken to become absorbed into the blood stream.

THE SIZE OF YOUR FAMILY MAY DETERMINE YOUR DEVELOPMENT: Taking men and women who had been brought up in large families, scientific investigators found two out of every three were well-adjusted persons, one of every four was medium in adjustment to other people and one of every nine was poorly adjusted. Although science hasn't done a comparable study of the emotional adjustment of men and women brought up in small families, the fact that only two out of 457 children of large families studied were ever patients in mental hospitals is worthy of note. University of Pennsylvania scientists have had the 879 children of 100 families with at least six children each under study for six years, but the study on adjustment had to be limited to fifty-eight of the 100 families because the data was not complete on all 100. These fifty-eight families had a total of 457 offspring, 235 men and 222 women. Of the 457, fifty-one were poorly adjusted, twenty men and thirty-one women.

Speaking generally of all the families under study, the in-between children showed a higher rate of good and medium adjustment than first- and last-born children. The best record was that of the fourth-born. The first-born had the poorest record but the last-born were next. They emphasized that in not one of the fifty-eight families of six or more children were there more than three who were poorly adjusted, proving that the factors involved in lack of personal adjustment are at least individual.

They defined being well adjusted as follows: "If a person is capable of arranging his relations to other persons, at work, in the home, and in social relations with reasonable propriety and success, he is a well-adjusted person."

POLIO HITS ADULTS HARDEST: Despite the Salk Vaccine, for quite a while polio will remain a problem, and in the last epidemic in New England, it was found that the ailment was difficult to check clinically because of the high proportion of adults afflicted, since it hits the older patient harder, according to Dr. Louis Weinstein of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

His own study indicates that patients over forty, for example, need respirator treatment eleven times more often than those under fifteen years, and have a mortality rate seven times higher. What distinguished the 1955 epidemic, according to Dr. Weinstein, was the fact that twenty-six per cent of those affected were twenty years of age or older. The incidence in males is greater than in females in the ages up to fifteen, and from thirty-nine to sixty-five years, but this ratio is reversed in the sixteen to thirty-nine age group, possibly because of increased susceptibility to polio during pregnancy. ■ ■

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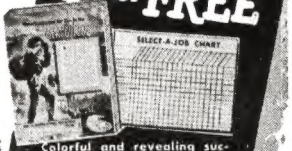

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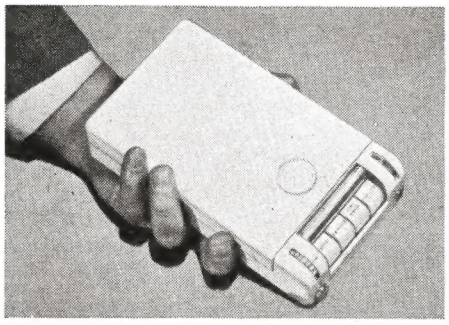

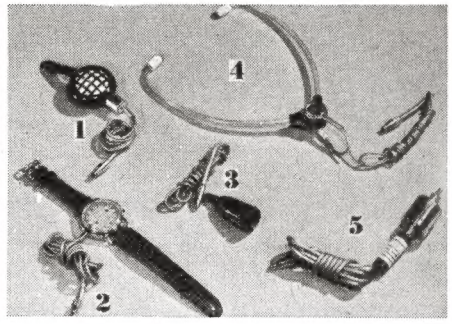

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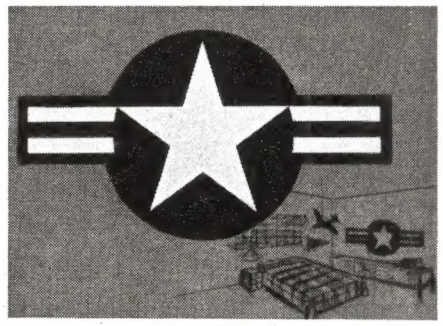

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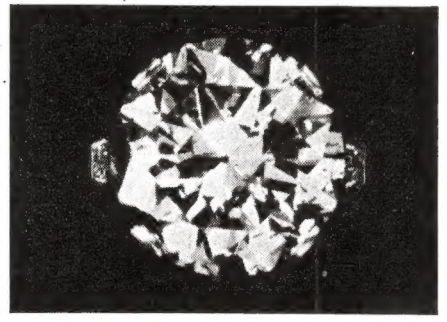

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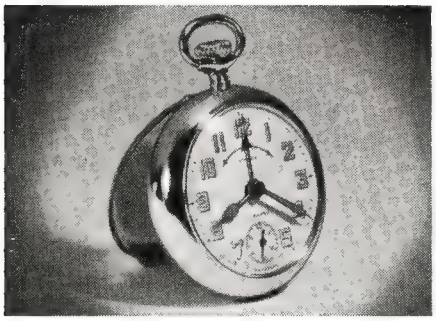

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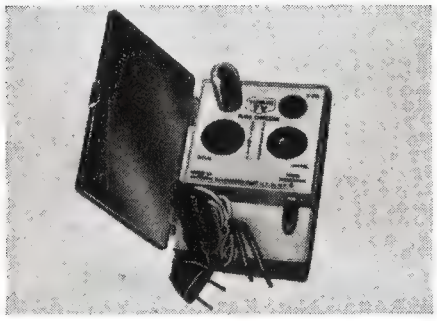

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the fastest cure for worry about cancer: a call to your doctor now!

Scared? You shouldn't be! Look at it this way. The average man who walks into the doctor's office walks out floating. That lump that was so frightening . . . nothing to worry about at all! The sky's bluer, the air's sweeter, it's a great big beautiful day . . . because he picked up that phone and called!

It happens all the time. It can happen to *you*. "Sure," you say, "but just supposing". . . OK. Let's look at the facts. In past years, we were saving 1 out of 4 cancer patients. Today, we're saving 1 in 3. And the odds could get better still . . . if *people would call their doctors in time!*

So go ahead . . . call. See your doctor now. And after your checkup—how about a check for the American Cancer Society? Every dollar sends us further along the road to cure. And when *that* happens . . . it's going to be a wonderful day for us all! Send your check to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

UP reporter, Gene Symonds (left), interviewed Philippine presidential candidate, Ramon Magsaysay in 1953.

I Watched Him Die!

THE RAILROAD INTO HELL

Gene Symonds, American correspondent, was murdered by Singapore's communists. His legs and arms were broken, his ribs crushed, his jaw dislocated, his lungs and groin caved in and his brain laid bare. Here is the story of a tolerant, heroic man who fought for freedom and who died doing it!

STARTS NEXT PAGE ▶

by henry jordan

EUROPEAN PHOTO

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

UP PHOTO

Tough band of organized communists, 4,000 strong, incited riots against British rule in Singapore.

Malaya's jungle railroad was one of the great romantic construction feats of the earlier part of the century. Chiefly built by American-trained Australians and Canadians, it had to be hacked step by step into the ever-encroaching tropical forest.

The natives the builders encountered were gentle and friendly, but nature was not. Tigers were forever swarming around the work camps. Rails laid one week would be uprooted the next by marauding elephants, who turned out to be the biggest nuisance. They used the railroad bed as a convenient trail, and used tunnels as cool resting places during the heat of the day. Sometimes an angry elephant would charge a train. Usually elephant encounters resulted in death to the foolhardy creature and derailment of the train.

When the gentle natives saw what the white man's labors had produced they stopped being their good-natured selves. They imagined that demons were traveling through the glinting rails and tore them out. They saw in the *kreta apis*—fire carriages, as they named the trains—something like a hell on wheels, and with extraordinary savvy managed to throw over a switch and spike it down in the hope of wrecking the evil wagon.

But finally man and beast accepted the inevitable and made peace with the cannonballing steel monsters. Settlements, as busy and neon-lit as American towns, sprang up along the road. The trains, among the first to be air-conditioned, were well-known for the luxury of their accommodations and the interesting passengers who used the line.

On one of Malaya's crack trains you could count on meeting wild animal hunters, jungle explorers, gold hunters, rubber planters, mining engineers, and British colonial administrators and their wives who looked down on the rest of the human species—particularly on some fat, little sultan taking his voluptuous wives for a picnic by the sea.

Shortly after War II all changed along the famous jungle railroad. The natives became restive again. Communist-led guerillas organized an all-out attack on the British rulers. Trains not only traveled horizontally but skyward, propelled by dynamite charges. Gunners would shoot them up and fade behind the green wall of the jungle again. Singapore, the steamy, glittery metropolis just across the Strait from the railroad terminal, had suddenly become a hell with a dozen time bombs relentlessly ticking away in its swampy foundations. . . .

Gene Symonds' nerves were getting frazzled.

"What was that noise?" he asked sharply over the clatter of a teleprinter.

The Malayan office boy, brewing tea in a corner of the newsroom, snickered. "Big bomb, maybe?"

For three days now (*Continued on page* 63)

Terrorists, seeking revenge for death of student, chanted, "Blood for blood!" before hate-crazed attack on Symonds in Delta Road.

Wife and lover were ready, so was a poisoned drink. Only the husband was needed to make

The Deadly Blend

by DICK HALVORSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK COZZARELLI

When the house phone rang the woman answered it, slowly, without any special interest.

"A package for your husband," said the doorman. "Shall I send it up, Mrs. Warriner?"

"A package?" Her voice was curiously dead, unemotional. "Yes. Give it to the elevator boy."

She hung up and moved languidly to look out the open French window in the living room. Sixteen stories below the city crawled with life, noise, expectancy. It was a magnificent city, a city built out of men's dreams and harboring millions of dreams for the future.

Eva Warriner, who had been Eva Kalowski, did not see the sights nor hear the sounds of the metropolis below her. She had no use for the city. It had no use for her. She was above it, protected, insular, a lovely automaton in a vacuum of her own making.

When the doorbell rang, it was as though a button had been pressed that once more started her in motion. Limply shrugging off a mood of slight irritation, she moved across the room, opened the door.

"Got a package for you, ma'am," the elevator boy said respectfully. (*Continued on page* 70)

The drapery was billowing out. Eva screamed — a high, rasping shriek.

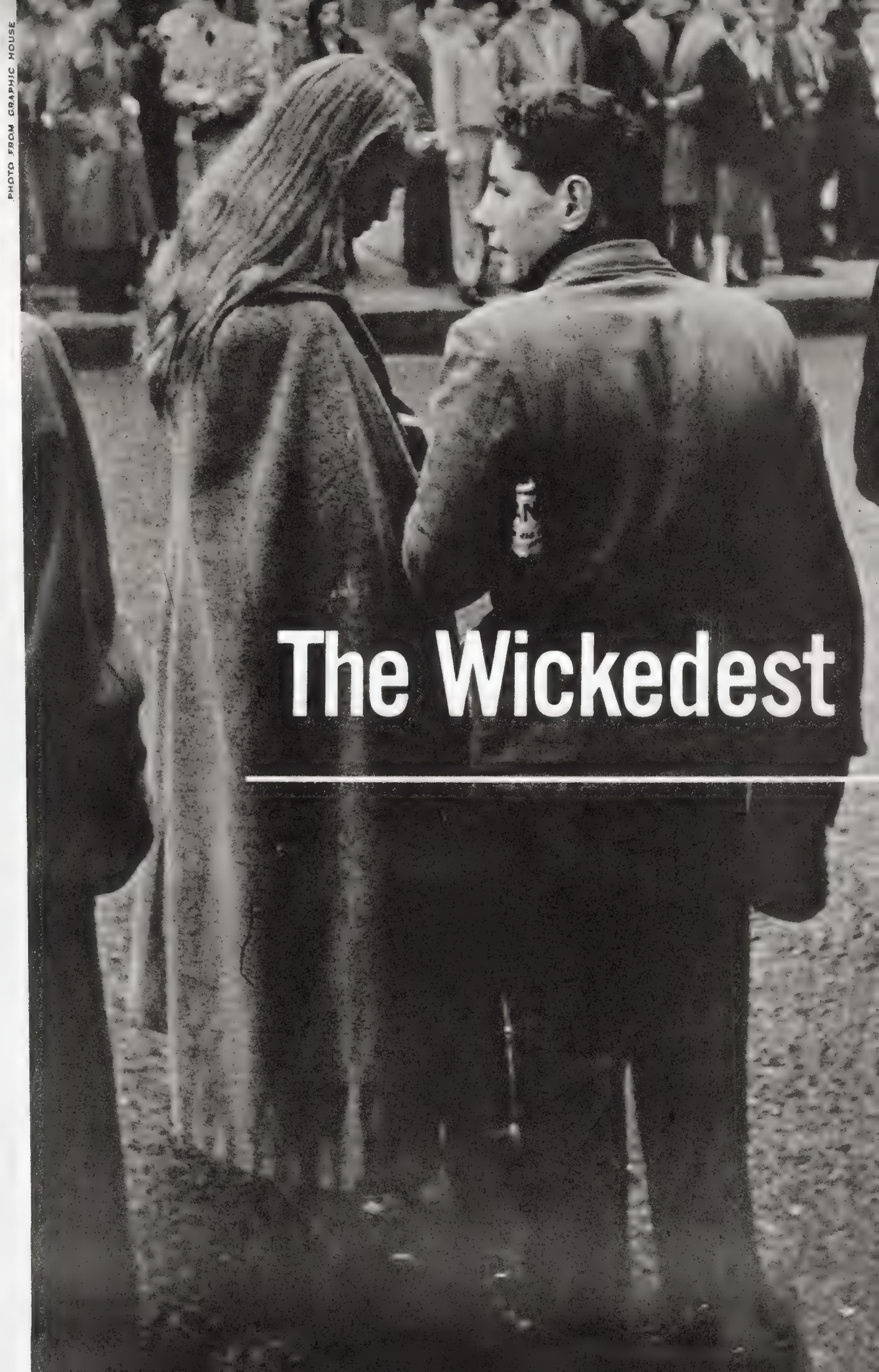


PHOTO FROM GRAPHIC HOUSE

The Wickedest

by HENRI L. CHARLES

London's illicit love sells for less than in any other large city in the western world. A dockside doxie does well to get a handful of change, while a Bond Street cutie with a luxury apartment is likely to command top fees of fifty dollars or more. All in all, it's big business and, as one of them said, "It's only half price for the clergy!"

Street in the World

The soft English twilight cast long shadows over the bustling movement of London's noisy, teeming Piccadilly Circus as the Reverend Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the famous "Red Dean" of Canterbury, strode along Regent Street togged out in his traditional knee breeches and clerical garb. He was rushing to a meeting of British Commies where he expected to extoll the virtues of the Soviet Union and his thoughts were far away in the Russian Peoples' Paradise.

Suddenly the well-known churchman became conscious that he was not alone, his pink day-dreams evaporated and he jerked back to the reality of Piccadilly with a startled gasp. A good-looking, flashily dressed brunette, about twenty years old, had grasped his arm caressingly and he was horrified to note that he could feel her feminine softness against his manly shank as she trotted closely by his side.

"Come on, dearie," she coaxed, tugging coquettishly at his straining arm, "Half an hour with me will make a new man out of you. I'm the best on the street—guarantee you a good time. Besides, it's only half price for the clergy, you know."

The Red Dean almost ripped his gaiters on the spot. The girl's cheap, musty perfume wafted up and drove the blood to his head. He stared down at the young face under a heavy coating of cosmetics and his consternation turned to righteous indignation as she winked up at him through long false eyelashes.

"Why you . . . you brazen young strumpet!" sputtered the flabbergasted Dr. Johnson as he roughly disengaged his arm and backed off. "Why, nothing like this could occur in Moscow."

"Oh, one of them Russky lovers," remarked the spurned lady witheringly. "Maybe you'd prefer old Krushy. Well, cheerio, lead-pants." And having had the last word she left the astonished clergyman gaping and slipped away in the throng to search for a live one.

The friends of the Soviet Union got along without a speaker that night. (*Continued on page* 74)

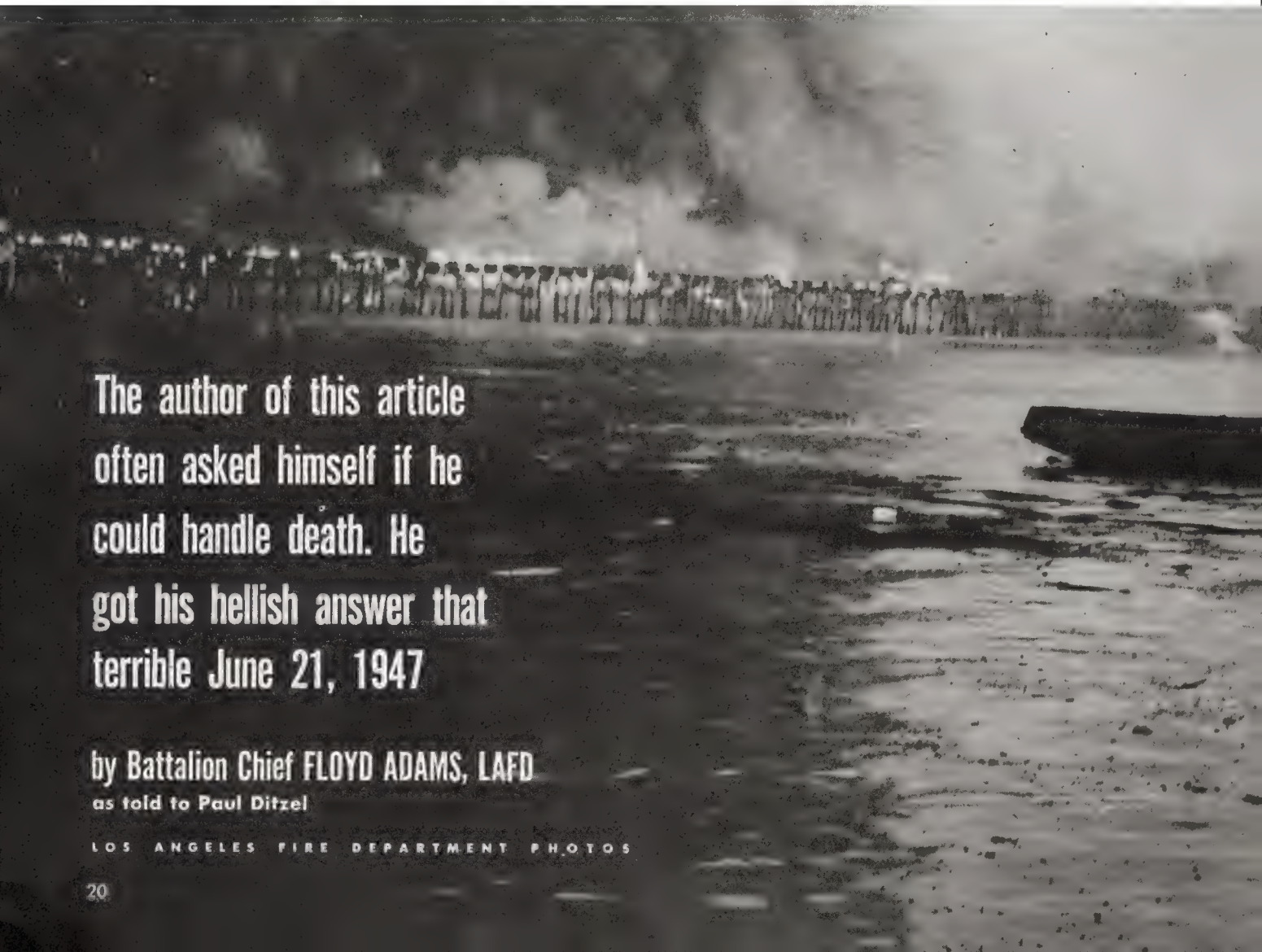
The Night I Looked Into Hell

When the telephone jangled alongside my bunk early that Sunday morning I knew there was trouble somewhere in Division One.

"Chief Adams," the dispatcher said excitedly, "we've got a greater alarm going at Berth Ninety and Mormon Street!"

Shaking the sleep from my eyes I realized that Berth Ninety and Mormon do not intersect. What's more, a mile and a half stretch of the waterfront's Main Channel separates them. I've never known our dispatchers to get rattled over an alarm location, though this was one time they had plenty of cause for excitement. They had heard the report of a sharp blast and felt an awesome concussion quake at their San Pedro City Hall alarm center.

Seconds later our signal office switchboard blossomed into a hodge-podge of buzzing red lights and the Gamewell firebox system registered dozens of alarms from locations over widely



The author of this article often asked himself if he could handle death. He got his hellish answer that terrible June 21, 1947

by Battalion Chief FLOYD ADAMS, LAFD
as told to Paul Ditzel

LOS ANGELES FIRE DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

CITY NO. 2

The Night I Looked Into Hell CONTINUED

"The engines throbbed as we hammered at the flames with everything we had. We pumped twelve thousand

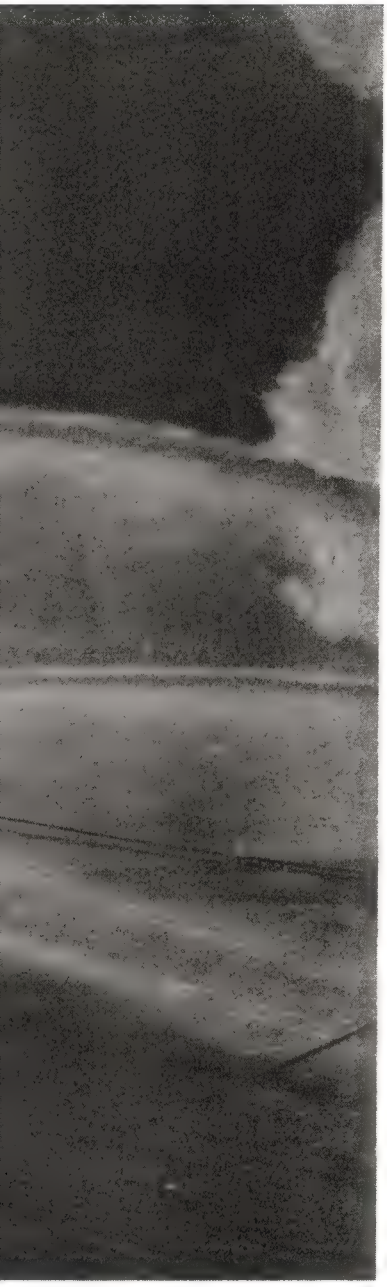
scattered areas of the sprawling Los Angeles waterfront.

The deluge of alarms during those first moments of pandemonium made it impossible to pinpoint the blast's center. Some callers told us they were certain an ammunition ship had exploded in the Outer Harbor Loading Area. Others, gaping in horror at the shimmering orange glow welling up from the heart of the waterfront, feared we were under atomic attack. Firemen in our harbor stations were jolted awake by the shattering impact. Their captains reported they were responding with their rigs toward the ominous glow.

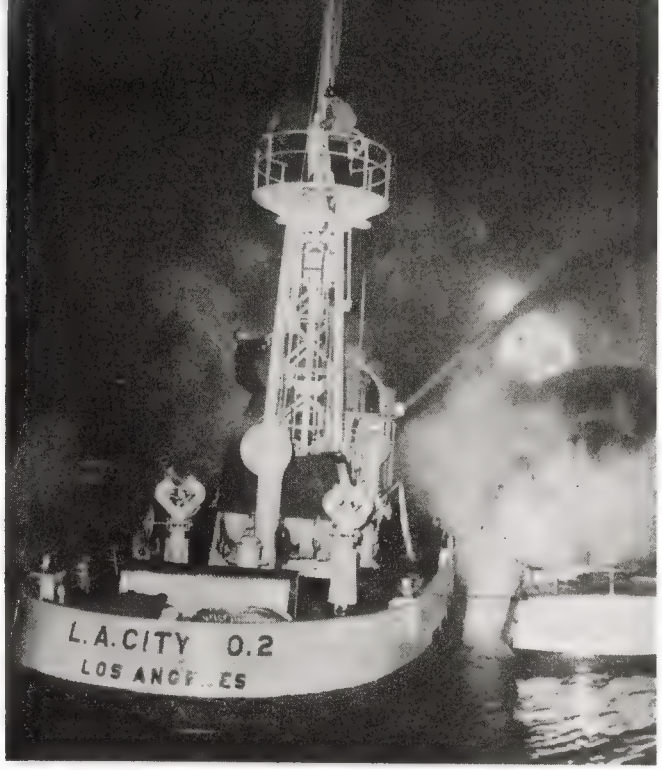
Although the explosion was in my home battalion I was acting division commander that night and headquartered at Engine Sixty-Six's house so I knew nothing until the dispatcher called. The impossible location he gave me was my first hint that I was shortly to be confronted with Los Angeles' worst harbor disaster.

Figuring that I could pick up the correct address over my two-way radio after I got rolling, I awakened my driver, Frank Bowen, as I dove for my turn-out clothes. Moments later our siren and light cleared a path for us down Figueroa Street.

We hadn't gone far when I saw a distant glow which sent shivers down our spines. I had, up to the night of June 21, 1947, put in nineteen years as a fire-fighter, many of them along the waterfront, but this was the most awful loom-up I'd ever seen. The entire sky over the harbor—sixteen miles away from me—was tinted orange, a panorama that could only be described as the sun itself rising at two o'clock in the morning. The flaming smear was so broad I could not tell whether the fire was in the San Pedro, Wilmington or Terminal Island sections of Los Angeles. The loom-up bulged bigger and bigger as our Buick (*Continued on page* 87)



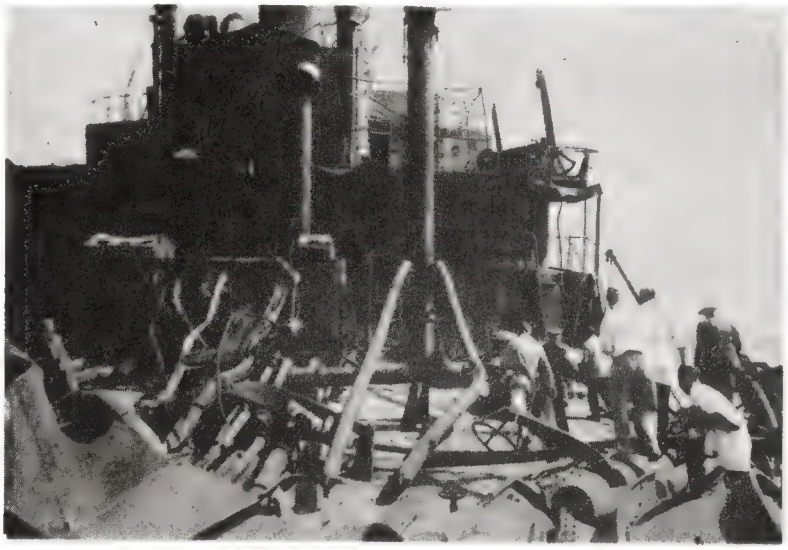
gallons per minute . . ."



"There was one way to stop that fire—plow into it!"

"Explosive petroleum gas cylinders were in that shed . . ."

"It took two days to cool the *Markay* enough to board her flame-blackened hull. We found nine corpses below decks . . ."



The dessicated body of Rudi Lorentz, one of the "Baroness'" discarded lovers, was discovered on lonely beach.

The Incredible Steel-Teeth Murders

Picture an island of Eden populated by human monsters—and ruled by a female devil!

by LEROY THORP

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

For many decades, an English ex-doctor named W. Somerset Maugham has made an excellent living writing realistic stories about goings-on in out-of-the-way places. Just one of these tales, "Rain"—a grim narrative of the fatal association between a bigoted missionary and a prostitute in trouble with the law—earned him more money than most persons ever see through publication, dramatization, motion-picture, and other rights.

Yet nothing Maugham ever wrote has more stark realism than the true story of a grisly horror that occurred on the tiny volcanic island of Floreana, in the Galapagos archipelago, in the early 1930's. Maugham, in fact, would probably have shied away from writing it for fear it would not be believed. Demonstrating the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," it contained literally every element of the most lurid melodrama—a fantastic setting, phony nobility, insanity, nymphomania, sadism and masochism, and brutal murder. As a study in abnormal psychology it can hardly be surpassed.

It would never have happened except for the idealistic romanticism of "the man with the steel teeth." Because of his dream it did happen—the nightmare that might be

titled: "The Incredible Murders in the Garden of Eden.

Here is that strangest of all true stories:

Friedrich Ritter was born in Germany about the year 1888. His father—according to a series of articles he wrote for "Atlantic Monthly" in the fall of 1931—was a well-to-do-farmer, carpenter, and building contractor. Friedrich was a medium-sized, somewhat sickly boy who was not much good at sports and games and spent a great deal of time alone, reading tales of exploration and adventure. His propensity for solitude was enhanced by the fact that the schoolmaster of his formative years was a disciplinarian and a sadist, a "firm believer in the hazel switch, which he never let out of his hand."

Like many introverts, Friedrich was a good student. Intending to become a medical doctor, he entered the University of Freiburg, but the Kaiser's war to dominate Europe and the Middle East interrupted his studies, and he served throughout the war in the artillery. Following the Armistice he completed his studies, received his M.D. and started a practice in Berlin which proved highly successful and earned him a great deal of money. Besides being a competent doctor he was also almost painfully gentle and sympathetic, qualities many patients appreciated.

He had married, but he had little affinity for his wife, who had turned out to be an unimaginative and somewhat stuffy *hausfrau*. They were husband and wife in name only, an arrangement which suited both perfectly. This was the situation when he acquired a new patient—Dore Strauch, the pretty, imaginative, vibrant, and young wife of an aging schoolmaster.

Dore was dark-haired, fair-skinned, and in her early twenties. Her marriage had been solely one of convenience, one of those arranged affairs. Both she and Friedrich were embittered by life—by their marriages, by the mad rush of modern existence, by the hypocrisy they saw everywhere, by the ominous rise of fascism. To Dore, Friedrich confided the dream that had remained with him since boyhood—to flee from society to an Eden where he could dwell and work unmolested (he wanted to write philosophy), free from any contact with civilization. He asked her if she would go with him.

Dore yearned for the primitive life as much as he, she was in love with him, and she accepted with alacrity. As he wrote of her, he had found "a companion who fully shared my point of view, and who was not appalled by the prospect of the physical hardships." Both were eager, of their "own free will and choice," to go into exile, "to seek, in the solitude of an almost desert island in the far Pacific, the independence, the peace of mind, the opportunity to cultivate our reflective powers to the fullest, which are denied to man by the complexities of moden life."

The dream itself was not unusual, practically everybody has experienced it at some time or other. But Friedrich and Dore were better-equipped than most to carry it out; for one thing, they had unlimited money and plenty of foresight.

Floreana, the island on which they meant to settle, was not chosen for their Eden by chance. They wanted a place where the climate is equable the year round, with no extremes of temperature, and the Galapagos, located on the equator several hundred miles west of the Ecuadorean coast, had no change of seasons other than wet and dry and was

"Baroness" von Wagner-Bousquet, whose sadism and power-mania led to degradation, madness—and murder.

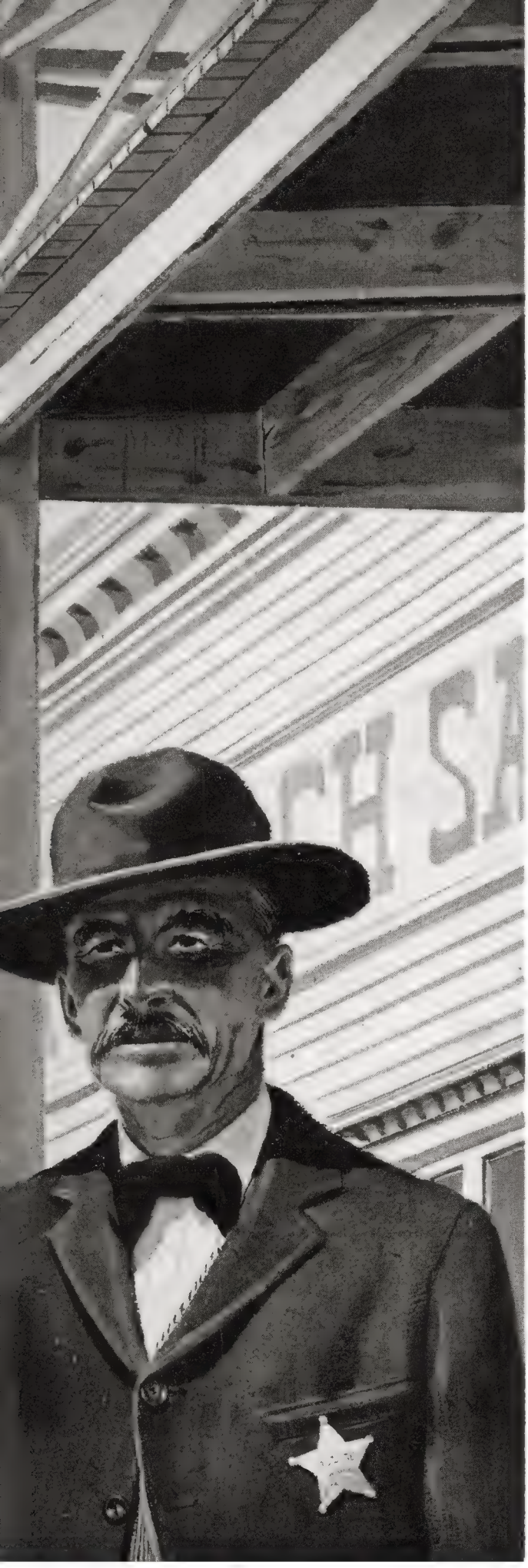
comfortably cooled by the Humboldt Current, which originates in the Antarctic. The fifty or so islands comprising the group were all peaks of extinct volcanoes that jutted up forbiddingly from the ocean depths. The shorelines were jumbled masses of tortured lava, but higher up on the mountain slopes, there was a wide variety of lush tropical vegetation. Giant turtles and other strange beasts crawled over the rocks. Of Galapagos the naturalist Darwin once wrote: "It seems to be a little world in itself; the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else."

Some of the larger islands in the group were inhabited; Floreana—which was only about ten miles long—was not. Once before settlers had tried to make a go of living there but had given up, primarily because of the solitude; the nearest island was 100 miles away. But to Friedrich and Dore the solitude was an advantage.

They were very thorough in their preparations. Friedrich, whose teeth were bad anyway, had all his remaining teeth extracted and a set of rust-proof stainless steel dentures made and coated with white enamel for appearance's sake. The supplies they purchased—amounting to almost half a ton—included guns and ammunition, binoculars, a wide variety of tools, cooking utensils, clothing, bolts of fabrics, canvas, nails, wire, rope, seeds of various vegetables and fruits that might grow on the island, books and writing materials and medical supplies. Livestock consisted of chickens and a pair of cats.

Arrangements were even made for Friedrich's wife to move into Dore's husband's home as housekeeper.

On July 4, 1929, the couple sailed from Amsterdam on the freighter *Boskope*. After several transfers, they were put ashore on Floreana on September 19th; this was about par for the trip. They landed at Postoffice Bay—a rugged little harbor where, years before, somebody had set up an empty barrel for the reception of messages. Although Floreana was uninhabited, vessels put in there (*Continued on page* 71)



Gunmen Die Sudden

Cassidy was old and tired now after thirty years of rodding the law. But he had one last warrant to serve—on a killer kid who could outdraw the fastest gun in the West!

His name was Cassidy but they called him Quirt for so long that his given name was all but forgotten, except by his closest friends. Cassidy was a small man, slightly bowed with fifty-some years. His face was cross-hatched by many wrinkle, faint lines such as those on an old china plate. There was very little about him to make a man look twice, except perhaps the eyes, which were a twenty-year-old blue and bright with a native sense of humor.

He waited to board the southbound stage, and a dozen dignified men waited with him. They smoked expensive cigars and all tried to talk at once, which should have told anyone watching how really important they were, and that Cassidy was important or they wouldn't be

by WILL COOK

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GRAVELINE

"That's far enough, Jim. Throw down your gun and surrender to the law!"

wasting their time. There was a frequent consulting of gold-case watches; even Cassidy produced his as though he were in some kind of a hurry.

Finally, when the stage appeared at the end of the street, one of the men offered his hand.

"We'll miss you, Quirt. That sounds tame, doesn't it?"

"Well," Cassidy said, smiling gently, "I'm leaving a tame town."

The stage arrived with a squall of brakeblocks and a choking cloud of dust. One of the men cursed the driver in a good natured voice, then the door was opened and Quirt Cassidy stepped into the coach. His grips were thrown into the boot and the driver whooped his team out of town.

The other passengers included a swan-necked circuit judge, a prim-expressioned housewife returning from a shopping trip in Dallas, and a bright-eyed young man leaning against the window frame. Cassidy's glance touched him briefly, noticed the bulge always made by a weapon worn under the arm; then turned his attention to the scenery rushing by.

Had this been the day coach from La Salle to Chicago, these four people would have struck up a lively conversation, but this was the west, and a man kept his own council, even in the crowded confines of a stage. From an inside coat pocket, Cassidy produced a day-old paper and unfolded it in his lap. Then he took out a pair of glasses and patiently adjusted them to his nose. From the fretting pats of his fingers a man could tell that the glasses were new.

Cassidy read for an hour and the young man watched him carefully. Finally the young man said, "You're Quirt Cassidy, ain't you?"

"Yes," Cassidy said, not lifting his attention from the paper. "Here's an interesting item. A fella in Michigan invented a buggy that runs by itself. He calls it a horseless carriage. Name's Ford." He placed the paper in his lap and looked at the young man. "And where have we met? It seems that I've met everyone somewhere or other."

"You've never seen me before," the young man said. "But I know about you." The young man leaned back and shook out a sack of tobacco. While his fingers put together his smoke, he said, "I heard they retired you, Cassidy. That's something—I mean, taming as many towns as you have and living to retire. You must be pretty good."

"Good at what?" Cassidy asked. He had a mild voice; it went along with his slight build and bland expression. His hair had once been brown, but time had placed frost on it, leaving his eyebrows their original shade.

The judge turned his head and looked at the young man while the housewife stared at the passing drabness; however she listened with strict attention. The young man spread his hands. "I mean, you've shot it out with a few, Cassidy. Some pretty good men, the way I hear it. Bad, of course, but pretty good men."

"Sonny," Cassidy said, "the line between a good man and a bad man is damn small. And the older you get, the more it narrows."

The young man's eyes traveled over Cassidy, then he frowned. "You ain't packing a gun—any that I can see."

"If a man's clerking in a bank," Cassidy said, "he puts down his pen and takes off his sleeve protectors when he goes home. I'm retired and I'm going home. A gun is a tool, sonny. Some men forget that and then they're in trouble."

"Heard you was coming back to Dodge," the young man said. "Been some years since you been there, ain't it?"

"Near twenty," Cassidy admitted. "But I've got some friends there who still remember me. And I always liked the town, sonny. That's important."

"That's my home," the young man said and settled back again. "I'll be looking forward to gettin' better acquainted with you Cassidy. We may have somethin' in common."

"Most men have," Cassidy said and went back to his paper.

There was a stop that night, and at dawn the stage made rail connections and Cassidy settled in the smoker to enjoy his pipe. In the early afternoon he gathered his small satchels and moved toward the rear vestibule as the train sighed into the depot.

His memory of Dodge was Front Street and its hell-raising from dusk until dawn during the shipping season; he was a little surprised by the quiet, new-painted primness of the town. A lot bigger now, and so quiet that he could hear children playing in the schoolyard three blocks away. The young man came down the cinder platform, his boots crunching. He sided Cassidy and said, "I'll buy you one."

"Never touch the stuff before eight," Cassidy said pleasantly. He smiled and walked toward the end of the street. After twenty years a man does not expect to see anyone familiar, so when Cassidy saw Doc Ludlow, he stopped, unable to believe his eyes. The doctor was sitting in his buggy, age-bent, smiling through his dense whiskers.

"Ewing? Damn it man, you're carrying the last twenty years better than I am."

Cassidy set his satchels down and shook hands. "Better stick to Quirt," he said. "Most people have forgot about Ewing and I'd just as soon let 'em." He motioned toward the vacant seat. "Mind?"

"Hell no," Doc Ludlow said. "I would have come to the depot, but I know how you hate a fuss."

Flinging his grips in back, Cassidy climbed into the rig and Doc Ludlow turned about in the street. "I don't live over the express office anymore," Ludlow said. "Got a house and a wife."

"The hell!"

Ludlow grinned. "Three boys, too. One's starting to law school this fall."

Quirt Cassidy leaned back in the seat and pushed his hat to the back of his head. Just thinking about twenty years, it didn't seem such a long time, but when a man talked about kids born and raised, it became a long time, and pretty much of an empty time.

"You remember that widow, don't you?" Doc Ludlow was saying. "Sure you do. Her husband was killed when the Hash Knife outfit stampeded (*Continued on page* 51)

french all over—

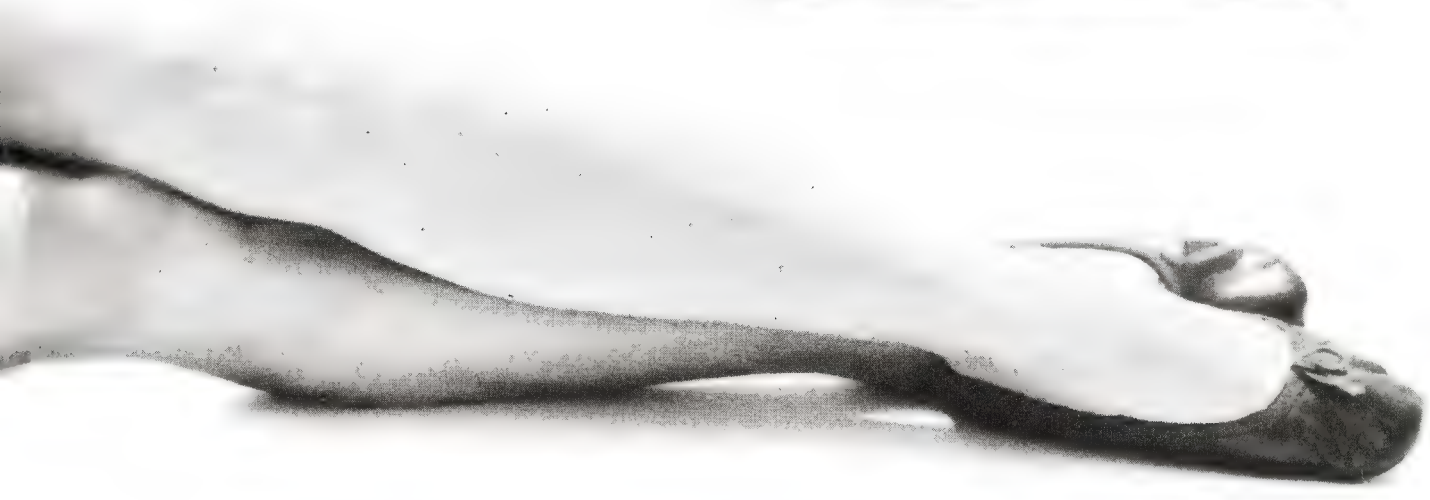
MICHELLINE PIERRE

■ To the ranks of filmdom's beauties must now be added the name of Micheline Pierre, as these pictures reveal beyond doubt. Blond, curvaceous, and lithe as M. M., Micheline can also smile or pout just as fetchingly.

PHOTOS BY TOPIX

french all over

As might be guessed from her name, La Pierre is very, very French, and relatively obscure. But she has already begun to make her way as an actress, both on the stage and on the screen, and



french all over

those who saw the picture "Trapeze" will recognize her instantly, we hope. A recent visitor to the United States, Micheline has temporarily deserted us for her own shores, but that she'll be back soon is apparent. In fact, the sooner the better, we say. ■ ■

The Last Password

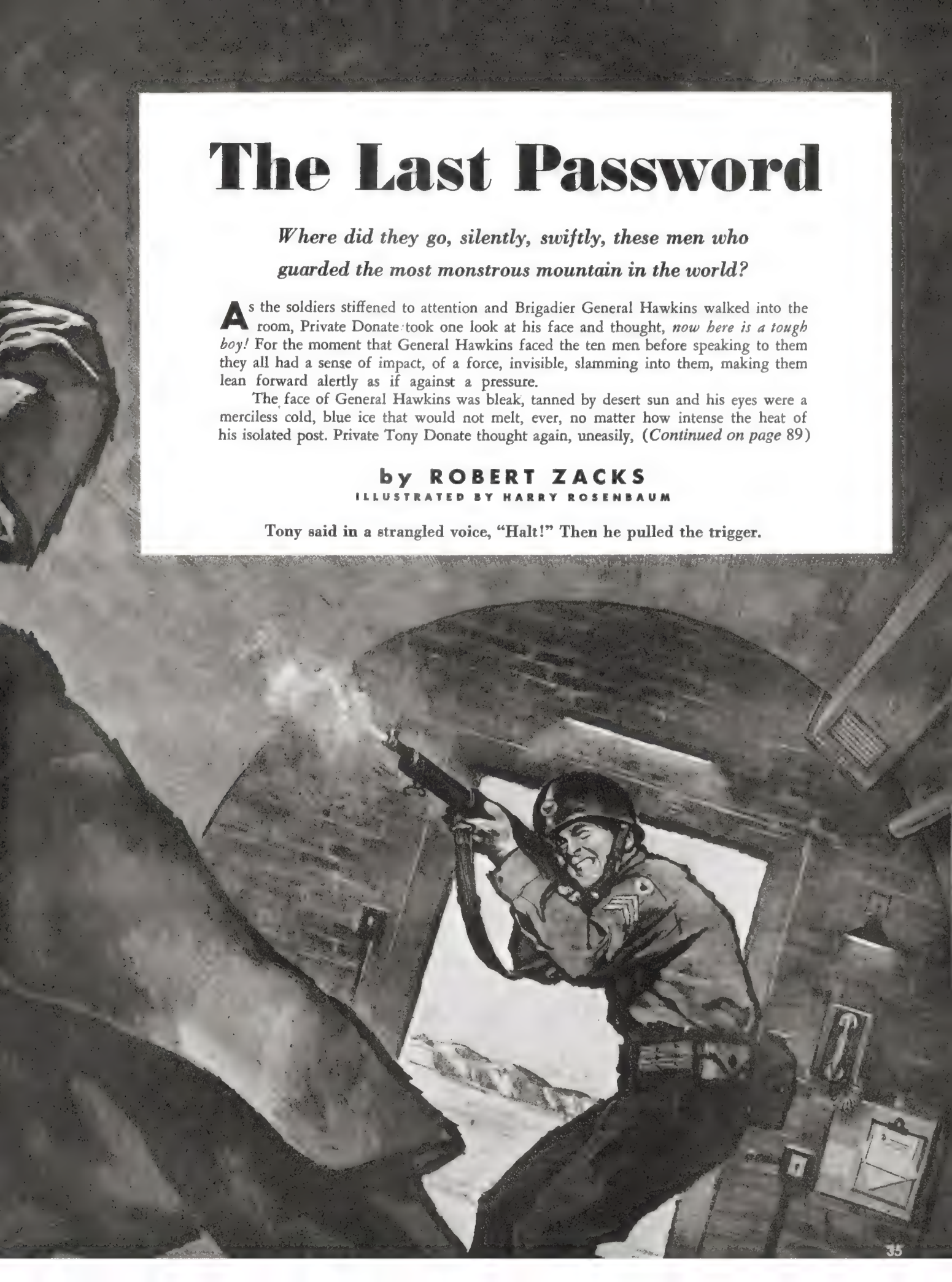
Where did they go, silently, swiftly, these men who guarded the most monstrous mountain in the world?

As the soldiers stiffened to attention and Brigadier General Hawkins walked into the room, Private Donate took one look at his face and thought, *now here is a tough boy!* For the moment that General Hawkins faced the ten men before speaking to them they all had a sense of impact, of a force, invisible, slamming into them, making them lean forward alertly as if against a pressure.

The face of General Hawkins was bleak, tanned by desert sun and his eyes were a merciless cold, blue ice that would not melt, ever, no matter how intense the heat of his isolated post. Private Tony Donate thought again, uneasily, (*Continued on page* 89)

by ROBERT ZACKS
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM

Tony said in a strangled voice, "Halt!" Then he pulled the trigger.



HUNTING THE KING OF

Dragons do exist today. Here are actual on-the-spot pictures to prove it!

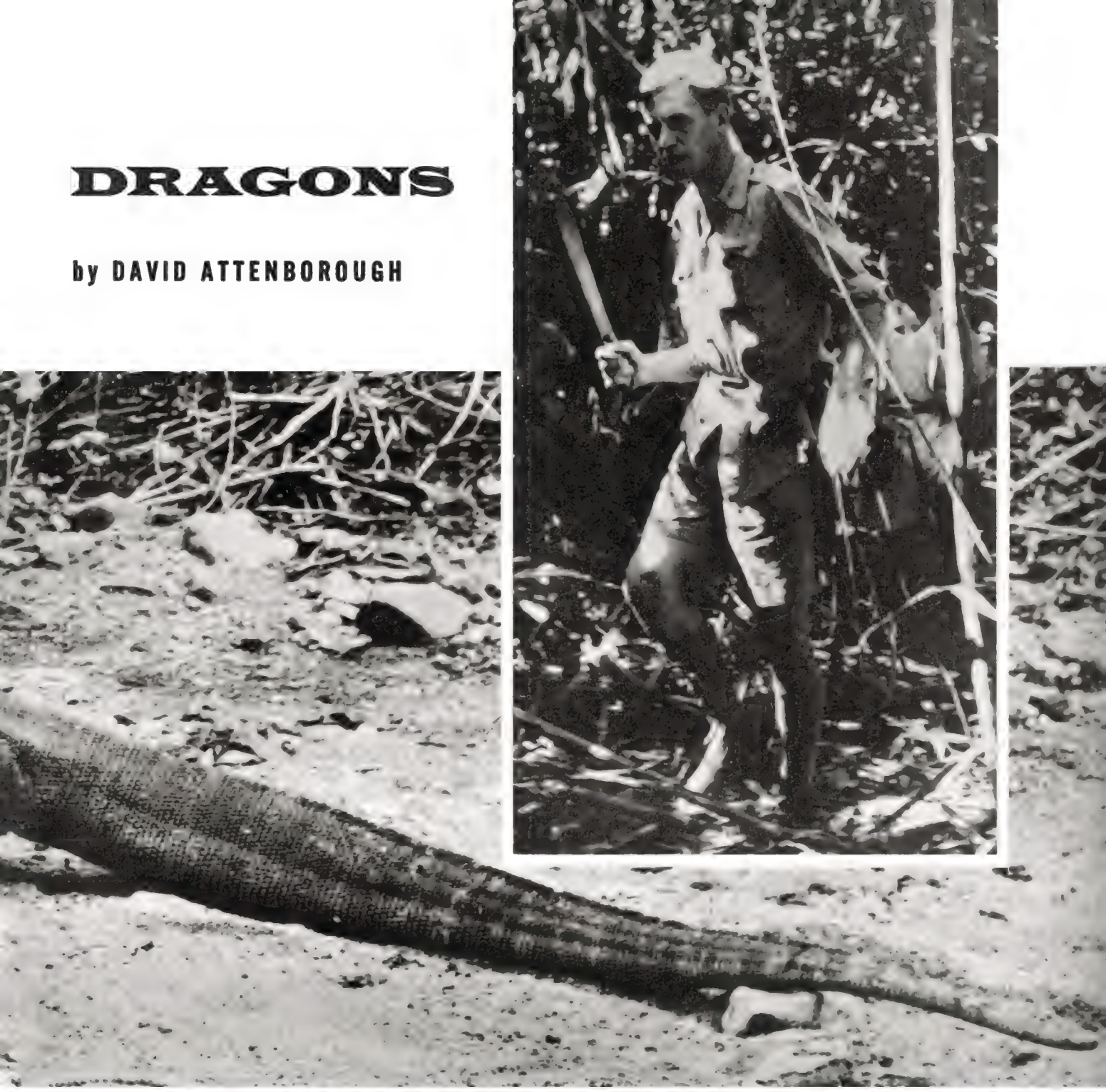
Attenborough hacked through virgin jungles to find Komodo Dragon, species of carniverous reptile which feeds

From a very few remote areas of the globe, stories persistently emanate of creatures so fantastic that they seem almost unbelievable. One such story insists that deep in the heart of steaming and impassable African morasses dwells a giant, screaming creature that may be the last of the dinosaurs, preserved by some freak of Nature much as the prehistoric beasts in H. G. Wells', "The Lost World" were preserved. Another concerns the "Abominable Snowman" of the high Himalayas, which some insist is a bear that walks erect and others insist is a man-like creature eight feet tall. Still another tells of the mysterious "sasquatch" who dwell far above the snowline in the mountains of British Columbia; in some ways they are said to greatly resemble the Himalayan giants.

But perhaps the weirdest of these legends deals with the giant, fire-breathing "dragons" reported to dwell deep in the jungles of Komodo Island, near the mysterious islands of Borneo, Java, and Bali. Ten feet long, carniverous, incredibly powerful, the great lizards are said to be able to kill a man with a single lashing sweep of a horny-hided tail. And their existence is not fantasy, for they were first reported by white explorers in 1912, and have even been captured alive by scientists who wanted to study them in captivity. Zoos have wanted them too, but the few that were

DRAGONS

by DAVID ATTENBOROUGH



on smaller animals. Ten-foot long, crocodile-like beast is extinct except on isolated island near Borneo and Java.

captured did not live very long out of their native habitat.

Why they were supposed to breathe fire was something of a mystery, which skeptics put down to native imagination and superstition. After all, legends of fire-belching dragons are common to quite a few lands, and might even have a basis in some sort of fact.

This was the intriguing situation when two Englishmen—peripatetic David Attenborough and photographer Charles Lagus—got an unusual assignment from the British Broadcasting Company. For its TV feature, "Zoo Quest," BBC wanted dramatic close-up films of the "King of Dragons," as the big Komodo lizards were known. When they jaunted down that way again, would Attenborough and Lagus oblige?

Attenborough and Lagus agreed with enthusiasm. They were, of course, after other game, both on film and in cages, and an early stage of the jaunt found them at Port Samarinda, Borneo, hoping to get a few orangutans alive. A 200-mile river trip took them deep into Dyak country and smack onto the equator, where the heat in the shade was like a steam-bath and the sun blazed like an electric arc, where the leeches were pure misery and the leaves of the jungle palms were sharp as razor blades and could rip a man's flesh to the bone if he made a careless movement.

Even the Dyaks themselves were not far removed from

Native carriers told legends of fire-breathing reptile that could kill a man with one lash of scaly tail.

Carcass of goat was laid in clearing for bait. Photog in brush got exclusive shot of "dragon" tearing at meat.

their head-hunting days, but fortunately they had no urge to take English heads just then, although there were reports from time to time that they still practiced the old pastime occasionally among themselves.

The two Englishmen had plenty of interesting experiences among the Dyaks, including watching a medicine man endeavor to "remove" the sickness from a very sick woman by pulling it out of her mouth. He didn't succeed, incidentally; she died. Although the Dyaks were generally prosperous, living in well-constructed huts and garbing their women in richly worked dresses and silver earrings that stretched the earlobes to shoulder level by their sheer weight, they were not averse to acquiring some extra wealth. The Englishmen soon obtained their first orangutan—a male they named Charlie and hand-fed on condensed milk and well-sugared tea in order to gain his confidence—from an old Dyak in exchange for various white man's goods and a liberal supply of tobacco. Other orangs soon dribbled into camp, and the quota was quickly filled.

Somewhat similar visits with varying objectives were paid to Java and Bali; they covered about three months. Finally the pair arrived at Komodo, the only island in the world where the big lizards are found. The natives had disquieting news; just a few days before a man from one of the little villages had passed too close to one of the huge fellows in the dense jungle and had been knocked down by a vicious tailswipe and ripped to death before rescuers had time to arrive. It was obvious that the King of Dragons had little if any fear of human beings for he didn't even bother to slither away as the man approached.

Attenborough and Lagus selected an open space—a dry riverbed—as the site of their photography and constructed a stout log trap with the hope of luring a lizard inside and photographing him at leisure. To attract the reptiles by scent, they cooked up a goat and baited the trap with some of the meat. Not too confident of inveigling a lizard inside the trap, they also tied meat of the carcass of the goat to a rope, which was secured in turn to a stake so it couldn't be dragged away. Then they sat down to wait for action, which was not long in coming.

Out of the jungle and into the open crawled two of the giant lizards, one an enormous fellow about ten feet long and the other somewhat smaller. They rather resembled crocodiles with their long cruel jaws and stubby bow legs. They moved with amazing speed, looked contemptuously at the Englishmen, and proceeded to stage a tugging match for possession of the carcass of the goat. The smaller one was not the least bit afraid of the bigger, and between them they quickly ate every bit of the goat but the bones.

It was already obvious why the huge lizards were rumored to breathe fire. Their angry hissing as they argued over the goat and their peculiar, loud sighing sounds as they gorged themselves resembled the sounds of steam and flames.

Over the next twenty-five hours the two Britons kept a constant watch, replenishing bait as necessary and catching catnaps one at a time on the bare ground. They were very tired; the past three months had been a considerable strain and they had lost more than fifteen pounds apiece.

All told, nine of the giant lizards came close enough to the cameras to be photographed. One was lured into the trap and caged; excellent pictures were taken of him. Then he was set free unharmed.

The pictures proved a sensation on "Zoo Quest" and proved once again that truth is often stranger than fiction. ■ ■

PHOTOS FROM ODHAMS PRESS, LTD.

Strange hissing grunts of captured reptile as he beat against the cage walls explained fire-breathing legend.

Dorothy Martin, victim of ghastly murder.

the case of the RED-HEADED CORPSE

Police found the head and torso in the first suitcase, the woman's legs and pelvis in the second. But they couldn't find the chopped-off hands!

by HENRY FALLON

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

It was a matter of routine for the porter at the Long Island Railroad Terminal in downtown Brooklyn to check the row of lockers when he came on duty. They were checked every twenty-four hours, and any baggage left in the lockers after the lock registered a twenty-four-hour period had to be removed to the baggage room where the owners of the baggage could reclaim it by paying the overtime charges.

The porter crinkled his nose and frowned as he removed the bags from locker number 216. "There's something smelly going on in this one," he muttered as he placed the suitcase from 216 on his baggage cart. Then, without continuing his check on the rest of the lockers he shoved his cart directly to the office of the chief baggage attendant.

"You better open this one," he said, jerking his head at the suitcase on top of the load of baggage. "It smells to high heaven—and I don't mean Chanel Five."

The smell had reached the nose of the chief even before the porter spoke. He nodded, said, "Go get a cop." The law read that suspicious baggage could be opened by the terminal officials only in the presence of a representative of the law.

The porter returned shortly with a policeman who was on duty in the terminal. The cop opened the suitcase as the porter and the baggage chief stood by. All three men moved backwards instinctively as if ducking a blow as the top of the suitcase swung back. Their faces reflected the same revulsion.

(*Continued on page* 77)

Pasquale Donofrio shocked hardened police with casual confession of cold-blooded madness.

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING ZUSMAN

Collar of Gold

Two men—and grinning Death—lay in that roaring mine fall, waiting for a little dog to find them

by JACK DANIELS

Crouching low on hands and knees, he spoke between clenched teeth to Lucy K, "Go home now, girl. Hurry!"

After Luck K, Perry Blythe's mongrel dog, died they hung her solid-gold collar behind the bar in Carson's tavern. It hangs there still, as out of place now as it seemed then on the black and tan neck of Lucy K—except to those who can best understand, the men who have dug coal and have known the taste of fear alone in the darkness of the pits.

Sometimes the coal pits make strange bed-fellows—men as different as night and day are paired by circumstance to work daily side by side. So it was with Perry Blythe and Sean Donahue, teamed ten years as loaders in Wooster Hill Number Seven Mine.

Perry Blythe, the somber, wiry Welshman; the widower content to putter about his garden and lovingly tend to his dogs and rabbits and chickens; tenor soloist each Sunday in the Protestant chapel. And the swaggering giant, Irish Sean Donahue, a bachelor, a drinker, a fighter, a fixture each night in Cason's tavern but not at morning Mass come Sunday—yet never a day's work missed. In graphic, profane detail he had shown his contempt many times for Perry's quiet pleasures, irked when his baiting always failed. Either man could have taken a new partner, but as miners they were aware of their combined skills that meant bigger pay-checks for each and their pooled experience which was a priceless asset in the pinch of danger. (*Continued on page* 68)

The Lady Who Ate Marines

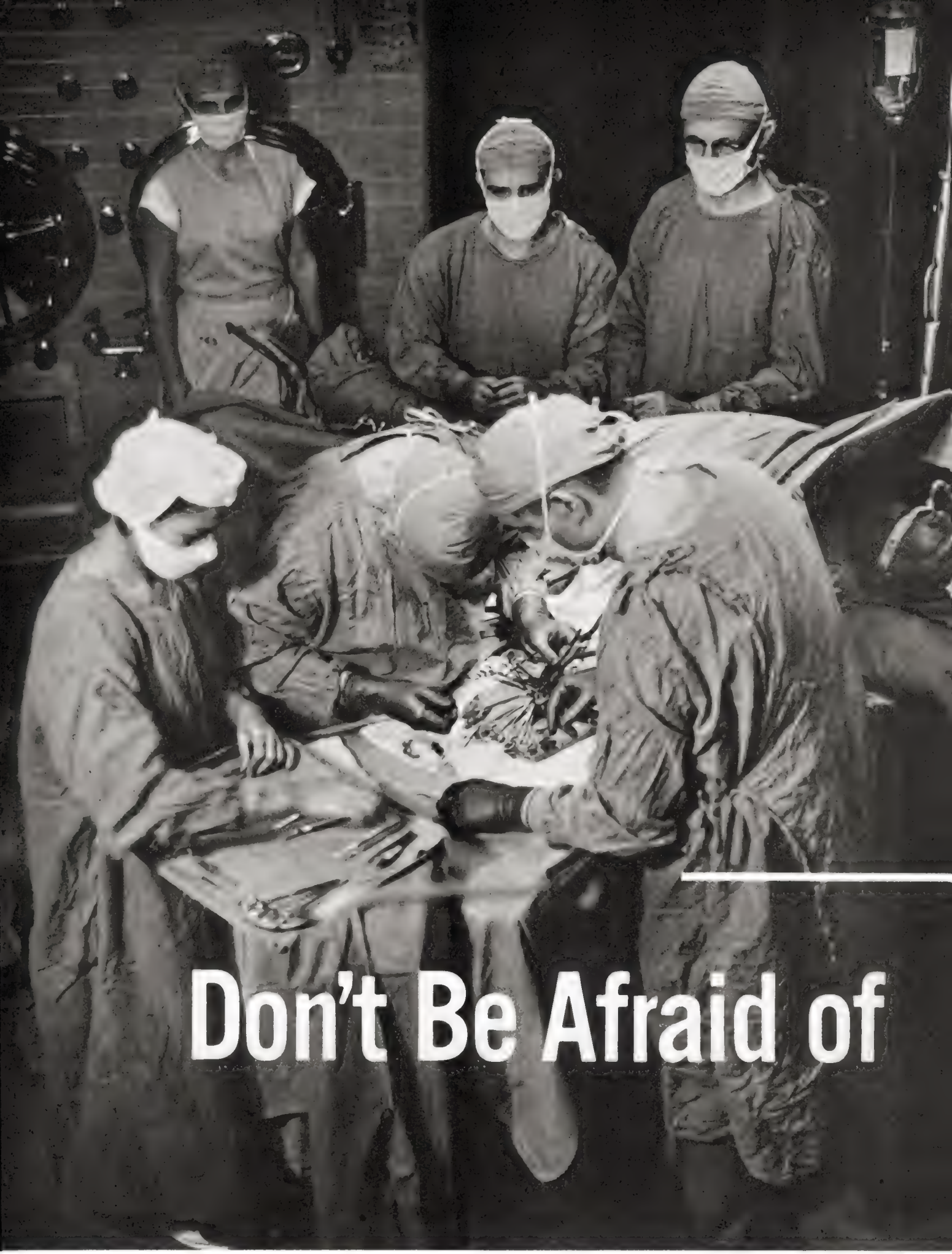
United States Marines had more than men to fight in Haiti in the 1920's. They had to move against human devils—led by a cannibal queen!

by MATHIEU JACQUES LATOUR
ILLUSTRATED BY GIL COHEN

Slowly, as we watched, the dusk-golden body of Victorin the sorceress began to writhe and twist in a sensual mockery of a voodoo dance to Ogoun Badagris, the Dreaded One.

We thought that Sargeant Lawrence Muth was dead. The leader of the four-man United States Marine patrol was lying motionless at her feet in the spot where he had fallen after being ambushed.

He had been shot through the head and through the stomach with .45 rifle slugs of soft lead by a band of caco guerillas led by the giant, "General" Benoit. His two (*Continued on page* 84)



Don't Be Afraid of

PHOTO FROM GLOBE

Operation

by J. R. GAVER

The operating room of a well-managed hospital today is no longer a chamber of horrors. Having your appendix out is no longer a painful and sometimes disastrous affair; it is often as easy as rolling off a log!

Are you one of those characters who hears about a friend going to the hospital for serious surgery, and thinks, "If that ever happened to me, I'd drop dead in the operating room"?

You probably have the old-fashioned idea that a hospital is a chamber of horror, and everyone who goes in there comes out a victim of the tortures of the damned. Or you remember the tonsil operation you had as a kid, where they placed an ether mask over your yelling mouth and left it on until you shut up. Then there were days of very uncomfortable convalesence, during which you felt nobody gave a damn about you.

If you've kept up with science you would know that, nowadays, having an operation is no more complicated than getting a deep cut in your finger. The only difference is that being hospitalized calls for more extensive healing procedures, and you must stay home from work for a while. Otherwise, there is very little discomfort. And a surgical operation today involves a staff of anywhere from fifty or more people all of whom are concerned with your welfare. How important can you be?

Let's just put you in Allan A's place. Allan who lives in Larchmont, New York, has a wife, a mother and two children living with him in a house he bought ten years ago out of his World War II bonds and severance pay. If you were Allan, you'd be a conductor on one of the local train lines, coming home each evening tired after standing on your feet all day, but you've never been sick a day (*Continued on page* 83)

The Cree's back strained and the trapper rose in the air, kicking and heaving.

MANHUNT

The Cree named Iron Legs had been lonely, scorned and despised all his life. Now they had taken his woman, the only thing he loved, and for this they would pay—the bloody, horrible Indian way!

Two days east of Peace River, on the northern rim of Lesser Slave Lake, Iron Legs found fresh trail. He picked up the Chipewyan woman's bear-claw necklace from the thawing mud and thoughtfully flaked away partly dry crust. For hours trail sign had become increasingly obvious and Iron Legs sensed that his quarry was in headlong flight, racing east to the prairie country and sacrificing trail camouflage for speed. The Cree hunkered down with his short legs immersed in mud to the ankles and considered the situation.

The three men fleeing before him with his woman might be indifferent to sign (*Continued on page* 80)

by JAMES MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB SCHULZ

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through their camp." He reached over and slapped Cassidy with the back of his hand. "You ought to try married life, Ewing. Thickens a man's blood."

They entered a quiet back street, tree shaded and picket-fence prim. Ludlow pulled up and tied his team to the antlers of a bronze deer. He laughed deeply and said, "Sent all the way to Saint Jo for that. Ethel wanted it." He caught Cassidy's coat sleeve, overcoming his reluctance. "Come on in now, damn it."

The house was as neat as a freshly laundered collar. Cool and comfortable and lived in. Pleasantness clung to the rooms like a heady perfume and Doctor Ludlow's wife came from the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron. "Marshal," she said, "we're so glad to have you."

"Well—I thank you," Cassidy said. "But I couldn't impose."

"Impose?" she laughed, as though this were too ridiculous to consider seriously. "I've waited twenty years to do something for you," she said. "Now you'll have to excuse me. I have pies in the oven." She turned back toward the kitchen, then stopped. "Max, why don't you take the marshal up town."

Max Ludlow wiped a hand across his mouth, anticipating the taste of a glass of beer. "Good idea," he said and they went out.

While they walked, Cassidy said, "I'll find a place in a few days, Max."

"There's no hurry," Ludlow said. "I'm not just saying that."

"Sure, sure. But I'm a loner, Max. It'll take me awhile to get used to living close to people." Now that he had said it, he realized that as a lawman, he had never enjoyed a normal life. Surrounded by people, and constantly mingling with them, he had never really got close to anyone. Not close like a butcher or a bank teller, or even the town loafer. A marshall was sort of like an actor, always on stage, always acting out a role, and Cassidy decided that this was what got a man after awhile.

The saloon was full of those pleasant flavors that men find so relaxing. Cigar smoke hung close to the ceiling and the dozen men lounging near the bar talked with a freedom they did not exercise at home.

Ludlow signaled the bartender, then turned his head to see who was in the room. In the back bar mirror, Cassidy saw the young man who had been with him on the train. He stood between two other men and the stamp of common parenthood was on all three.

When the beer arrived, Max Ludlow said, "May this be the first of a million, Ewing. You earned every damn one of them," Ludlow said.

The young man down the bar eased away and came up on Cassidy's right. He placed his hands flat and said, "I thought you never took a drink before eight, Cassidy?"

"With strangers," Cassidy said evenly.

"Hell, I ain't a stranger. We came in on the same train."

"So did the brakie and conductor," Cassidy said, "but they're still strangers."

The young man frowned momentarily, then looked at Max Ludlow. "Introduce me, Doc."

"Your mouth is big enough," Ludlow said. "Introduce yourself."

An angry stain came into the young man's cheeks, but he controlled it well. "I'm Jim Kenyon. That name mean anything to you, Cassidy?" He looked down the bar. "Those are my brothers, Rob and Barr."

"I remember a Kenyon. In the Indian country. Some twenty years ago."

"That was Pa," Jim Kenyon said. "None of us ever believed you when you said he put up a fight, Cassidy."

This was as close as any man could come to calling another a liar without spelling it out, yet Quirt Cassidy's expression did not change.

His voice remained as mild as a glass of warm milk. "Whether you believe it or not isn't very important, Jim. When a man is twenty years dead, it's high time folks forget him and go on living."

"Now don't get preachy with me," Jim Kenyon said.

"Suppose you tell me what you want," Cassidy said. "A fight?" He smiled and shook his head. "I'm past that, sonny."

"Why don't you go and mind your business?" Max Ludlow asked. He turned and looked at Bob and Barr Kenyon. "You sic him up to this?"

"He's voting age," Barr Kenyon said. "I'll just watch."

Ludlow made a disgusted noise with his mouth and turned back to face Jim Kenyon. The young man was leaning on the bar, his attention on Cassidy. "So you're going to stay in Dodge."

"I thought I would," Cassidy said. "You're not going to suggest that the town isn't big enough for both of us, are you?"

"Nawww!" Jim Kenyon said. "But you're not going to like it here. I just know you ain't." He nodded toward his brothers and walked out; they trailed him a few paces behind.

Doctor Ludlow was full of confused apology. "Damn it, Ewing, I'm sorry about that. I didn't know he'd shoot off his mouth like . . ."

"Every man shoots off his mouth," Cassidy said. "Have another beer, Max." He signaled the bartender, then turned as the front door opened and a man stepped inside. Cassidy saw the badge first.

"Evening, Doc," the marshal said. He glanced at Cassidy and smiled. "My name's Richter."

They shook hands. Richter was a tall, blunt-boned man in his early thirties. His hands and feet were large, which might have accounted for a certain clumsiness in his manner.

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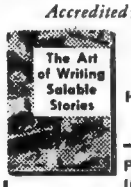

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He shook his head and indicated the street with a thumb motion. "Trouble with the Kenyon boys is that they're not civilized. Still carry guns and act like it was eighteen eighty." He frowned slightly. "I don't suppose you'll recall it, but the Kenyon boys' father was . . ."

"I remember him vividly," Cassidy said softly.

Marshal Richter was surprised. He glanced quickly at Max Ludlow, then said, "Man, that was a long time ago."

Quirt Cassidy swirled his glass of beer and watched suds collect on the glass. "Mr. Richter, I may have arrested a thousand men in my time; I never counted and I don't remember them at all." He turned his head slowly and looked at the marshal. "But those times, when a man insisted on coming back the hard way, I recall clearly. Have you ever killed a man, Mr. Richter?"

There was a moment of complete silence, while every man in the room listened and while Marshal Richter prepared his answer. "I've never had occasion, sir." He licked his lips as though he thought he ought to apologize. "The town's pretty quiet now. The bad ones are gone, Mr. Cassidy."

"Gone?" Cassidy turned and leaned his elbow on the bar, his wrinkled hands gently folded. "Where did they go, Mr. Richter?"

"Why—I guess men like you just chased them out of the country, sir."

Cassidy smiled and every wrinkle in his face functioned. His laugh was soft. "Ah, you know how to flatter a man, Mr. Richter, but the credit is not mine. And the bad in a man was never driven out. Driven into hiding, perhaps, but not eliminated." He picked up his beer glass and drained it. "It's been pleasant meeting you Mr. Richter. Perhaps we can talk again."

Cassidy walked to the door while Ludlow tossed a quarter on the bar. While Cassidy paused, waiting for Ludlow to come up, Marshall Richter said, "I keep this town pretty quiet and if the Kenyons start anything, I'll lock them up until they cool off."

"Appreciate that," Cassidy said, "but I don't think there'll be any need for that. Been handling my own troubles for so long now that it's become a habit."

"Yes, sir," Richter said, and Cassidy stepped out to the walk.

Doc Ludlow produced two cigars, offering one to Cassidy, along with a match. "Hell of a thing to have happen on a man's first day," Ludlow said.

"Do you think it hasn't happened before?" Cassidy asked gently.

Ludlow grunted. "Suppose it has. What do you do about it, Ewing?"

"Nothing," Cassidy said. He sniffed the cigar. "Havana, isn't it? A far cry from those Moonshine Crooks you used to smoke." He turned and started to walk along the street. The charcoal shadows of evening were thickening in the street and the street lights came on, spreading puddles of light at even intervals. At the corner, the three Kenyon boys sat their horses, and as Cassidy and Ludlow approached, Barr Kenyon spurred forward until his horse was standing crossways on the walk.

Ludlow took the cigar from his mouth and spoke in an irritated voice. "Damn you, Barr, none of this nonsense now."

"Keep out of this," Kenyon said. "Jim." That one word brought Jim Kenyon into the play. He started pushing Ludlow back by racking his horse. When Ludlow was against the feedstore wall, Jim Kenyon held him there, the horse's shoulder lightly against Ludlow.

Barr Kenyon looked down from his mounted height and said, "I want to use the walk, Cassidy."

"Use it then, Cassidy invited.

Several men came out of the feedstore and watched, while more edged in from up the street. Trouble has a silent call that travels on the wind, and that call went through Dodge.

"My horse is funny in his habits," Barr Kenyon said pleasantly. "He only likes the walk when he sees you on it." The pleasantness left his face quickly. "Get off!"

"God damn. . . ." This from Ludlow.

"All right," Cassidy said, and stepped into the street.

A quick surprise came into Barr Kenyon's face. Then he laughed. "I thought you were tough," he said.

Quirt Cassidy looked at him. "Where did you hear that?" He motioned toward the walk. "You got it all to yourself. Use it." He turned then and started across the street, but stopped when Rob Kenyon turned his horse and walked straight for him. For a moment it seemed that Rob would walk Cassidy down, then the old man stepped aside.

Rob Kenyon stopped and looked down. "Old man, my horse likes the street. Horses are funny. Now Barr's, he likes the sidewalk. The way I look at it, it's going to be a little risky for you to walk around Dodge. You might get run down easy as hell."

"That possibility occurred to me," Quirt Cassidy said. He looked at the crowd watching so expectantly. He wondered what they expected him to do, pull a gun and pistol-whip the Kenyons? He drew gently on his cigar, then added, "I might have to buy me a buggy."

He waited with the patience so common among the elderly, and finally Rob eased his horse away from Max Ludlow, and Barr Kenyon vacated the sidewalk. They gathered in the street and Barr Kenyon said, "We'll see you again, Cassidy."

With a whoop they charged down the street and turned the far corner. Ludlow came up, adjusting his coat and his anger. "God damn hellions. I'll swear out a complaint." His glance touched Quirt Cassidy. "Damn it, I didn't think you'd take that."

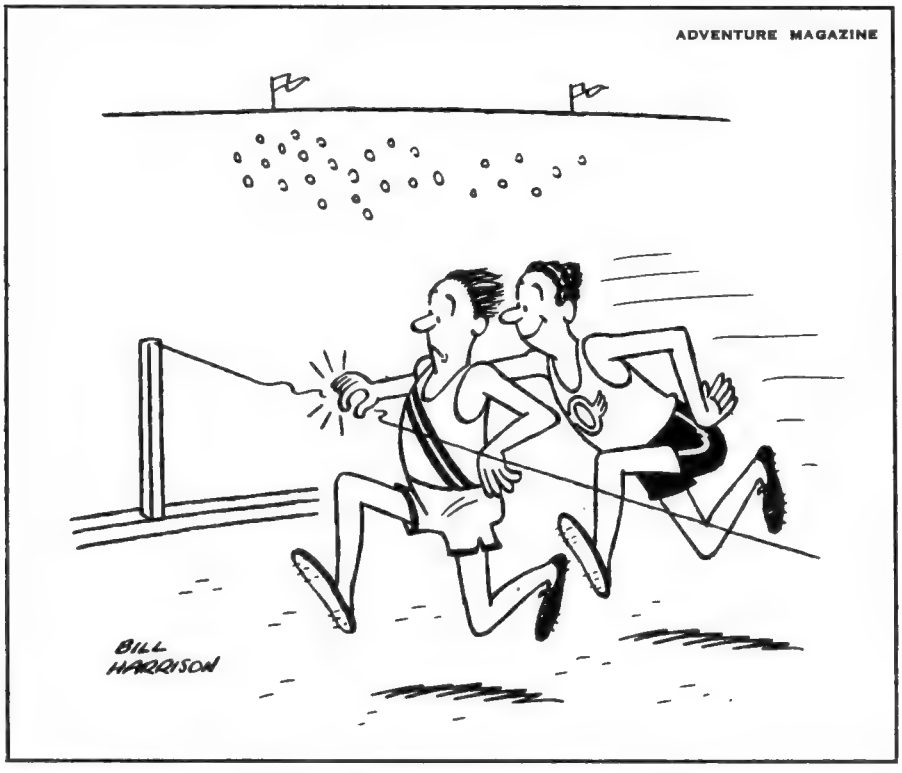
"What did you want me to do, Max?"

Ludlow opened his mouth, then clamped his jaws on his cigars. "Let's go home," he said. "I never liked making a spectacle of myself on the street."

He was angry and trying not to be and did not speak while they walked the length of the back street. On the porch, Cassidy said, "I've disappointed you, Max."

"Oh, hell, it isn't that. What right do I have to be disappointed anyway?" He put his hand on Cassidy's shoulder, urging him inside. "Come on, Ethel will have supper ready."

The youngest of Ludlow's sons was ten and as full of questions as a revenue officer making his first trip to Tennessee. Max tried to silence the boy, but Cassidy seemed to enjoy the questions, for they concerned the living legends that had



been a part of Quirt Cassidy's life. Was Wyatt Earp really fast on the draw? Did Mr. Cassidy really outdraw John Wesley Hardin?

Then the boy filled his mouth with mashed potatoes; he could talk around food without effort. "Mr. Cassidy, you're not scared of the Kenyons, are you?"

"No," Cassidy said, "I'm not afraid of the Kenyons."

"Then why didn't you hit that Barr?"

Cassidy paused a moment. "Son, how did you hear about this? It only happened a half hour ago."

"Billy Haskell told me. He said his pa seen it. You just stood there and let 'em walk all over you."

"What would you have done, Tad?"

"Gee, I don't know. Somethin' anyway."

"Yes," Cassidy said. "I expect I should have done something."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Son, if you could run real fast, and had to do it for twenty years, how would you feel?"

"Gosh, tired, I guess."

"I'm tired," Cassidy said. He reached across the table and took one of the boy's smooth hands in his own. "Look at the difference, son. You see those lines? There's one for every year I've lived. And those fingers, they used to be quick and limber like your own, but now they're stiff and the joints hurt when the weather fixes to change." He pulled his hand back. "My head's been learning things for many years, but what is the learning if a man's body won't do what his head asks? You think I could beat Jim Kenyon to the draw now, Tad?"

"No—no, sir." The boy seemed supremely disappointed that an indestructible hero could admit having the scars of a mortal man. "I—I guess you couldn't do anything else but take it," Tad said, then suddenly fled the table.

Ethel Ludlow started to rise, but her husband put out his hand and held her there. "Let the boy alone. He has to be alone now."

"Yes," she said, "but it's always so hard to lose a dream."

"The boy will understand in time," Quirt Cassidy said. "He'll have to understand how a man can not be afraid, and still be unable to act."

"God damn the Kenyons anyway," Max Ludlow said. "Walt until the next one comes to me with a bellyache. By George, I'll give him a physic that'll . . ."

"You'll give him a pill to make the bellyache go away," Cassidy said, rising. "You're that kind, Max."

"Maybe after you're around for a few weeks, the Kenyon boys will get tired and . . ."

Cassidy smiled. "You know men better than that, Max. That grudge is twenty years old. When they last that long, they're hard to put aside." He pursed his lips and his eyes turned thoughtful. "Times have changed, Max. Fifteen years ago I'd have had a shoot-out there on the street, and I'd have lost. Now the law's too strong for that. They'll find other

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by Steve Libby

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ways to work on me." His smile came back; it never seemed far away. "I've put up with this all my life, Max. If one man wasn't after me, another was. Part of the game, I guess. Thanks for the supper," Cassidy said and went out.

The night was cool and as he walked toward the center of town he could not help but think how it had changed. The Dodge he had known was one strip of hell, Front Street, running east and west just north of the Santa Fe tracks, with most of the wildness confined between Bridge Street and the Arkansas River toll bridge. Gone now were the men of Dodge, and with them went the places he had known: The Dodge House, Deacon Cox' hotel two blocks east of Bridge Street, Beebe's Iowa Hotel at Third and Front. He stopped and in his mind came all those sounds of a day long dead, and for a moment he was young again, heavy with guns, walking the middle of the street while around him moved all the emotions man contains. There was the Long Branch, bright with light, packed with sound, and Luke Short dealing faro with his expressionless, moon face and derby cocked rakishly. Down the street, Al Webster's Alamo Saloon held a capacity crowd; he boasted that his doors never closed. Dog Kelly had the Alhambra and if a man stopped to listen, he could hear Dora Hand singing in the Dodge City Opera House.

The Dodge of 1874 changed, and was replaced by the new Dodge, with children playing Tar Baby and Andy Over where the old Plaza used to be. Ladies now moved along toward the Episcopal Church for the Wednesday night prayer meeting, their long skirts brushing a spot where a man's blood had darkened the plank walk, while the winner was toasted in The Alamo.

Quirt Cassidy started walking again, the past retreating to the shadowed recesses of his mind. He stopped along Front Street and found a saddlemaker in the building that had been his marshal's office; the new marshal's office and jail was two blocks down, a brick building with telephone wires leading into it. Cassidy opened the door and stepped inside. Marshal Richter was eating his supper. He stood up and said, "Have a seat. All I got left is my coffee and that's too hot."

"I don't want to interrupt you," Cassidy said.

"You're not." Richter rolled a cigarette then leaned back in his chair. "I expect you'll want to swear out a warrant for the Kenyons." He smiled. "It's against the city ordinance to ride a horse or drive a vehicle on the sidewalk."

Richter's phrasing told Cassidy just where he stood, then he chided himself for being sensitive. "I don't want to complain," Cassidy said. "I just stopped in to talk shop." He studied his gnarled fingernails a moment. "The Kenyons are going to stir some old ashes, Mr. Richter. I just want you to understand who's doing the stirring."

"I know the Kenyons," Richter said. "I've had Barr in jail twice for fist fighting. Jim's the one to watch. He's pretty good with a short gun. Buys four or five boxes of shells a month. I guess he thinks he's Doc Holliday or something."

"You've left out Rob," Cassidy said.

"I hope Rob stays out of this," Richter said. "There's some hope for him if the other two will stop pushing him." Richter got up and walked to the window to stand.

"Mr. Cassidy, I don't like to say this, but you made a pretty poor showing out there. As a famous lawman, you know that once you give a man an inch, he'll take a mile, and walk all over you while doing it."

"Is this your opinion—that I made a poor showing—or the town's?"

Richter did not like to be forced into a corner. He said, "I'd say the feeling was pretty general." He came back to his desk and sat on the corner. "Let me put it this way, Mr. Cassidy. Years ago you were the marshal here, and I understand, a damned good one. Some of the old timers are still around and they've been talking about you, and the old days. This new generation, like me, we judge the past, and its men, by what we hear. Then when a legend comes back, and he don't measure up, well, it sort of makes a liar out of a lot of men."

"I see," Cassidy said.

"Sure, but what are you going to do about it?"

"What do you want me to do? Put on a gun and brace the Kenyons where the town can see it?"

"No, no," Richter said. He mopped a hand across his mouth. "I don't know what the hell to tell you, Mr. Cassidy."

Cassidy laughed. "Mr. Richter, you're taking life too seriously." He stood up and walked to the door. "Perhaps I will have to do something about the Kenyons, just for the sake of my reputation." His face wrinkled into another smile, then he stepped outside. There the smile faded, leaving Cassidy's seamed face troubled. The trouble with a man, he decided, was that after a lifetime of living in the public eye, his pride became his worst enemy. Retirement was one thing, but retiring the pride was another.

He turned toward the main street and when he came to the saloon, he turned in. Habit, he supposed. A lot of his business had been conducted in saloons, either cleaning one out, or going in after a man.

When he stepped inside, and saw Barr Kenyon leaning against the far ell, Cassidy realized that his habits had once more tripped him. Still, he was inside, and blamed if he would turn around and out.

He wiggled his finger for service, and got it quick enough. Barr Kenyon picked up his beer and walked around to where Cassidy stood. Cassidy stood like a patient horse, his wrinkled face composed. When Barr Kenyon edged in, Cassidy turned, and casually spilled his glass of beer on Kenyon's arm.

"Oh! Now I'm sure sorry there," Cassidy said.

Every man in the room watched, but

few understood exactly what Quirt Cassidy was doing. He did not expect that they would for his action was the sum total of twenty years of law enforcement. When Barr cursed and cocked his body to swing, Cassidy merely stepped forward and threw his shoulder against Kenyon's chest, pinning him against the bar. Cassidy stepped on Barr's feet, making him howl, then he caught Barr by the coat sleeve and jerked him forward. Only Cassidy forgot to take his feet from in front of Kenyon, which tripped him so that he fell full length.

To those watching, it seemed that Quirt Cassidy was just a clumsy man making a bad job of a poor wrestling match. Kenyon was confused and very angry. His cursing was a dull rumble in his throat.

"I'll help you up there," Cassidy said and grabbed Barr's collar. When he lifted, he nearly choked Kenyon. Cassidy seemed blissfully unaware of the discomfort his grip caused Kenyon; that man's eyes bulged and his hands tore at his collar, trying to free the restricting cloth. Cassidy opened the front door with his foot, brought Barr Kenyon to the porch rail, and there dumped him into the street.

The crowd had followed them out and now rocked with laughter while Barr crouched on his hands and knees.

"If I was you," Cassidy said evenly, "I'd teach that horse of yours not to ride on the sidewalk." His voice was softly conversational, like he was telling two lovers not to sit on the park grass.

Barr looked up and said, "You foxy old goat."

"Taught you something, didn't I? Be smart now and take the lesson to heart."

"What the hell happened, Barr?" one of the men asked. "Couldn't you whip the old man?"

Laughter rippled back and forth across the porch. Quirt Cassidy said, "I'll stand a round of drinks inside."

That never failed to turn them. When the last man stepped inside, Cassidy spoke to Barr Kenyon, who was standing there, brushing dust from his clothes. "I'm a peaceful man, sonny, and I went through the motions of retiring. Now don't spoil it for me and make me slap your hands." He turned then and went inside.

Surrounded by laughing men, Cassidy wondered if he shouldn't tell them the truth about the scuffle. After all, a man who has thrown toughs out of saloons for twenty years, develops some kind of a technique. Then he decided that it would be unfair to take the shine out of their evening. It didn't really matter what they thought, as long as Barr got the point, and Cassidy was certain that the young man did. He had seen Barr's eyes there in the street; the insolence had somehow fled, and was replaced by the knowledge that Quirt Cassidy was not an easy man to walk over.

After a reasonable time, Cassidy excused himself and walked back toward Doctor Max Ludlow's house. He decided that the locusts sang a little sweeter now, and the only regret he had was that Tad

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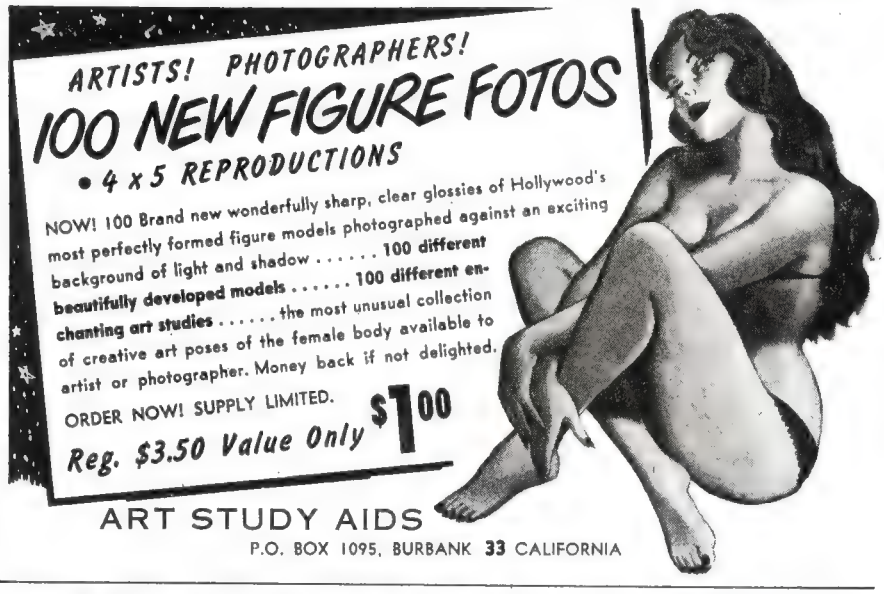
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hadn't been there. The young man's opinion was important to Cassidy, but then he supposed that most old people thought that way. When they had nothing else, the respect of the young loomed large in their life.

CHAPTER II

DOCTOR Max Ludlow and his wife were sitting on the porch when Quirt Cassidy came up the walk. Cassidy stopped when he saw someone else sitting in the shadows.

"I'd like you to meet Bess Avery," Ludlow said.

Cassidy removed his hat as the girl stood up. "Could I talk to you, Mr. Cassidy?" She moved into the bath of lamplight streaming through the front window. Cassidy judged her to be in her early twenties, an uncommonly pretty woman with dark hair and large, serious eyes.

"My pleasure," he said and held open the screen door. They went into the parlor and there Bess stood uncertainly. Her fingers plaited a handkerchief while Cassidy turned to the mantle and one of Max Ludlow's Havanas. "Which of the Kenyon boys do you like?" Cassidy asked easily.

"Why, Ba . . . How did you know?"

Quirt Cassidy rubbed the back of his neck and gave her his soft smile. "I'm a little old to have a young, pretty woman call on my account. And since the Kenyons are the only young folks I've had a chance to meet in Dodge, why I just figured . . ."

"You figured right," Bess Avery said. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Cassidy." She took a chair across from him and folded her hands in her lap. "I don't really know how to begin. Barr would be angry if he knew I was here."

"It seems to me that Barr is angry about a lot of things." Cassidy studied the perfect ash on his cigar. "The Kenyons want to get even, Miss Avery. Don't blame them for that. I remember them. Barr was five at the time. Jim—I think he was the youngest—was just beginning to walk. The mother was dead. After their father was killed, they stayed with a sister here in Dodge."

Bess Avery leaned slightly forward. "Mr. Cassidy, what kind of a man was their father?"

"You think you'll get some insight into the son that way?" He shook his head. "Birth is just an event. It's how a man lives that determines what he is."

"You're not answering me."

"Maybe I'm trying to duck the question," Cassidy said. "Pete Kenyon was a little wild. Not a care in the world. He had a lot of jobs and quit often. Never could stick to anything very long. As long as the game was played by his rules, it was all right, but when he had to obey someone else's rule, he'd quit. Pete had an argument with Anse Pruett — you wouldn't remember him, before your time. Anse wouldn't give Pete his pay so Pete took one of the old man's roans. Anse swore out a warrant and I went to serve it. I knew Pete and expected trouble. Found him all right, but the damned fool pulled a gun and started shooting on a crowded street. One woman got nicked, so I killed him."

"The boys loved their father."

Cassidy sighed and got up, moving restlessly about the room. "Miss Avery, children will love anyone who laughs and daddles them on their knee. Do you think they evaluate right and wrong? The Kenyons are living with that memory." He came back and sat down. "What is it you want me to do?"

"I—I don't want you to shoot them," she said.

"Shoot them?"

"You're a famous man, Mr. Cassidy. Everyone knows about you. Father says that you were faster than Wyatt Earp." She reached out as if to touch Cassidy, then drew back her hand. "Please, Mr. Cassidy, I love Barr Kenyon."

He could no longer sit there and watch her; he got up again. What could he say to her, he wondered. Then he stopped pacing and looked at the back of her head. She believed the Kenyon boys! That was it. She believed that he had been little more than an authorized gunman and that the shooting of Pete Kenyon had been a whim, not a necessity. The thought jarred Quirt Cassidy badly and he wondered how many others thought of him in that way.

"You go on and don't worry about it," he said. "I don't want trouble with anyone."

She did not believe him; her quick, questioning glance told him that, but she went out. Cassidy walked to the porch with her, and when she turned at the front gate, he sat down between Doctor Ludlow and his wife.

"The window was open," Max Ludlow said. "Couldn't help but overhear."

Cassidy took a final drag on the cigar and shied it onto the lawn. "She made me see something I never saw before," Cassidy said. "Not a pretty thing either."

"Now don't start building things in your mind," Ludlow said. "Ethel, is there any coffee on the stove?" She went inside and when the door closed, Ludlow said, "A man would think marshalin' was just a job, like store clerkin', or running a saloon. When it came time for a man to go to pasture, he just lays down his tools and goes through a gate. But I guess it's different with you, Ewing. You quit all right, but no one else quits remembering."

"I was never a killer," Cassidy said. "Yes, I killed, when there was no other choice."

"Folks know that," Ludlow said.

"Do they?"

"Yes they do," Ludlow said. His wife came out with a tray. She placed it on the porch railing and poured.

Cassidy cradled his cup in his hands and after a moment, said, "Maybe it would be a good idea if I went somewhere else, Max. California, maybe. Wyatt Earp did. Masterson went east. Maybe it's a mistake for a man to retire in a place where he's worked."

"Now you're talking like an old fool," Ethel Ludlow said. "If a man can't live where he chooses, then he's better off under the ground."

Max Ludlow winked at Quirt Cassidy, and a grin grew on the old man's face.

"Dodge it is then," Cassidy said and drank his coffee.

Doctor Ludlow had early morning calls to make and after he drove down the street in his buggy, Quirt Cassidy walked Tad to the school house.

The boy was not interested in talk and Cassidy surmised that the only reason the boy just didn't run off was because he obeyed his parents.

At the school house corner Cassidy said goodbye and noticed how relieved Tad seemed. He watched the boy for a time, then turned toward the main street.

Marshal Richter was coming out of the restaurant, a toothpick busily exploring the crevasses between his teeth. He saw Cassidy and lifted a hand. "Wait up there." Cassidy stopped and Richter came across the street. "Mr. Cassidy, I heard about the affair you had last night. Can't say that I approve."

"Well," Cassidy said softly, "there wasn't time to consult you."

Richter's face took on color. "What I meant was, you were lucky. Next time might be different."

"You got a point there," Cassidy said. He chuckled and his eyes pulled down to wrinkled puckers. "Lucky, huh? That's the way you got it figured?"

"Hell," Richter said, "you're pinning me down. I wasn't figuring it anyway. I got a buggy, so what do you say we go on out to the Kenyon place and settle this amicably before it turns into something serious."

"All right," Cassidy said, quite agreeably. "But I'm not so blamed old I can't sit a horse."

"My horse is at the stable," Richter said. "I can get one for you there."

They walked to the end of the street and Cassidy waited while Richter had two horses saddled. He studied an old, leaning building sitting lonely and unoccupied to one side of the lot. When Richter came out, leading the horses, Cassidy said, "I thought the old place would have fallen down by now. It was in seventy-five that I shot it out with Texas Jack Kennedy in that stable. I remember because Wyatt Earp came to Dodge the next day." Cassidy laughed softly. "People were so blamed excited to get a look at Earp that they plumb forgot to bury Kennedy. I had to dig the grave myself."

"The city fathers want to tear it down," Richter said, mounting. "It's an eyesore."

"Yes," Cassidy admitted, with some reluctance. "I guess it is, now." He stepped into the saddle and followed Richter out of town. They took the old fort road and Cassidy studied the surrounding land as they rode along. When they came to a faint slash, almost completely brush choked now, he pointed. "That used to be the quickest way into the Ogallala country. When a man was on the dodge and wanted to get out quick, he'd take that trail."

The Kenyon place was backed against a small creek whose banks showed clearly the fluctuating seasons of flood and drought. As they rode into the yard, Barr Kenyon stepped out, letting the screen door bang shut. Jim came from the barn, as did Rob; he had been mending a saddle and put it aside to walk across the yard with his brother.

Marshal Richter crossed his hands on the saddlehorn and said, "Gentlemen, I think it's time we had a talk."

"What do you want to talk about?" Rob Kenyon asked. He was a big man, angular-faced, with boxy shoulders an ax handle wide. The three men seemed friendly enough but Cassidy recognized the antagonism hidden beneath the surface of their manners.

"Mr. Richter, I'd better speak for myse . . ."

"I'll handle this, Mr. Cassidy," Richter said. A brittle pride came into his eyes. "I'm also an able lawman." He turned his attention to the three. "It's not in my mind to mince words with any of you. Neither do I intend to take sides."

"Then what are you doing here," Jim Kenyon asked. He had an unruly shock of hair that matched his temper. Moving around Rob, he stepped close to Richter's stirrup. "Maybe you'd better stick to roustin' drunks, Marshal. You're stepping into something here that won't rub off."

"I ought to lock you up," Richter said.

Cassidy, who observed this carefully, held his breath and waited for Jim Kenyon's answer. In a way, he knew what it would be, for when two men started to challenge each other, nothing could be settled. And this was a mistake on Richter's part; Cassidy had seen other lawmen make it. You can't kick at the shins of a man's pride and have him love you for it.

"Why the hell don't you just step off that horse and do it?" Jim suggested.

Richter's glance to Cassidy betrayed him; the marshal realized too late his mistake, and he also knew that he would have to handle this by himself.

"Very well," Richter said stiffly. He dismounted and took off his hat, hanging it on the saddlehorn.

Pointing to Rob and Barr, Richter said, "I'll expect you two to stay out of this."

"We will," Barr said.

Taking off his gunbelt, Richter placed it with his hat, then unbuttoned his sleeves to roll them. Jim Kenyon chose that time to hit him in the mouth. Arms flailing, Richter went back against his horse, and the animal would have bolted had not Cassidy already secured the reins. Mopping blood, Richter shook his head and moved clear of the horse. He met Jim Kenyon squarely, raking the young man across the eye with his fist, but Kenyon had the edge and used it.

Cassidy noticed that Jim was a wrestler; he preferred it to fists. Richter unexpectedly flew over Jim's hip and landed back-flat in the yard. Rob whooped and did a jig. Barr watched, bland-faced, as though the whole thing bored him.

Richter made his feet, although his breath was a little pinched. Jim stepped in and struck him under the heart, then grabbed him in back of the neck, whirled and threw him over his shoulder.

The fight was over; Cassidy knew it and was smiling when Jim looked up. "You've been spending some time on the reservation, picking up wrestling tricks from the young bucks. I used to be pretty good at that myself."

"You want to step down and try it?" Jim invited.

"No," Cassidy said, "I'm a little old for those games now. Checkers is my pace, or solitaire if I want to set my own pace." He glanced at Richter, now trying to get up. "Reminds me a little of Pete Kenyon. He got what he asked for too."

His glance touched the Kenyons. Barr looked at Rob, then shifted his feet. Jim thrust his hands deep in his pants pocket and scuffed dust with his boots. Finally he stepped toward Richter and offered a hand, but Richter snarled and pushed Jim Kenyon away. The brittle pride returned in the young man's eyes and he wheeled and went into the house.

Richter leaned against his horse, trying to still the dizziness robbing him of strength. Cassidy turned his head when he heard a buggy thumping along the road. He recognized Bess Avery before she wheeled in the yard.

When Bess saw the marshall she gasped. Singling out Barr, she heaped the blame on him. "Shame on you! Haven't you started enough trouble?" Before Barr Kenyon could answer, Bess turned her fury on Quirt Cassidy. "What kind of a lawman were you to let this happen?"

"Well, now, I—"

"I don't want to hear your excuses," she snapped. Dismounting she tied the reins to an old flatiron, then flounced into the house. Her voice trailed behind. "Barr, I want to talk to you."

He looked briefly at Rob, who was turning to the barn and the peaceful work of saddle mending. To Cassidy he merely shrugged and followed Bess Avery.

Richter was on his horse and as they turned, they could hear Bess' scolding tones and Barr's lame apology.

"Better put your hat on," Cassidy said. "The sun's pretty hot."

Richter acted like he hadn't heard, then he reached for his hat and slowly cascaded off the horse, like a cloth slipping from the tilted edge of a table. Cassidy dismounted and knelt beside the marshal.

"My back," Richter said. "I—I must have pulled something."

"I'll get the Kenyon boys," Cassidy said and walked rapidly toward the house. He went in without knocking and Bess stopped in the middle of a sentence. Barr was at the table, looking a little ear-sore. He seemed relieved to see Quirt Cassidy.

"That last fall must have hurt Richter's back," Cassidy said. "He fell off his horse."

"The poor man," Bess said. "Barr, you bring him into the house this instant."

He wanted to argue, but like most men, he preferred not to, which gave most wives the idea they had the upper hand.

"I'll get Rob," he said.

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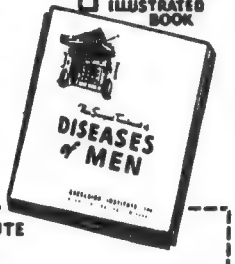

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Cassidy went back to where Richter lay. A moment later Rob and Barr Kenyon came up, carrying a kitchen door. They eased the marshal on it; he groaned mightily, then they carried him into the house. "Jim! Jim? Damn it, come when I call you!" Barr sent his shout through the house.

When Jim Kenyon came down the short hall, Rob said, "You bunged up the marshal, Jim. Now you're into it."

"Aw, hell," Jim said, "a man ought to be tougher than that."

"Well you go get Doc Ludlow out here," Barr said.

"All right," Jim said and stomped out of the house. A moment later he rode out.

Barr had the marshal on the horsehair sofa. "You sufferin' much?"

"My back," Richter said. "Feels like it's busted for sure."

"Probably a wrench," Rob said.

"While you sit there and jabber," Bess said, "the poor man could die." She fussed over the marshal, fluffing a pillow to put under his head.

Barr Kenyon got up and went into the living room to roll a smoke. Cassidy followed him, taking the makings Barr offered. The room was cool and crowded with heavy furniture. On the mantle sat a framed daguerreotype of a wild-eyed man in brush jacket and huge neckerchief. Cassidy picked it up and turned so that the light fell on it. "A good likeness of your father," he said. "I remember the night it was taken."

"You do?" Barr Kenyon seemed intensely interested.

"Yes," Cassidy said, smiling faintly. "Pete was in Dog Kelly's place, having a few with the Rafter T outfit." He shook his head. "Kelly ran a straight place, but three drinks of Dodge's water-glass whiskey was enough to make any man hairy. Some of the boys got the idea they ought to get their picture taken. They did, but they nearly wrecked Shoemaker's Photographic Palace. I let your father sleep it off in the jail that night, and in the morning I put that picture in his hand and sent him home. I figured that if a man could spend the night in jail just to have his picture taken, then he ought to have what he worked so hard to get."

"How do you remember all that?" Barr asked.

"The remembering is easy," Cassidy said softly. "Sometimes the forgetting is hard. That was a good night in Dodge. A lot of men got drunk and fought, but no one got killed." He took a final pull on his cigarette, then cast it into the fireplace. "In a lot of ways your father was a fine man, Barr. A lot like Jim, in looks and temperament." He looked steadily at Barr Kenyon, letting his glance penetrate. "Had he been more like you, I think he would have been alive today."

The young man whirled suddenly and stood facing the wall. In a moment he said, "All I remember of him is that he laughed a lot and loved all of us."

"Sure," Cassidy said evenly. "Pete was like that. So's Jim. After he's gone, that's what you'll remember about him too. Tell me something, Barr, are you going to hate the man who kills Jim?"

Barr Kenyon spun around on his heel. "Kill him? What are you talking about? Hell, Jim'll live to be a hundred."

"You really think so? He's got a temper, Barr. And too much false pride. I said he was like Pete. He don't know when to back down, and he don't think that the rules ever apply to him."

For a moment Barr Kenyon said nothing; he just stared at this slightly stooped old man with the mild blue eyes. "You know Jim better than I thought."

"Let's just say that I recognize the father coming out in one of his sons." Cassidy sighed and wished, as he had wished a score of times before, that he could impart some of his accumulated knowledge to this man. How much disappointment the young could spare themselves, if they could only take advice, was difficult to measure; life would surely be smoother. "Whose idea was it to crowd me the first night I came to town?"

"Jim's."

"Would you have tackled Richter today?"

"No," Barr said, quickly. "Jim let his pride get away from him."

"You wanted to get tough in the saloon last night," Cassidy said. "Are you going to deny that you meant to set me up last night?"

Barr Kenyon flushed and looked apologetic. "No, I won't deny it. But Jim got me mad. A man's liable to take it out on anybody when he gets mad." He scrubbed a hand across the back of his neck. "You could have really licked me last night, Cassidy. I was so blamed mad at you I couldn't see anything but red."

"When you go after a man," Cassidy said, "go after him cold."

"Damn it, I know that," Barr said, "but I can't fight unless I get mad. Then I get licked and Richter throws me in jail."

Bess Avery came in then. "I put on some coffee," she said. "Rob ought to be back with Doctor Ludlow in an hour."

"He still moaning about his back?" Barr asked.

"Certainly. You hurt him, you big oaf!"

"I didn't! Jim did!"

"You're the oldest," she said. "You ought to make him do what you say."

Barr Kenyon opened his mouth to speak, then slapped his thighs and shook out his tobacco again. Cassidy decided that the young man was playing this smart; a man ought to keep his mouth shut around a pretty woman, opening it only to tell her how sweet she is.

"I've got some chores that need doing," Barr said and went out. A moment later the drop banged.

"Why did you come out here?" Bess Avery asked.

Cassidy sighed. "Because Marshal Richter had to prove to me that a marshal in nineteen oh three is as good as they had in eighteen seventy-five."

"What?" She stared at him. "Why that's ridiculous."

"I wouldn't care to classify it," Cassidy said, "but it's the truth. Richter wouldn't agree. In fact he would deny it, but it's a fact."

"I—I don't understand."

"Simple," Cassidy explained. "Richter is a proud man. He's an untried man. I imagine there are times when he's shaving and looks at himself in the mirror and asks, 'have I got courage?' "

"Men are complex, aren't they?"

Quirt Cassidy laughed. "And women aren't?"

"Oh," Bess said, "I suppose you know about women too."

"Well," Cassidy said, "they were around when I was Barr's age. And I noticed my share."

She sat down and folded her hands; this seemed to be a habit most women had, a demonstration of their patience, he supposed. And generally speaking, women needed all they had when dealing with men.

"Were there pretty girls in Dodge when you were—marshal?"

"When I was young?" he nodded. "Yes, Dodge had its share of beauty." The way he said it raised a question as to whether he was confining his thoughts to women. "There were some fast stepping fillies at Dora Hand's place. The women across the deadline labeled them in big letters: all bad. Yet I've seen the time when the bad showed a lot of good, and the good ladies showed a lot of bad. The deadline is gone now, but the differences still remain."

"Did you have a girl?" Bess asked. "I'm not just being nosey. I really want to know."

"Not in Dodge," Cassidy said. "Before that, in Ellsworth. Her name was Elizabeth and she had eyes the color of a clear pond right after a quick freeze. Sometimes, when she would laugh, I'd think of a teal taking wing." He turned and looked out the window at the vast expanse of land. "She was twenty when we were married, and she lived a year. Cholera took her and the baby at the same time."

The room was so silent that the clock's tick seemed to fill it. Finally Bess Avery said, "How you must have loved her to remember her so after all these years."

"Loved her?" Cassidy shook his head. "What a feeble word to express an emotion as big as the sky. We never talked of love, Elizabeth and I, but the feeling was there. I guess we looked at it as though it was a magic spell and we didn't want to spoil it." He paused for a long moment. "She was the blood of my heart, that woman. The strength in my arms, and the will that kept me alive after she was gone."

"I—I think the coffee's done," she said, rising.

She started out of the room, then stopped. "Mr. Cassidy, when I spoke to you, it was Barr I was thinking of, and that was selfish of me." He started to speak, but she held up her hand. "Please let me finish. I don't want anything to

happen to you, Mr. Cassidy. Believe me, I don't."

Then she turned quickly and went down the hall, her heels tapping. Quirt Cassidy listened for a moment before turning back to the window. He looked at the land and the sun seemed brighter, and the warmth a little deeper.

CHAPTER III

DOCTOR Max Ludlow came out of the bedroom, his hunting case watch open in his hand. His expression was grave and Barr Kenyon stood up as though waiting for a judge's verdict.

"I'm afraid Marshal Richter has a sprained back," Ludlow said. "I'll send an ambulance out for him. See that he's moved carefully."

"Yes, sir," Barr Kenyon said, obviously relieved.

Ludlow gathered his bag and hat, moving toward the door. "I have to be going. I can give you a lift, Ewing."

"Thank you," Cassidy said and stepped outside. He tied both Richter's and the livery horse in back of Ludlow's buggy, then got in. Barr Kenyon and Bess Avery came out to stand on the porch.

"I'm sure sorry about this," Barr said. "I hope Richter ain't lamed."

"He'll be on his feet again in a month or so," Ludlow said mildly. He lifted the reins as though to move out, then paused to add, "I would suggest that Jim stay around for a few days, in case there are any legal repercussions."

"Legal rep . . . ? What do you mean, Doc?"

Ludlow's shoulders rose and fell. "Richter is a law officer and he was assaulted while performing his duty."

"Hell, don't Richter have to make out a complaint first?"

"Yes," Ludlow said, "but who says he won't?" He drove out then, the buggy wheels cutting twin plumes of dust.

From the way Ludlow drove, Quirt Cassidy surmised that he was angry. Finally Cassidy grinned and said, "Smoke a cigar, Max. It'll do you good."

"Agh!" Ludlow said, then bit the end from one of his Havanas. "That damned fool, Richter! What did he think he was doing anyway?"

"Proving that he was a good man," Cassidy said.

"Trying to show off," Ludlow said flatly. "Ewing, never a year passes but what I don't set three or four broken arms for kids who were just showing off, climbing the apple tree or trying to walk a back fence." He made a disgusted face. "And twenty years ago you used to carry men to my office so I could pick the bullets out, all put there because someone was showing off. Hell, don't men ever outgrow it?"

"Nope," Cassidy said smiling.

"Now we're out a city marshal," Ludlow said.

"Do you really need one?"

"Hhhmmmm!" Ludlow said. "Every town needs one. With Richter laid up, every young tough in Dodge will brew his own brand of hell to make someone miserable." He shook his head violently. "No matter how peaceful a town seems

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to be, Ewing, you got to have authority about because some people need constant reminding in order to stay in line."

When they reached Dodge, Cassidy went to the restaurant for his noon meal. He was finishing his second piece of apple flip when three men came in, saw him and approached his table. They were the new citizens of Dodge, wearing dark suits and soft shoes.

The spokesman said, "Mr. Cassidy, may we sit down?" A wave of his hand was his invitation and in a moment the scraping of chairs on the hardwood floor died out. The spokesman laid his soft hat on the table. He was a man in his early thirties, firm-faced, and well muscled. "Mr. Cassidy, I don't suppose you'll remember me. I'm Page Randell."

Cassidy's eyes pulled into wrinkled slits, then he smiled. "I think I do. I gave you a talking to once for throwing a rock through Dog Kelly's front window."

Randell looked at the other and grinned. "You scared the hell out of me, Mr. Cassidy. I'd like you to meet Mr. Casten and Mr. Darlin."

They shook hands briefly. Cassidy said, "I knew your father well, Mr. Casten." His glance touched each of them. "What can I do for you gents?"

"Ludlow spoke to us about Marshal Richter," Page Randell said. "The town's been quiet and Richter doesn't have any deputies, so we thought, as the majority of the city council, that we ought to appoint a temporary man in his place."

"We thought of you right away," Casten said.

"Gentlemen, I'm retired," Cassidy said.

"We understand that," Page Randell said, "but this is just a temporary thing."

Quirt Cassidy chuckled and said, "Gentlemen, over twenty years ago another man said that to me when I was first sworn in as a United States Marshal." He spread his hands. "Isn't there someone else, a younger man?"

"We'd like to have you," Page Randell said. He smiled. "A lot of the old timers remember you, Mr. Cassidy, and the younger ones all know about you. We think you'd give the office prestige."

"Well, if you're sure this is just temporary . . ."

"It is, it is," Page Randell said. "Judge Hooker has agreed to swear you in immediately if you agree."

The thought appealed to Quirt Cassidy; he did not try to deny it to himself. He felt like an old firehorse asked to make one last dash and he was flattered. "All right," he said, rising. "I'll accept."

Page Russell insisted on picking up the tab for the meal, and Quirt Cassidy promised to be at Judge Hooker's house in an hour. Leaving the restaurant, he walked along the back streets to Max Ludlow's house.

He went to his room then and opened his satchel. From the bottom he took his pistol, wrapped in a towel, and checked the mechanism. The holster and belt were useless; he could no longer draw with any speed. So he thrust the pistol into his waistband and pulled his coat over it. The weight felt good and he paused before the mirror to check the knot in his tie before going out of the house.

Tad was waiting at the corner and sided Cassidy as he walked toward Hooker's house. "Gee, Mr. Cassidy, are you really going to be the marshal again, just like in the old days?"

"For a time," Cassidy admitted.

"Golly," Tad said, "I'll bet you'll be the marshal forever and ever. I told the kids you wasn't scared of anything. Now you'll show 'em, won't you, Mr. Cassidy?"

He stopped suddenly for the boy's simple-intended remark struck home, and in a sentence encompassed the difficulties most men had with themselves. During the major run of Cassidy's life he had been showing others that he could, and would, carry out the law. No matter how many men he arrested, there would always be more that had to be shown that he meant what he said.

And he wondered if he were guilty of this. Was that the reason he had accepted? He found no ready answer, yet the thought remained that perhaps he sought this chance to show another generation that what they had heard was true, that Quirt Cassidy was indeed a great law officer.

"Is somethin' the matter, Mr. Cassidy?" Tad asked this and reminded Cassidy that he was not alone.

"No," he said, putting his hand on the boy's head. "No, everything's all right, Tad." He gave the boy a gentle shove. "You run along and play. I'll tell you all about it at supper."

"Yes, sir." He let out a ringing whoop and raced down the street.

Judge Hooker met Cassidy at the door, his hand extended. "Good to see you again, Marshal," Hooker said.

"You're looking fine, Elvis," Cassidy said. "I was sure that you'd outgrow that office over the feed store."

Hooker laughed and led Cassidy into the parlor. Page Randell was there, as was Casten. Hooker offered Cassidy a drink, and when he declined, Hooker got down to business and swore him in. The brief words and passing moments once again vested Quirt Cassidy with authority; he took the badge and pinned it on his shirt.

Randell and Casten had to leave, and after the door closed, Hooker said, "What kind of a stunt was Richter trying to pull, Quirt?"

"Pull?" Cassidy pretended innocence. "I think Richter was within his rights."

"Quirt, there is no love lost between Richter and Barr Kenyon."

"Richter said that he had Barr in jail a couple of times, for fighting."

"Give you two guesses as to who Barr fought."

"Richter?" Cassidy seemed genuinely surprised.

"Right. Quirt, did you ever see Barr's girl, Bess Avery?"

"Yes, at Ludlow's and several times since." He frowned. "What's going on, Elvis?"

"Richter's been trying to make time there for a couple of years now. Bess is too kind to throw him out, but Barr knows what's going on. I would say that Richter is trying to get Barr into trouble. He eggs the man on, if you know what I mean. On several past occasions when Barr appeared before me, I've tried to caution Richter, but he's smart enough to play the game legally, making Barr out the villain."

"Do you want me to say that Richter was out of line?"

"I already know that," Hooker said. "Quirt, you're the law now, but be careful. Richter is smart enough to involve you up to your ears."

"Thanks for the warning," Cassidy said, standing.

He shook hands with Hooker and left, walking slowly toward Front Street. Within an hour everyone in Dodge knew that Quirt Cassidy was again carrying the badge. A few of his old friends dropped in at the office to wish him well, and at four o'clock he stepped out and walked down the street.

The ambulance came down the street and went to Ludlow's house; a crowd formed along Front Street to watch it pass. A little after five, Barr Kenyon came into Dodge, dismounting in front of the marshal's office. He saw Cassidy coming down the street and waited by the door.

"Didn't Jim come in with you?" Cassidy asked.

"I tried to get him to come," Barr Kenyon said, "but he's too stubborn. He says that if anyone wants him, to come and get him. I can't handle Jim anymore, Mr. Cassidy." His glance touched the badge on Cassidy's shirt. "I wouldn't want to say what he'll do when he hears about you taking Richter's place."

"What are you going to do?" Cassidy asked.

Barr Kenyon shrugged. "I'm going over to Bess Avery's place and ask her to marry me. Then I'm going to pack my things and leave."

"To where?"

'Missouri, I guess. Buy a farm someplace and settle down." He sighed and bit his lip. I'm being pulled in deep, Marshal, and I don't like it."

Cassidy studied Barr Kenyon. "When I came to town you were all set to tree me. This change of mind is sudden, isn't it?"

Barr Kenyon nodded. "Jim keeps saying that the Kenyons have to stick together. I listened; hell, I couldn't help myself because that was all he talked about when he heard you were coming back. The damn fool even went east to take the same stage with you, as though he didn't want to take a chance on you changing your mind." He spread his hands. "I'm the oldest, Marshal, and I guess I remember Pa the best, the way he really was. Well, Bess has been after me to get out, and danged if I don't think she's right. Jim's got to make his own mistakes. I can't help him."

"I want you to know that I never really believed Jim's talk, that you didn't give Pa every chance."

"Thanks," Cassidy said. When Barr Kenyon went out, a messenger arrived from Judge Hooker. Cassidy walked to the judge's house and found him in his study.

"Ah," Hooker said. "Sit down, Quirt. Sit down."

The judge fussed among a blizzard of papers, then shoved a legal document across the desk. "I signed that an hour ago, and I had no choice."

Quirt Cassidy read it, then tucked it in his coat pocket. "I sort of thought that Richter would swear out a warrant against Jim Kenyon."

"You don't mind?" Hooker asked.

Cassidy shrugged. "What good would it do?"

"It beats me," Hooker said, "why he did it. I mean, if there ever was a chance to get Jim at the point of a gun, this is it. And Jim would fight; he don't have any better sense than his father had." Hooker poured himself a drink. "Following that line of thought, Richter would make Barr mad enough to fight, and I've always believed that Richter has been trying to work Barr up to a shooting." He held up his hand when Cassidy started to speak. "So help me, I believe that, Quirt."

"I'll serve this in the morning," Cassidy said, rising. "Good-night, Judge."

"Yes," Hooker said. "And good-luck."

Cassidy started back toward the center of town, then changed his mind and took a long cross street to Richter's house. Ludlow's buggy was tied to the hitching post and Cassidy went up the walk. The housekeeper let him in and he saw Ludlow through the open bedroom door.

The doctor seemed surprised to see Cassidy, but Richter acted as though he had been expecting him.

"How's the back?" Cassidy asked.

"It'll get better," Richter said. He looked at Ludlow and plainly wished him out of the room, yet Ludlow presented a bland stubbornness and continued to write out his prescription.

"I just came from Judge Hooker's house," Cassidy said. "He gave me a warrant to serve."

"Then serve it," Richter said. His glance touched the badge and a smile built slowly. "That's what you're getting paid for."

"I suppose it is," Cassidy said and pulled a chair around. "You're not a very dense man, Mr. Richter; I'm surprised that more people haven't seen through you before this."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Richter said. He looked at Ludlow. "If you're through, get out."

"This sounds interesting," Ludlow said and leaned against the wall.

"The only reason you went out there to the Kenyon place," Cassidy said, "was to prove to me that you were as good a marshal as I was. Only Jim licked you and that must have hurt more than your back. Now the odds were good that the city council would appoint me to take your place, so you got the idea that if you couldn't prove you were as good as me, then you'd prove that I wasn't any better than you. Or at least you'd kick a hole in my reputation." Cassidy withdrew the warrant and tapped it against his leg. "Do you think Jim will put up a fight, Richter?"

"You're damned right he will," Richter said. "Just like his old man did."

"Well, that puts the last dab of paint on the picture," Cassidy said. "All you have to do now is wait, Mr. Richter."

"I'll do that well enough," Richter said. Cassidy got up and stepped to the door. Then Richter said, "You're just a tired old man, Cassidy, blood-sucking sympathy from a long time ago. Hell, when those stories are told over and over again, they get stretched out of shape. And the people in Dodge are going to find out that you're just an old windbag capitalizing on talk."

"Why goddamn you . . ." the doctor began.

"Let it go," Cassidy said. He went out to the porch to wait and a moment later Ludlow came out.

"I ought to give him something . . ."

"Forget it," Cassidy said. "Don't you understand the man at all, Max?"

"I don't want to understand his kind," Ludlow snapped.

"Maybe you don't," Cassidy said, "but it's been my observation that those are the ones a man has to understand best, the ones he don't like."

Ludlow sought comfort in a cigar. As they walked toward his buggy, he said, "I suppose you'll serve the warrant."

"Most certainly," Cassidy said.

"Well, I sure won't tell you your business," Ludlow said. "Can I drive you to the house?"

"That'll be fine, Max."

He spent the night in the spare room and in the morning, he had an early breakfast. Then he sent word to the stable to have a horse saddled.

The stableman had picked out a bay gelding; Cassidy mounted and swung out of town. He rode slowly, at a walk, and carefully studied the land, once so open and now so cluttered by small farms and windmills. The Kenyon place seemed deserted when Cassidy rode into the yard. He did not dismount and then Jim Kenyon stepped out to the shady porch.

"That's far enough," Jim said. "I can guess why you're here." He wore his gun, the bottom of the holster secured to his thigh with a piece of rawhide.

"I wouldn't want you to guess," Cassidy said. "So to remove all doubt, I'll tell you that Richter's sworn out a warrant for your arrest."

"So?"

"So I'll have to make that arrest," Cassidy said evenly.

"Then make it," Jim invited. "I'll wait for you to draw."

Cassidy laughed and watched the angry stain creep into the young man's face. "You're as big a fool as your father. Can't you come in like a man, pay twenty-five dollars and forget it? Or are you so mixed up that you have to kill me to straighten yourself out?"

"You either draw or tuck your tail between your legs and get out of here," Jim Kenyon said.

"I'll go," Cassidy said, "but I'll tell you why first. I wouldn't have a shoot out with you here." He smiled thinly. "I like witnesses when I down a man. Gives people something to talk about afterward. Now if you've got the guts, you come into Dodge this afternoon and I'll meet you where the town can see it."

"Don't think I won't," Jim Kenyon said.

Cassidy turned his horse and rode out, not looking back.

The town openly showed their disappointment when Quirt Cassidy returned alone. There was talk, but none to Cassidy. Everyone was adding two and two and coming up with the answer that the great Quirt Cassidy had backed down.

This was an expected reaction, but

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STRIKES AND SPARES

by Gene Longtine

Thousands of people in the city of Baltimore have been breaking the law for years. An old ordinance outlawing bowling has never been removed from the books.

●

A bowling marathon conducted in a Honolulu bowling center started at noon on September 2, 1949, and ended at one a.m. on September 4th, when Eddie Williams rolled the last ball. His performance was: 175 games rolled in thirty-seven hours, with an average score of 177.4 per game. He walked approximately twenty-three miles and lifted more than twenty-two tons of ball. He rolled the ball 3,000 times for a total distance of eighty-three miles, knocked down approximately forty-nine tons of pins, with a total pin-fall of 31,047. He rolled a high game of 255 and bowled thirty games with a score of 200 or more.

●

Probably the greatest three-game series score for an individual was recorded on October 25, 1939 by Albert R. Brandt at Lockport, New York. He rolled 297, 300, 289—for a total of 886 for the three games.

when Tad came in at noon, his eyes red from crying, Cassidy wished that he had taken his chances with Jim Kenyon.

"You've been fighting?" Cassidy asked, looking at Tad's dusty clothes.

"Billy Haskell said you was a coward," Tad said, his lips twitching.

"Do you believe that?"

"Everyone knows you didn't arrest Jim Kenyon," Tad said. "How come you didn't arrest him?"

The door opened and Max Ludlow came in. "So there you are. Get for home. Your mother's worried about you." He closed the door when the boy left, then perched on the corner of Cassidy's desk. "I won't ask you what happened out there, Ewing. It's none of my business. But damn it, the talk's going around now that . . ."

"Let them talk," Cassidy said. "Max, I have to make this arrest in town."

"A shoot out?"

"He doesn't want it any other way," Cassidy said. He held his hands before him and studied their gnarled lines. "Think there's any speed left in these, Max?"

"Good God, man . . ."

"Just one more time, that's all I ask of them," Cassidy said. He looked at Doctor Ludlow. "Don't look so stricken. I have to meet him, not you."

"I won't stand for this!"

"The devil you won't," Cassidy said. "Max, if one man lifts one finger to help me, Richter will have been right. Do you want him to be right?"

"No, no," Ludlow said, turning away. "But I don't want you dead either, and if you face Jim Kenyon, you will be. He's damned fast. I've seen him practice."

"The cards are down, Max, and the bets have been made."

"Sure, sure," Ludlow said, going to the door. "I wish to God you'd never come back to Dodge, Ewing."

He went out then, closing the door. Cassidy sat at his desk, his eyes veiled and his face inscrutable. When a decent hour had passed, he carefully checked the loads in his long-barreled Remington, then pulled his coat over the weapon and stepped to the boardwalk.

There were not many people on the streets of Dodge and for a moment time returned, making the town like it had been in the old days. He supposed there were no more than two dozen men in town who had ever witnessed a gun fight, yet this new generation knew what to do. Instinct, he supposed. All the business houses were open and people stayed inside where they could see, yet avoid ill-directed bullets.

From a gap between two buildings, Cassidy heard a choked sob and turned to find Tad Ludlow crouched there. "I thought your father sent you home," he said.

"I got to stay," Tad said. "Please, I just got to."

Cassidy nodded once, then turned his attention again to the street. He wondered how Jim Kenyon would play this, and decided that it would be bold.

For nearly an hour Quirt Cassidy waited, and the town waited with him. Then at the end of the street he saw Jim Kenyon riding in at a walk. A half a block down, Kenyon dismounted and carefully tied his horse.

Quirt Cassidy stepped out into the street, but was careful to remain in the shade of the overhang. Seventy yards separated the two men and Jim Kenyon began to walk. He wore no coat and his right shirt sleeve was rolled to the elbow so it would not catch on his gun while he drew.

When the gap closed to sixty yards, Cassidy said, "That's far enough, Jim. I have a warrant for your arrest on the charge of assault and resisting arrest. Will you lay down your arms and submit to proper authority?"

"You know the answer to that," Jim Kenyon said and took another step.

"You leave me no choice," Quirt Cassidy said. He reached into his pocket and brought out his glasses, carefully adjusting them to the bridge of his nose. He fussed with the fit around his ears and Jim Kenyon closed the distance to fifty yards.

Then quite calmly Quirt Cassidy drew his long-barreled Remington and cocked it. Jim Kenyon cursed for the distance was yet too great, but he dared not stand still now that the battle opened. His draw was long-practiced magic and he fired his first shot before Quirt Cassidy even brought his gun level.

The bullet sprayed dust as Cassidy turned sideways and crossed his arms. Leaning the barrel on his left forearm, he squinted carefully. Jim Kenyon rolled another shot, this time hitting the sidewalk to whine away into the distance. Almost in panic he started to run toward Cassidy, anything to bring him in where his aim was more certain.

Then the slowly tightening finger touched off Cassidy's gun and Jim Kenyon spun around, his gun flying from his fingers. He fell to one knee, clutching his upper arm.

Cassidy put his gun away and walked toward Kenyon. Tad was at his heels and when Cassidy pressed through the crowd, Tad clutched his coat so as not to lose him. A respectful lane opened up and Cassidy looked down at Jim Kenyon.

"Is it bad?" Cassidy asked.

"I don't guess you broke it," Jim Kenyon said. "God damn old fox, you didn't let me get close! I'd have beat you, damnnit! I'd have beat you!" Then his head tipped forward and the fight and anger drained away, leaving him like a clean sore ready for the patient time necessary to heal it.

"Someone get him over to the doctor's place," Cassidy said and moved to the sidewalk. He saw the two Kenyon boys there, and Bess Avery.

Barr Kenyon said, "That was no lucky shot, Cassidy. You could have put that bullet right between his eyes and no one would have blamed you."

"I'd have blamed myself," Cassidy said and went on to his office.

He sat down at the desk and only then became aware of Tad Ludlow standing in the door, his eyes round and shining. "Come in, son," Cassidy said. Tad timidly took a chair for who is not nervous in the presence of their king? "Today you saw your first gun fight, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you like it, Tad?"

"No—no, sir. I was scared. But you weren't scared, were you, Mr. Cassidy? You just stood there and let him shoot and you weren't scared at all."

Cassidy smiled and massaged the back of his neck. "Tad, the only reason I'm sitting down is because I can't trust my legs to stand on. Son, listen to me, and remember what I have to say. All men are scared, and they do their most foolish acts when they're scared."

"I didn't know that," Tad said.

"It's true," Cassidy said and took off his glasses. He folded them gently so as not to spring the frames; the case closed with a loud snap. "Tad, some day you're going to be an old man, and I want you to remember what you saw today. And when you remember it, think back and understand that being old is pretty nice, once you get used to it." He smiled. "The night I showed you my hands, I guess I was feeling pretty sorry for myself because I was old. I want you to forget I said that. Today, it was knowledge that stood by me, not youth. A knowledge only an old man can have. Maybe I'm not fast anymore, but all the practice I've had with a sixgun has made me pretty accurate." He got up and put his arm around the boy's shoulder, and the look Tad Ludlow gave him was worth walking across an acre of burning prairie for.

"Won't Jim Kenyon try to shoot you now?" Tad asked.

"Nope," Cassidy said. "He'll think about it and let it go. You see, Tad, I gave him a fair chance. He'll remember that." Cassidy opened the door and urged the boy outside. "Getting close to supper time, isn't it? I wonder if your mother's going to have chicken pie? She was making a tasty looking crust the last time I saw her."

Cassidy walked along, Tad hopskipping a pace behind. The streets of Dodge were again populated. People smiled and spoke and Quirt Cassidy politely tipped his hat.

Before he turned off to Doctor Ludlow's house, Cassidy paused for one more look at the street. Funny that he had thought the town had changed, lost its old warmth. He felt it now, strong and sure, and this whetted his appetite for chicken pie. ■ ■

I WATCHED HIM DIE! CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Singapore, the hot, lush, British-owned port in Southeast Asia, was being rocked by riots of rising violence. Communist stooges, creeping from caves and slums, were working up a hideous mob of fanatics, gangsters and secret society thugs to a murderous pitch.

Symonds, the lanky, six-foot-tall, twenty-nine-year-old Southeast Asia chief for United Press, the American news agency, was a conscientious reporter. He picked up the phone to ask the Singapore police what they knew about the crashing, echoing blast which had just rolled over the jittery city.

But obviously he was calling the wrong number. "What in bloody hell are you talking about?" the police official at the other end of the wire barked. "We don't know of any blast. If you need headlines for your papers, go chase them elsewhere."

Gene shrugged off the snub. Like most foreign newsmen he had more or less given up hope of getting the time of day out of Singapore's finest. But it was part of his job to get the news regardless of the difficulties.

He poked his head through the door of his local office manager, Wee Kim Wee, a crack Chinese newsman.

"I'm going out," Gene said. "Got to find out what's going on."

"Be careful!" Wee warned.

But Gene was already gone. He took the elevator down. Outside, broad, tree-lined Robinson Road baked in the blast-furnace heat of the late afternoon sun. Gene quickly looked up and down the street. The rare pedestrians were hurrying as though they were anxious to get under cover. The usual torrent of traffic was down to a trickle. Gene stopped one of the few cabs. He told the driver:

"Alexandra Road—or as close as you can get."

Alexandra Road was the focal point of the violence, taking in an area four miles square, since noon sealed off by police armed with high-pressure firehoses. Inside, a crazed mob, 2,000 strong, was looting, burning and killing at will.

"I'm not going to Alexandra Road," the cab driver said. "I want to live, *tuan*."

While scouting for another cab, Gene spotted Edward Hunter, a London newsman, coming toward him.

"You're the man I want to talk to," Gene hailed him. "This blast a few minutes ago, y'know what it was?"

Hunter took the pipe out of his mouth. "No blast. Lightning. It struck some oil drums down at the docks."

"Are you kidding? There isn't a cloud in the sky."

"That's Singapore for you," Hunter said. "The sky here is always full of surprises."

And that, as Gene Symonds knew, covered more than the weather. The city, along with the Malayan hinterland just across the Strait, was in the path of explosive communist violence.

"They started more fires," Gene said looking at the black mushroom clouds of smoke billowing in the brassy sky. "These maniacs will burn the whole place down unless they're stopped."

"Don't worry yourself so much," Hunter said. "What you need is a drink."

"No, thanks. I've got work to do." The gangling American hurried off.

From the nearby Savor Hotel he called Wee Kin Wee to find out if any of the

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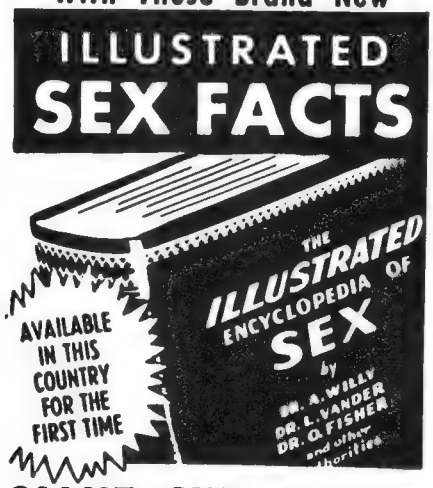

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Chinese legmen had 'phoned in some hot item.

The news from Alexandra Road he learned was alarming. More and more rioters kept arriving by truck. Armed with bricks, rocks, bicycle chains nailed to bamboo rods and blazing kerosene torches, they had assaulted the police roadblocks from the outside. Smashing three of them, they had joined forces with the jumping, seething mob inside the bottled-up square. As Singapore's big businessmen, who are busily trading with the Chinese Reds, are loathe to offend their own commies, police had strict orders not to get tough.

"Call our legmen back," Gene instructed Wee. "I don't want anyone to get hurt."

"Okay," Wee said. "Wait a moment—cable from New York just arrived. They want you to do a background story on the riots and the situation in Malaya."

Symonds didn't have to fumble for notes to do the piece; for over a year he had been living the information.

The current trouble in Singapore had started as it might have in Gene's own hometown, Dayton, Ohio. Twelve days back, a bus company had fired its union employees and hired non-union labor. The fat was in the fire. Union men, strongly supported by the general public, picketed and protested. Before the week was up commie shock troops were running the show. They had at their disposal Singapore's notorious underworld gangs and the students, nearly all fanatical Reds. Moscow had long been out to put the torch of revolution to this Western stronghold and here was a readymade opportunity.

To topple the British Crown Colony would be well worth the trouble. An island city like Manhattan, this one-time lair of tigers and pirates dominates the cross-roads of two oceans. One of the world's busiest ports, it sits astride the sea lanes linking Suez with the Philippines and San Francisco; it controls and protects the vast rubber plantations of Malaya.

But for all of Singapore's importance, Western man, Gene thought, hadn't done right by it. The gleaming, air-conditioned luxury structures rise up from a sea of oriental slums whose squalor has to be seen to be believed. A handful of stuck-up colonial administrators who haven't learned much since 1776 when they lost other valuable colonies, lord it contemptuously over people who were there long before them.

"They need little," one monocled official at the Governor's Mansion had loftily assured Symonds. "A handful of rice a day, that's all."

"That's what makes a Red out here—a handful of rice a day," Gene had come back.

Singapore is one of the ripe plums the Reds have their eyes on. The other is the British protectorate Malaya, connected with Singapore by a causeway flung across the narrow Strait of Johore. Malaya is the fabled country of steaming jungles, elephant herds and a ferocious breed of tigers. The jungles, incidentally, keep half the world's cars running on air-cushioned wheels; Malaya is the world's largest single source of natural rubber.

But ever since 1948 the Malayan plum has been getting quite a pounding. A tattered, tough band of communists—never more than 4,000—range up and down the country which is about the size of New York State. They wreck, burn, kill, hoping chaos will soon give them control. Opposing them are 150,000 British troops on war footing, fighting with everything from ghurka knives to airborne napalm bombs, to the tune of $250,000,000 a year—and never make a dent in the Red strength.

Swift, elusive, the jungle guerillas are everywhere and nowhere. Surprise and terror are their weapons. Never striking twice in the same place, they derail trains, ambush cars, gut villages, destroy rubber plantations, shoot planters and threaten loyal natives. When the dirty work is done they fade back into the virgin jungle to get ready for the next bout.

The famed railroad running through Malaya didn't escape the guerillas' treacherous fury. Trains jumped surreptitiously loosened rails, careened into abysses where steel bridges had been, hit dynamite charges and blew up.

Gene Symonds had seen for himself this weird jungle war waged by the planters and the military.

In Malaya's bustling capital, Kuala Lumpur, an hour's plane hop from Singapore, he got to know O. Maynard Moore, a tall blond Britisher, who ran several large rubber plantations.

"Read this," Moore said, pushing a letter at Symonds. "I got it this morning from one of my managers up-country."

The letter blew a blue note: "It is my sad duty to inform you that last night Assistant Manager George W. Appleby, one of our best men, was murdered by communist guerillas . . ." In addition, the terrorists had slashed several hundred rubber trees and burned a building.

"I have to drive up there," Moore told Symonds. "Want to join me?"

An hour later they started out, traveling in an American car that had been dipped in steel. It was armor-plated all around, with slits for windows. As soon as they cleared the outskirts of the city, Moore quietly put his "jungle comforter," a gleaming .45 automatic on the seat next to him and lowered the armored visors.

"Those terrorists may be waiting for us around any bend," Moore said grimly. "Every day they shoot up one or two cars along here."

Twenty minutes later they ran into what looked like another highway incident. An empty car stood by the side of the road and next to it sprawled the body of a man. He was dressed in a white shirt, shorts and straw hat, the British planter's usual getup. Moore slowed, tensely peering ahead through the visor slit. The man on the road stirred slightly. Moore pulled up alongside him.

"The man needs help," Symonds said.

"We'll see. Open the door. A couple of inches, no more. Be ready to slam it shut at the first sign of trouble."

Mystified, Symonds opened the door a crack. Moore picked up his .45 and fired. The bullet zinged into the dirt an inch or two from the sprawling man's head. The effect was startling. Uttering an animal yell, the man jumped up and dived into the jungle.

"Chinese," Moore said. "A decoy. I was afraid of that."

Gene had shut the door in the nick of time. Bullets started peppering the car's steel shell. Just as Moore was shifting into gear a native jumped on the hood blocking the visor with palm leaves.

Taking advantage of Moore's momentary helplessness, other guerillas swarmed over the car. A desperate gamble offered the only chance of survial. Without seeing the road, Moore raced the car forward, jerked to a stop, raced backward, then forward again, always braking suddenly till the last guerilla was shaken off. And after that the Britisher just kept going like hell, ziggagging all over the road to dodge bullets aimed at the vulnerable tires. Then after a couple of twists in the road the shooting faded away.

"I'm a bloody fool," Moore cursed himself, wiping the sweat off his face. "This is getting to be a hoary trick—the murdered planter. Trouble is, some of them do get murdered."

Except for the sight of an overturned, still smoldering car with no murdered planter in view, the rest of the 150-mile trip was uneventful. Every so often Symonds noticed strange settlements surrounded by barbed wire, searchlights and watchtowers.

"Prison camps?" he asked.

"These are the new villages we built," Moore explained, not without pride. The idea was, lock up the entire population of an area and they can't join the guerillas. In the morning the men are taken by trucks to work on plantations and are brought back to be shut in again in the evening.

When Symonds and his host reached their destination—a vast rubber estate with a rambling mansion—the sudden tropical night had dropped like a black curtain. Searchlights in the watchtowers picked up Moore's car and escorted it to the tall iron gate where two special policemen presented arms. A colt-size Great Dane, followed by his master, Fred M. Lark, the plantation manager, came from the building to greet the arrivals.

"I was worried about you," Lark, a ruddy-faced, stocky Englishman, cried. "The bandits are giving us so much trouble these days."

After dinner Symonds and Lark sat up talking about what it's like living in this hostile wilderness.

"It's bloody hell," Lark sounded off. Can't make a step without an armed escort. Can't remain in one spot more than fifteen minutes or do the same thing at the same time two days in a row without risking an ambush.

"The worst part of this life," the man-

ager went on, "is that you never know who to trust. I had a servant for eight years. I would have bet my right arm that he was a hundred per cent loyal. Yet, he turned out to be a commie. One day he lured me into an ambush that damn near cost me my life. What I can't understand is that these primitive natives turn to politics. Before this uproar started seven years ago they never dared to ask for more than a couple of yards of mosquito netting and a handful of rice a day."

Symonds quoted himself. "It's the handful of rice that makes Reds." But this point of view displeased the planter.

"You Americans are nuts—always wanting to help the wrong people. Why don't you help us?"

Speaking of help, Gene had a little story for the angrily spluttering man. He said he had been a frontline correspondent in Korea where United States troops carried most of the hideous burden of stopping the Red tide.

"You planters ought to be given credit for one thing though," Gene went on. "You supplied us with rubber we needed badly. Only you jacked up the price overnight from nineteen cents a pound to eighty-eight cents. That cooked your goose. We took our wartime synthetic rubber plants out of mothballs and have been making our own ever since."

Lark gulped his drink and decided it was time to hit the sack.

Next morning he was his cheery old self again. He took Symonds to see his rubber trees. Some were up to seventy-five feet high. Standing among them you could hear the latex drip into tin cups—a forest of leaky faucets.

Lark beamed with pride, but Gene Symonds couldn't share his host's enthusiasm. Having been around Southeast Asia he knew rubber trees. Like all over Malaya, these were the unimproved kind, straight from the jungle.

"How much rubber do your trees yield?" he asked.

"Four hundred pounds a year per acre," Lark said. "But we're planting some next year that'll give twice as much."

"You've got a problem on your hands," Symonds replied. "A few months ago I visited the American Goodyear plantation on the island of Sumatra. Their budgrafted trees yield three thousand nine hundred pounds a year. You just can't compete with that."

Poor Lark blew a gasket. "You Americans are troublemakers. Never satisfied with what you've got. Always wanting more and more. You're responsible for all the discontent in the world today."

And now that he was charging like an angry rhino, he really let Gene have it. "Last year two American tractor salesmen came through here. They wanted to sell me tractors for jungle clearing. Tractors, mind you! Who in hell ever heard of using tractors with all the cheap labor around. I told those Yanks where they could go."

"In Sumatra they use tractors," Symonds said gently. "The advantage being the work is done fast and you don't need two policemen to protect every planter and an army to protect the policemen."

A few weeks after this stormy visit, Gene saw for himself what that famed British jungle army was up against. With a party of newsmen—a Frenchman, a Canadian and an Australian—accompanied by two British constables, he set out for Rengam, 150 miles from Singapore, a 1,500 square-mile area of bandit-infested jungle, hills and swamps.

The newsmen's destination was a dam which British troops were said to have secured the day before—a highly exaggerated claim, it turned out. Leaving the armored car the group had come in, the constables led the newsmen down a narrow path toward the river. Sunshine glinted off the dam's bright-red gates and the water foaming down the spillway.

While Symonds was snapping pictures the Canadian newsman started crossing the dam. Suddenly the rattle of a machine gun shattered the stillness. Bullets whizzed all around, striking the dirt and ricocheting from the dam's steel beams. It was a Red ambush all right.

"We ran back and took cover behind a shack and a pile of timber," Symonds was to report later. "The bullets kept ripping through the thin walls and sending pieces of wood flying."

There was only one way out—back over the narrow path they had come. Only the first seventy-five yards of it were now in the line of fire. To try to make a break for it looked like a good way to commit suicide.

After a while the Reds stopped firing except for an occasional shot. What kept them from swooping down on the trapped party? Maybe they were afraid of getting trapped themselves, suspecting enemy reinforcements were just around the bend.

Gene Symonds kept nervously jabbing at a piece of timber with a ballpoint pen which would never write again. "We've got to get out of here," he said. "Run like hell. One at a time, at irregular intervals. That may catch them off guard and give us enough of an advantage to make it."

"Sure, let's try," one of the constables said, grinning, but he felt like the rest of them, pretty sick.

The Aussie newsman insisted on trying his luck first. Bullets sang after him. But thanks to the split-second time lag his dash caught the Red gunners by surprise and he got across safely.

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One of the constables was next. The poor devil stumbled over a rock and fell flat on his face. The Red machine-gunners made a sieve out of him.

The Canadian went third. This was one of his lucky days.

Ten minutes later Symonds heard the silent summons in the back of his mind. Crouching down he turned to the other men. "This is the hardest thing I ever did in my life," he said and was off, running like a ferret.

"One moment my brain was lucid," he wrote later, "the next it was a hot haze."

A rock tripped him and he fell sprawling. Luckily he had hit a hollow. The bullets were flying overhead. As long as he stayed pinned to the ground he would be all right. But he still had a hundred feet to run before he was really safe.

He lay there for what seemed an awful long time. Then he heard the chatter of machine guns again. The Frenchman had cut loose. This was Genes' cue to run. In the confusion they both made it, though bullets grazed Gene's hand and shoulder.

"Whoever or whatever looks after newspapermen was in there pitching that day," Gene noted.

Gene returned from the jungle front shortly before the ominous Singapore strikes started. More than ever the city seemed to him to wallow in dangerous opium dreams. The rubber boom was over but nobody wanted to know it. Life was a frenzied round of pleasure, excitement and every type of vice.

But worst of all, Symonds thought, was the steady forward push of the communists, even though they were officially outlawed. Camouflaged as a non-commie "action party" they seemed to be getting ready for some drastic action.

It started with a flurry of strikes which hit Singapore on May 1, 1955. Rabble rousers worked hard to whip up the populace with promises of violence. "There will have to be bloodshed," they ranted.

The Chinese owners of the paralyzed Hock Lee Bus Company took counteraction. They fired all strikers and replaced them with strike breakers. That lit the fuse which led to a keg of dynamite.

The bus employees soon received reinforcements. First, wild-eyed riffraff oozing from the slums. Then students who set up camp across from the bus depots. They distributed food and money to the strikers.

On May 10th, when the city's buses, operated by strike breakers, were ready to run on a normal schedule again, the strikers formed a barrier five men deep to keep the vehicles from leaving the depot. Taking a hand for the first time, police turned waterhoses on the human streetblock. Eight demonstrators were hurt by flying paving stones churned up by the high-pressure jets.

"Kill the police!" the rabble screamed.

The buses went out but next day strikers were again massed before the depot driveways. Again the waterhoses went into action, but this time the raging mob hurled paving stones back at the police, injuring several dozen of them.

During the night and following day Red agitators kept fanning the flames of hatred and hysteria at mass meetings throughout the city. This was May 12th, the day of the freak lightning bolt, to become known as "Black Thursday," because of the violence that marked it. Singapore's British police chief, Nigel Morris, was beginning to show signs of nervousness. When several thousand hoodlums, secret society members and more students reinforced the chanting, jumping mobs at the depot, Chief Morris' men tossed tear gas bombs at them.

By noon, the strikers at the depot and thousands of sympathizers spilled over into nearby areas, particularly Alexandra Road, a broad, tree-lined thoroughfare.

"They are moving about the area like a cyclone," John Carlove, an American friend of Gene's and a fellow newsman, reported. "They are hurling rocks at the police, sacking shops and wrecking cars. The injured run into hundreds."

Yet Singapore's British governor, Sir John Nicholl, ensconced in the gingerbread Government House, still backed Police Chief Nigel Morris in his refusal to use anything more lethal than tear gas, and that only if it was unavoidable.

In the afternoon Gene Symonds cabled the New York United Press office that the situation was beginning to get out of hand. Police were powerless to stop the hundreds of gangsters, waterfront thugs and students moving into the area by truck. When dark fell, the stream of reinforcements swelled to a roaring flood.

Most of the time Gene Symonds was out in the streets, periodically dropping in to his office. At dinner time he went to the American Club for a much-needed drink and a bite to eat.

He was gulping his coffee when an American correspondent joined him. He had just tried to get to the riot scene at Alexandra Road but police had turned him back because of the danger.

"This trouble could spread all over the island," the newsman said.

"Island?" Gene retorted wearily. "It could spread all over the world."

He phoned Wee Kim Wee at the office. Legmen had reported that the fires raging in the riot area were out of control. Residents were fleeing.

"I'll have to go to the spot and see for myself what's going on and maybe take some pictures," Symonds told Wee.

The Chinese pleaded with him. "Don't. It's too dangerous—"

Symonds cut him short. "People back home ought to know what's going on here. It's my job to tell them."

He phoned Peggy MacDonald, a blond Australian beaut singing in a Singapore nightclub; he had a date with her that night.

"Sorry, Peggy. Can't make it tonight. I've got to work. Be careful—keep off the streets as much as you can." Gene left the American Club.

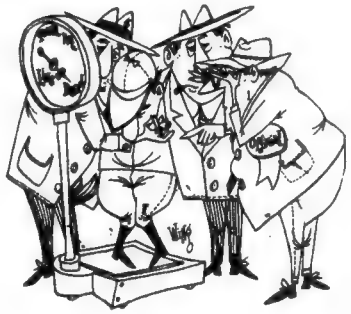
The sky over the city flickered blood-red from the many fires. A police truck rumbled by. It was loaded with firearms. At last . . .

Just as Gene was trying to talk a cab driver into taking him to Alexandra Road several shots rang out in the distance.

As it later leaked out, a British police lieutenant had fired in self-defense. A shrieking mob had overrun his car. To scare them off he had fired his gun four times into the air. But one of the bullets happened to hit a sixteen-year-old student. Luckily for the lieutenant, police reinforcements just then smashed their way to his car and rescued him. The angry mobs retreated, taking the dead student's body along.

The shots also scared the cabbie Gene was working on.

"No, *tuan*," he said, shaking his head. "Too dangerous."



winner's circle

by DAVID CREWE

Several years ago, a race horse called Dry Moon won an important race. He was disqualified, however, because even though he had won first place—the jockey who rode him was dead! Examinations by medical experts indicated that he had suffered a heart attack during the race. And, in accordance with the rules of racing in some states, a jockey must weigh in at the start of a race —and also at the finish. Consequently, Dry Moon was disqualified.

•

Back in 1910, at the Lexington, Kentucky race track, a race horse by the name of Muzetta W. barrelled across the finish line and paid an astounding $830.70 for a $2.00 ticket!

At Pimlico, in 1913, Corn Broom paid $301.60 for a $2.00 *place* ticket!

Gene tried to flag down passing hacks but not one of them stopped. He started walking. After a couple of blocks, a cab whizzed up alongside him. "*Tuan* Symonds—"

Gene knew the driver, Abdul Bin Ali, a Malayan. Ali was one of the many little people Gene was friendly with. He could always count on Ali when he needed a driver.

"Alexandra Road," Symonds told him.

"If you promise to be careful," Ali said.

They only got as far as a side street where a police roadblock barred access to Alexandra Road. Gene's press card didn't impress the cops on duty. "You can't pass, and that's it," he was told.

Ali decided to try his luck on Delta Road, another street leading into Alexandra. The British police corporal in charge of this roadblock knew Symonds. He also disliked him for being an American and for having shown little patience with British colonial ways.

"I advise you not to go," the corporal told Gene. But when Symonds argued that he had a pressman's job to do the official waved to his underlings to let the cab through.

Ali swung around the barricade and in low gear continued down deserted Delta Road. All shop windows and house entrances were boarded up, and the street, except for a light near the Alexandra Road intersection, was plunged in darkness. From around the corner came the din of blasts, screams and shouts, drawing nearer.

Two-thirds down the block the cabbie stopped. He was trembling. "*Tuan,* this is too terrible. Let me take you back."

"Wait for me. I'll have a look and be right back."

Just as Gene was getting out of the cab, several hundred howling rioters burst upon the nearby intersection. Stripped to their waists, their skins glistening with sweat, the crazed rabble was brandishing rocks, clubs, chains and blazing torches. Hoisting the slain student's body above their heads they started marching toward Gene Symonds and the cab.

Gene handed the driver his business card. "If anything happens take this to my office and you'll get paid."

Then he advanced toward the threatening mob. As if hypnotized by his calm and courage, the rioters halted in their tracks. Gene, too, stopped. Hardly thirty feet separated him from the now hushed mob. For an endless fifteen or twenty seconds he looked the rioters straight in the eyes.

Suddenly a cry rose from the crowd. *Por wan sui!"* (Blood for blood!) Hundreds of throats took up the cry. Those holding up the dead student shook the body at Gene as if it were a rag doll. Some fifty gesticulating thugs started forward.

Gene stood his ground. His voice rose above the roar. "I am an American!"

The next moment, the berserk mob fell on him. They hit him with chains, rocks, bricks and flaming torches. After he had crumpled to the pavement, they drove their heels into his face and body, and battered him some more.

For fifteen minutes the blood-crazed mob battered Gene Symonds. Then as if suddenly tired of it they rushed toward the deserted cab and set it afire. A moment later they swirled away, leaving the street calm and deserted. The whole thing could have been a spook but for Gene's crushed body lying in a pool of blood by the blazing cab.

Ali had rushed back the 200 feet to the roadblock. The corporal busily twirled his mustache as the cab driver pleaded, "Hurry, he needs help. You must do something, or he'll die."

The corporal jutted his chin. "I don't have orders to help anybody. I only have orders to stay at my post."

When more pleas didn't move the official, the desperate cabbie decided to go back to where Gene had been attacked. He crossed a vacant lot, then crept along a narrow alley leading to the scene. The rioters were gone, but Gene lay in his blood and the cab was on fire. Gene was moaning and stirring feebly.

Panicky, Ali ran back to plead once again with the corporal.

"Get going, or I'll pull you in," the police official barked.

"*Tuan* Symonds gave me his card," Ali said. "I'll tell the people in his office—"

That did it. The corporal now got headquarters on his two-way radio. "Man attacked," he announced but gave Delta Circus as the address—a mile from the section of Delta Road where Gene Symonds had been attacked.

Not knowing of the switch in addresses —the corporal later would call it "an error"—Ali waited nervously for the ambulance. When a half hour had elapsed, he once again tried to enlist the corporal's help. A second radio car and two motorcycles had come to reinforce the roadblock. Couldn't just anybody rush Gene Symonds to the hospital?

"Stop bothering me," the corporal answered in an official snarl. "I've called for an ambulance. It's coming."

When twenty minutes later it still hadn't shown-up, the corporal, red-faced with anger, told Ali to step on the running board, and show him the way to the scene.

When the corporal reached Symonds' crumpled, bleeding form he slowed, told Ali to get off the running board, then swung his car around and disappeared. He was back at the roadblock, smoking a cigarette when Ali returned there on foot.

The cab driver didn't bother any more with the representative of law and order. He told two Chinese youths with a truck that there was an American 200 feet away who needed help desperately. Could they drive him to the nearest hospital?

After a few moments' hesitation, they lifted Symonds into the truck and started for the hospital at a gentle, slow crawl.

Luckily it wasn't far. They arrived there at 12:50 a.m., an hour and twenty minutes after Gene had been attacked.

"On admission," an American correspondent reported, "Gene Symonds was in such a terrible condition that nurses wept and hardened doctors turned away. His

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legs and arms were broken in many places, his ribs crushed, his jaw dislocated, his lungs and groin caved in and his brain laid bare. There wasn't a square inch on his body where heels, bicycle chains and sticks hadn't left a bleeding welt."

The wonder was that a spark of life was still flickering in the martyred body. With little hope in their hearts, the hospital surgeons performed a series of operations. Unconscious, Gene held on through the night and part of next day. But by 2:47 p.m. it was all over.

The city was calm again. In the morning, when British army units appeared in the streets, Reds, gangsters and students suddenly faded away, the buses began to run again and the riots were only a memory.

Gene Symonds' body was sealed in a metal coffin. It was taken to Singapore's airport to be flown to Dayton, Ohio, his hometown.

A few days later, Symonds' body arrived in Dayton. Reverend E. J. A. St. Louis held the funeral service. In his sermon he praised Gene for "the compassion and sympathy he had shown for the underprivileged, ravished and war-torn people he met and wrote about." From Dayton, Gene's body was taken to nearby Lima where he was buried beside his mother's grave.

By then a few people in high positions were aroused. Lampson Berry, United States Consul General in Singapore, had cabled the State Department that the Singapore police would most likely be found blameless—he knew the sort of police it was.

Informed of the cable, Gene's boss, Frank H. Bartholomew, president of United Press, indignantly protested to Secretary of State Dulles, charging Gene had come to his death "because Singapore police were guilty of a flagrant breach of duty."

Senators and Congressmen now took up the cudgel. Senator George H. Bender of Ohio accused, "The Singapore authorities did their job shabbily. They were derelict in their duty. We ought to insist on a searching investigation." Chairman James P. Richards of the House Foreign Affairs Committee demanded "that the State Department take energetic action to get to the bottom of this." Senator A. S. Mike Monroney said, "We must insist on protection of our correspondents and greater diligence on the part of foreign police."

The irate lawmakers might as well have saved their breaths—or taken more drastic action. There was an investigation in Singapore, a joke of an investigation.

All it did was whitewash the police. Chief Nigel Morris ruled that his men, including the corporal at the roadblock, had done their duty. The wrong steer given the ambulance was lightly dismissed as "an error."

Two weeks later, perhaps as a result of American pressure, Chief Nigel Morris' finest did arrest two men for Gene Symonds' murder, the twenty-five-year-old truck driver, Ong Ah Too, and the thirty-one-year-old professional thug, Suppiah Wah. The first was found in possession of Gene's camera, the second of Gene's wristwatch.

Three witnesses, among them a deaf mute and a Chinese photographer, testified they had seen the suspects beat, kick and then rob Symonds. The British court acquitted the thug and sentenced the truck driver to the gallows. But on November 30, 1955, when things had cooled off sufficiently, Singapore's governor, Sir John Nicholl, squashed the death sentence, which made both suspects go scot-free.

One Singapore newsman said out loud what many thought: "Communists and some governors just are no credit to the human race." ■ ■

COLLAR OF GOLD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

An entering wedge and driven between this strange alliance one autumn morning when Perry Blythe came walking toward the hoisting cage with a black and tan dog cradled in his arms.

Sean Donahue was in a dark mood. He had drunk hard and late the night before and had missed breakfast. "And what's that blasted dog doing here?" he called from the waiting group.

Perry Blythe smiled. His eyes softened as he petted the dog and it nuzzled his arm. "This is Lucy K, boys," he said proudly. "Only a year old, but smart as they come." He smiled again. "We can stand a bit of company, Sean. Ah, yes indeed."

Sean scowled. "Not that kind. I don't like dogs. Never did."

A voice in the back hooted, "Now if you had brought that new barmaid from Cason's, Perry, then Sean would not be complaining."

Perry ignored their gibes and stopped on the cage. Sean spoke sharply, "I say no dogs. No damn dogs, Perry Blythe."

The little Welshman did not flinch before Sean's black-eyed stare. "Then you'll have to work it alone," he said quietly. "Don't be scared, old girl," he said to the dog. Sean swore behind them.

But when the cage had dropped them deep into the earth and Perry and the dog had walked far up the main entry to the maze of laterals and then to the face of the coal the flickering light from his helmet lamp showed Sean at work. His great arms attacking the coal face as though it were his enemy and at the sight Perry smiled to himself. He put the dog on a blanket out of harm's way and moved in shoulder to shoulder with Sean.

At piece time they had not spoken, but then Lucy K saw to that. She edged unseen at Sean's elbow and her white teeth chomped a neat semi-circle from Sean's bread-and-cold beef sandwich. Sean roared and backhanded a swing that missed the dog and swung him over backward. He glared and shook a fist at the dog who had run to Perry's arms for protection. "Keep her out of my way," he warned and cut the air with a vicious swing. "And out of my bucket or I'll tend to her."

Perry frowned, stroking the dog's head. "She's still learning, still young, Sean. Sorry I am all the same." He grasped the handle of his pick. Very softly he said, "This dog means much to me. Lucy K, named for my wife dead these four years." His eyes hooded over and his knuckles showed white on the pick handle. "If harm should come to her, to Lucy K—" He looked at the pick, then at Sean.

No harm came to Lucy K. Not from Sean or from anyone else as fall gave way to winter and on to April sunlight that quivered jagged shadows over the weathered boards of the mine tipple. Only with great patience had Sean endured the frisky Lucy K who had sore beset him, stealing into his bucket and leaping at him in a futile effort to make friends with him.

Then one day when Sean was catching a snooze at the noon break and Perry was gone on a trip to the sump the dog, left behind, had crawled up and planted herself in Sean's folded arms, awakening him. Tentatively, seeing Perry gone, Sean poked out a heavy forefinger. Lucy K's red tongue licked back her gratitude. "All right, you little bitch," Sean said gruffly. She whimpered, seeming to sense his oblique approval. He felt at her head and back. "Soft and hard." He chuckled. "Just like your master." He flung her away and feigned sleep as he heard Perry coming.

Through his closed eyelids the gleam of Perry's lamp hung like a red curtain between them. He started as he heard Perry shout, "A rat, Lucy! Get him, girl!" Sean opened his eyes in time to see the lumpy, gray rat dart away with Lucy K in pursuit. Her excited yiping faded in the direction of the main shaft. Sean looked at Perry whose head was cocked listening. "One of these days," he prophesied, "your damn dog will get herself lost. Or," he added, "I suppose she knows the mine by now better than you or I."

"She will find her way back." Perry nodded. "Any time I would bet on her for that." He blew out his lamp and unscrewed the bowl. "She's one in a million, Sean. One in—"

He stopped, his gray eyes widening on Sean at a low, rumbling noise arising from the sighs and groans of the shifting earth overhead. Ahead of them one mine prop, then another toppled with rifle-shot echoes that sang over the noise. Sean was on his feet. He nodded and they turned to run further into the mine just as the roof behind them fell in. It came with a soft, sighing sound that pinned Perry at the legs and sent Sean sprawling. Then there was only the quiet and the darkness.

Sean's hand groped at his head. Both his cap and his lamp were gone, scattered God knew where along the passage or buried in the fall. He felt his way on hands and knees until his reaching hands felt the top of a boot, then coarse, sticky-wet cloth.

"Perry!" he shouted. He tore at the rock and earth about his partner's legs

as the weak voice above him said calmly, "One leg, Sean. It's like to be busted I'm for thinking."

When Sean had freed Perry's legs he helped him back, then laid him down. He slumped on his knees beside him. "Well." He spat. "We may be for it. Our air is cut off. That we know. Just hope that the pumps are not out beyond and the water gets here ahead of a rescue party." He laughed harshly. "There may be rock enough down to take them days—" he broke off. "A tight squeeze, mate."

"Without lamps we'd be fools to try and move from here," Perry answered. His breath caught sharply. "As if I could anyway."

"Damn, man!" Sean smacked his fists hard together. "You think I'd leave you? What kind of a mate have you had these ten years, Perry Blythe?" In the quiet, musty smell of dirt and sulpher and sweat his voice crackled. "We're for this together. Like always."

It was still then for a long time, each man close with his own thoughts that weighed and balanced their chances that dimmed as each passing second further staled the air within their prison. Then Sean began to call in a loud voice, listening in vain for some answer between calls.

"Perry," he said. There was no answer. His reaching fingers found the other man's wrist, the steady pulse beat. Sean sighed. He's passed out, he told himself. The pain from his leg. *Ah, Sean,* he thought, *it's hell to sit here alone. The damned waiting and not knowing what's to come.*

Then he froze, the long hairs on his neck prickling as something squealed terribly close and something warm and wet touched at his face. "Rat!" he screamed. He clutched the squirming body beneath his chin. Before his powerful hands could squeeze he heard it, the muffled bark of Lucy K. He held her before his face and he laughed in relief, unmindful of her licking tongue as his thoughts suddenly leaped with hope reborn. If Lucy K had got through, then somewhere in the dark beyond was at least a hole. No matter how small that hole would bring them air enough to stay alive until rescue came.

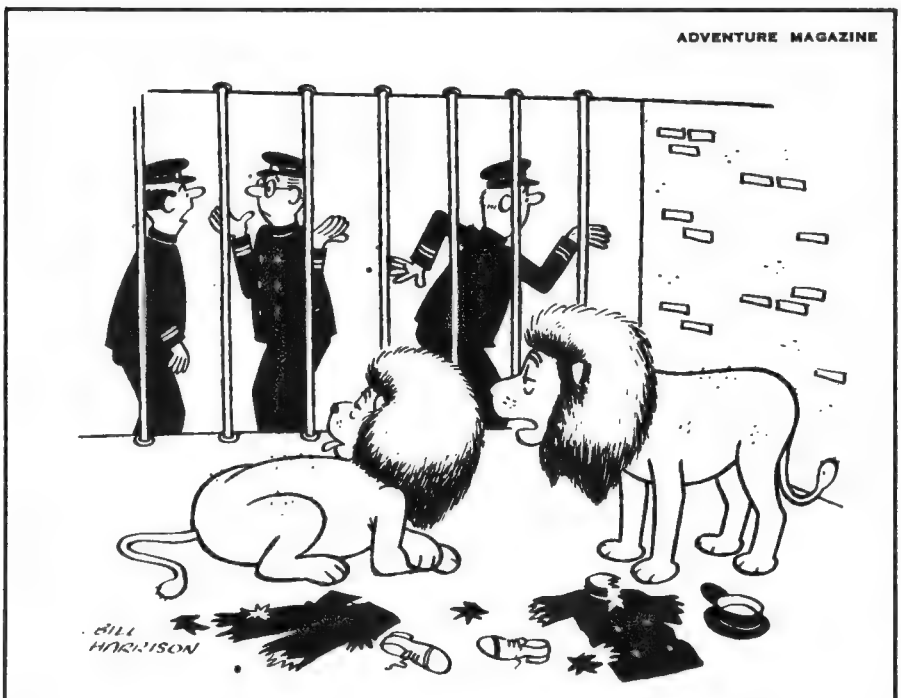
Now Sean worked swiftly. He removed his shoelaces and made of them one short length. One end he knotted to Lucy K's collar, the other he took between his teeth. Luck K strained at the improvised leash wanting to reach Perry's still form.

"Easy, girl," Sean coaxed, "We'll not leave your master, never fear." He dropped and worked his body beneath the thin body of his partner. Then, balancing him as he crouched low on hands and knees, he spoke between clenched teeth to Lucy K. "Home now, girl."

She did not budge and Sean's heart sank. Would she obey him, the man who had always professed to hate her? "Home. Home, in the name of God, old girl," he begged, "and if you will, there'll be a collar of solid gold for you for Sean Donahue is a man of his word."

The slack line quivered, then ran taut and the strange procession inched forward into the blackness; into the twisting, unknown path to safety that only Lucy K could find.

After Lucy K, Perry Blythe's mongrel dog, died they hung her solid gold collar behind the bar in Cason's tavern. It hangs there still, as out of place now as it seemed then on the black and tan neck of Lucy K, except to those who can best understand—the men who have dug coal and have known the taste of fear alone in the darkness of the pits. ■ ■



"I was hoping he wouldn't be missed."

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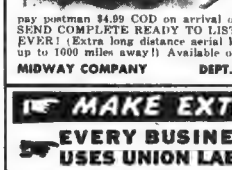

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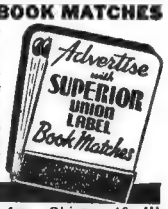

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"Thank you," she answered and took the oblong bundle from him. "Oh, wait."

His eyes followed as she moved around the room looking for her pocket book. Some guys, his expression might have said, have all the luck. Eva Warriner couldn't have been more than five years older than himself, and he was only twenty. *Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king . . . ?* he thought.

He thanked her politely for the tip—she had found her purse on the outsized bar in the corner—and left.

Mrs. Warriner put the package carefully on the coffee table, examined it. The postmark was an obscure town in Kentucky; it had been mailed five days before. Five days ago—Saturday. She and Phil Ward had been week-ending with the Franklins. So much for that.

She lifted the phone and dialed.

"It's here," she said. Her face showed some animation for the first time that day. "No. He won't be home for another hour. Do come down, darling," she purred. "I'm a little jittery. And for heaven's sake use the stairs."

She put the phone down and went into the bedroom. Standing in front of the full-length mirror she raised a hand to adjust an already perfect coiffure, straightened out imaginary wrinkles in her negligee, examined makeup, skin and features for possible flaws. Her hand dropped wearily. Everything was perfect. Even that was boring.

Only when the doorbell rang for the second time that afternoon did Eva Warriner come to life.

"Donny," she breathed, and admitted the young man to the apartment. "Did anyone see you?"

"Darling," he said. "You ask me that every time. And every time the answer is 'no.' Emphatically no."

He was a shade too blond, a shade too manicured, too blatantly young and healthy to be quite real. One suspected forces other than nature at work on this immaculate appearance. Together they looked incongruously out of place, as though they had just stepped out of a gilded drawing room drama of the thirties.

"So. Today's the day, is it." He looked at her closely. "Nervous? Scared?"

She shook her head. "No. As long as I don't have to . . . have to . . . *do* anything about it."

He laughed. "Darling," he said smugly, "the minute your alcoholic husband sees that bottle of fine old Kentucky bourbon, he'll dive right into it. You don't even have to touch the bottle."

Eva Warriner shivered slightly.

"Are you sure it's all right, Donny? Are you sure we won't . . ."

"Won't get caught? Not a chance. Look. I bought the bottle in one town, the poison in another, and mailed it from a third town that wasn't even near my itinerary. Besides, I don't even know you and dear Phil Warriner . . ."

"Don't talk about him that way, please," she begged. "Even if—well, even if this does come off. He's been good to me."

"Too good, Eva darling, too good. You can't stand good men, can you?" He looked around the apartment. Money and taste cried out at him from every corner, every piece of furniture. "Get fed up with the good life, don't you Eva dear?" he asked mockingly.

"I can't help it, Donny. I don't know what's wrong with me. Back in the old carney days I'd have died for a setup like this. Phil offered me everything I ever wanted. Including kindness—and love. I should be very happy. You're not good for me," she added wryly, "I know that much."

"But you can't help yourself. Poor little Eva. Look at yourself for a change. You don't want kindness and love. You want excitement."

She nodded mutely.

"As for my not being good to you," he continued, "I'm probably not. So what?"

Suddenly she put her arms around him and clung to his body like a desperate, lost creature.

"Afterwards?" she whispered. "What will happen?"

"Afterwards," he said, "it's all gravy without any worries. Life—excitement—travel. One good shot of Donny's specially mixed bourbon and he's out like a light."

"The police," she said.

"A man as wealthy as Phil," said Donny, "naturally has enemies, hasn't he? All rich men do, don't they? He loves his liquor, it's no secret. And you've played the loving wife for three years, haven't you? You've never been to Kentucky, have you? You don't know anything about his business or business troubles do you? Don't worry about the police, Eva darling. They'll be toiling in the vineyards of commerce, looking for someone with a grudge against your 'late' husband. And when it's all over . . ." He caressed her lightly, and chuckled. "Waiting," said Donny, "will be the hardest part."

A key was inserted in the door. They froze. Panic jumped between them like electricity.

"He's early," she whispered. "Oh, God, he's early."

"Where?" he said wildly. "Where can I . . .?

Quickly she led him to the windows. "There. On the window sill. Behind the drape. Hurry! Oh, hurry!"

He stood on the sill, concealed, and looked down sixteen flights through the open window. But life had put him in many precarious spots and all he felt was an exhiliration. It would be worth it all. In the end it would be well worth it.

"Phil, darling. You're early." Eva had been something of a quick-change artist in her day.

"Had an annoying directors' meeting," Phil Warriner had a pleasant, deep voice. "I decided to come home and relax before the show tonight."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" she asked casually.

"Nothing that can't be fixed easily." He laughed. "You're not to worry about those things, darling. Such a beautiful young woman," he said softly, "should be immune to business worries." He kissed her lightly.

"You spoil me, Phil."

"I married you for that privilege. And for other reasons, too deep and numerous to mention."

"You've been good to me, Phil."

"Don't sound so sad about it, sweetheart. It has been my pleasure." He made a sweeping bow. "Hi! What's this?"

"That?" Her voice trembled slightly. She fought for control. "Oh, that's a package that came for you today. From Kentucky. Who do you know in Kentucky, Phil?"

"I know thousands of people in Kentucky, darling. Millions, maybe. Are there a million people in Kentucky?" He examined the postmark. "I never heard of this place, though. Well, let's see."

He was childishly eager about gifts. His strong fingers tore at the outer wrappings until the bottle of Kentucky's finest bourbon stood revealed.

"Well!" He picked up the paper, looked at the postmark again. "No card. Now, who do you suppose?" He was pleased. We'll have to drink a toast to our unknown friend.'

"Now?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why not?" He looked at her, noted the terrified expression. "Don't worry, honey," he said gently, "I won't get tight before we go out." She shook her head numbly.

"I forgot," he said. "You don't like bourbon. Okay. Scotch for you, bourbon for me. all right?"

He opened the bottle of bourbon, sniffed appreciatively at the contents.

"Perfect," he said, and poured a generous shot into a Manhattan glass.

"Salut!" he cried and looked at her. She was staring, transfixed, at the window. The drapery was billowing out. There seemed to be a convulsive movement behind it.

"What's that?" he asked. "Is there something behind . . ."

A high, rasping shriek cut him off. It faded in the distance.

"What *was* it?" Phil Warriner asked. "It sounded like . . ."

"Donny," Eva whispered. *"Donny!"* She sank to the floor in a faint.

"Darling! Eva! What's going on around here, anyway!" Phil Warriner suddenly realized that his wife had fainted and that he held an untasted drink in his hand.

He almost ran over to her.

"Here, darling, here. Drink this."

All solicitude and concern, he lifted her head and poured the bourbon down her throat. ■ ■

THE INCREDIBLE STEEL-TEETH MURDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

infrequently for water and for fresh meat; the island was overrun with herds of wild cattle, pigs, asses, dogs, and cats which were descendants of animals imported by the previous settlers. The couple had the comforting knowledge that if they wanted to send a message to the outside world all they had to do was put a note in the barrel and sooner or later it would be picked up.

This Eden they christened Friedo, meaning Garden of Peace. Over the next two years they built two houses there, the first a temporary affair of acacia and heartwood and the second a permanent structure of cemented lava blocks, octagonal in shape and with a domed roof. All in all they were succeeding beyond their fondest expectations, the principal drawback being hordes of mosquitoes and other insects during the rainy seasons.

Then Friedrich made what in retrospect was an incredible error. He was making good progress on a philosophical book, and from time to time he wrote long letters to friends in Germany telling them of the idyllic life he and Dore were living. Some of these letters reached the newspapers, which published sensational "Adam and Eve" stories. Soon each passing ship brought mail from "like-minded souls" who wanted to settle on Floreana and let the rest of the world go by. Enthusiastic colonists began to arrive.

Most of them could not stand either the work or the solitude. In a single month, five would-be colonists decided that the Adam or Eve life was not for them and left. Only one young couple—Arthur and Margret Wittmer—who were sick of the growing tensions in Europe, had the fortitude to stick it out. They settled near a spring at some distance from the crater and did very well.

At about this time Friedrich published his series of articles in "Atlantic Monthly." The newspapers, too, were publicizing his Eden. One aftermath was the first of a series of visits by Vincent Astor and his luxury yacht *Neurmahal*. Another was the arrival of the phony and insane, Baroness Eleisa von Wagner-Bousquet. Almost as soon as she was ashore hell broke loose in Eden and continued until violent death ensued.

The Baroness gave the superficial appearance of great wealth, she brought, with her an immense quantity of gear including three and one-half tons of cement for housebuilding and she was obviously going to stay awhile. She was a spectacular platinum blonde (which was also phony since in time her hair reverted to dark brown streaked with gray) in her mid-forties; she may have been forty-four but that is not certain.

The Baroness claimed to have been Austrian, widowed, and a resident of Paris after her husband's death. Except for the Paris residency, the rest was all bunkum. For one thing, her tableware bore the seven-pointed coronet of a countess instead of the five-pointed coronet of a baroness. This and other details indicated that her background was probably that of an extremely bold adventuress who lacked, however, the culture and knowledge to fool really informed persons. Both Friedrich and Dore saw through her sham almost immediately.

The Baroness brought an entourage of three men with her. One of them, Robert Philippson, was blond, blue-eyed, and extraordinarily handsome in a weak sort of way. She addressed him as "my darling" and spoke of him as "my husband," but it is probable that they were not married, although he was very much in her favor when they arrived.

The second man was also blond, blue-eyed, and handsome in the same weak sort of way. His name was Rudi Lorentz. He was thirty years old although he looked considerably younger. More is known about him than about Philippson because at various times he talked about his past. It appears that he possessed a flair for little trinkets and *objets d'art* of the sort that appeal to tourists and that he had operated a little knicknack shop in Paris. There the Baroness—who had a vivid and strong personality and could be utterly charming when she cared to—had made him her virtual love-slave. He adored her completely, although she now treated him as no more than a servant.

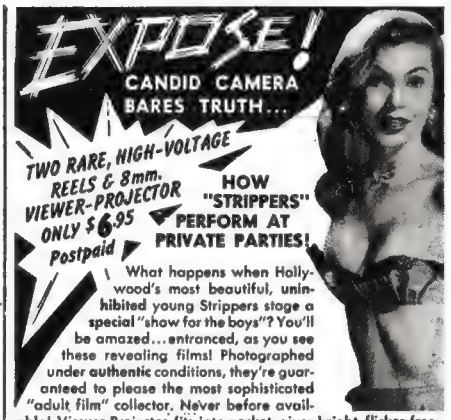
It was Rudi who revealed that the Baroness was a nymphomaniac. According to him she had been married, but not to a baron. Her lust for sex conquest was so great that she went out with multitudes of men, seldom with the same one more than once. The husband had rebelled against this sort of thing and the couple had separated without benefit of divorce. The infatuated Rudi had not possessed the willpower to leave her but had remained with her, tolerating her infidelities which she made no effort to conceal.

The third man was an Ecuadorean servant named Valdiviese.

It was soon obvious that the Baroness intended to rule the island with an iron hand. Despite the Wittmers' protests she started to build her house near their spring and also used that spring instead of finding one of her own. She told them that the island was actually hers but that they had her permission to remain.

She worked Lorentz and the Ecuadorean servant like dogs building her house while her favorite, Robert, did no work whatsoever. The house—which she named Hacienda Paradise—rapidly took shape; she did not hesitate to lash Rudi like a slave when he slowed down although she knew better than to lash Valdiviese. It was a good-sized affair of corrugated iron, garishly furnished with low divans, ornate rugs and wall hangings.

Clear-cut evidence of her maniacal obsession for power—particularly power over men—did not, of course, develop all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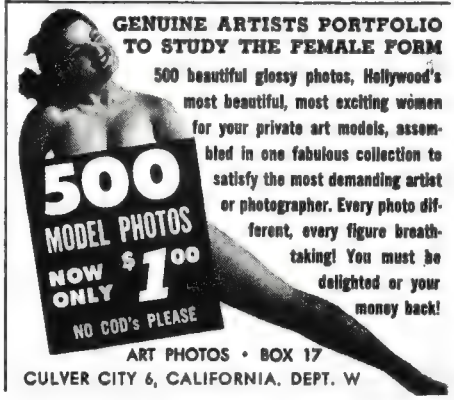
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at once. It grew like a mosaic in which a multitude of small pieces finally complete a picture. For instance, nobody on the island realized for a long time that the Baroness, using the pen-name Francke, was selling sensational articles to magazines, articles in which she built herself up as "The Empress of Floreana." One of these articles described her plans for development of the island; they included a boulevard a mile long flanked by rows of banana trees and a luxury hotel to be named Hotel Paradise Refound.

As the legend of the "Empress" spread, the Baroness received quite a few visits by yachts as they touched in the Galapagos. She went out of her way to impress her guests. Although she was living in an iron house on a remote little island, she never was outdoors when callers arrived. One of her three men always acted as doorman, inquiring who the callers were, asking them to wait while he ascertained whether or not the Baroness would see them, etc. There is no evidence that any yachting party was ever refused an audience; the Baroness was too avid for homage.

The vicious side of her nature was reserved for those in her power, both human and animal, as well as for those she felt were attempting to infringe upon her rights as "Empress." Her men—particularly Valdiviese who served as a paid bodyguard—chased away many a fishing- and trade-boat at gunpoint. She was particularly incensed when the crews of these boats landed to hunt the herds of wild cattle and pigs, something they had done for many years, and she tried to extort tribute from them for the privilege of hunting.

Like all nymphomaniacs, the Baroness really hated men and was not content until she had first captured them emotionally and then subjugated them so they would accept any humiliation from her.

She had fantastic theories about how to subjugate males and keep them subjugated. One was to hurt them so badly they became dependent on her for survival itself, then nurse them tenderly. Demonstrating this theory to Dore, she shot two of the wild dogs—males—in the legs, crippling but not fatally wounding them. Then she nursed the dogs back to health; after that they followed her about slavishly although she treated them brutally. They were in her power and they knew it.

"Men are like these dogs," she told Dore. "Bring them down by force, then make them well again and they'll stay with you." It seemed to work insofar as Rudi—and later Robert—were concerned. Both, however, were obviously weak-willed masochists.

The already bad situation became much worse after the Baroness succeeded in captivating a handsome and youthful Danish fisherman by the name of Arends, who had visited the island frequently. She probably fascinated him by her tales of life in the great capitals of Europe, her own great wealth, and how he might accompany her there some day. In any event Arends got rid of his crew of a couple of native Indians, tied up his boat, and moved into the Baroness' big double bed, ousting Robert. Now Robert worked as hard as Rudi while Arends was the one who did no work and when Robert protested he got the same treatment as Rudi had been receiving—contemptuous and vicious whippings.

In mid-1933 three more men arrived to visit the Baroness. One was a young German journalist who had an assignment to do a feature story on the self styled "Empress"; by that time the rumor was widespread that a motion picture, to be titled "The Empress of Floreana," was to be filmed on the island with her playing the lead role. The second man was a young and handsome friend of the journalist who was tall, athletic, very blond, and very blue-eyed. The third man was an Ecuadorean in the employ of the Germans.

True to form, the Baroness went all-out for the handsome blond. Her wiles, her seductive posturing, her sexy talk made no impression on him whatsoever; to him she was just an erotic but aging hag. The day when one of the island boats was expected to pick up the visitors drew close. The Baroness came to a decision. She would treat the young blond in the same way she had treated the wild dogs; shoot him but not fatally and then nurse him back to health. By that time he would be her love-slave.

Of course, it had to appear like an accident. But the Baroness was adept at staging accidents. She suggested a hunt for a tender, fat calf; one she would personally select. Reaching a point where the herd might be expected to appear, she dispersed the hunters carefully and with malice aforethought. On the left were the two Germans, their Ecuadorean, and Arends. In the center was Robert. On the right was the Baroness. Rudi wasn't present; he hadn't been invited.

The cattle showed as expected. The hunters waited for the Baroness to signal her choice. Suddenly she signaled, and in almost the same instant two shots rang out. Nobody thought any more about the calf, which escaped unharmed, for Arends was obviously hit, and hit badly. He was staggering and holding his abdomen, and in a moment he crumpled to the ground.

The male hunters rushed to the fallen man. "My God! Arends is shot!" one of them called to the Baroness.

"Who, *Arends?*" she called back, as though disbelievingly. She came over to the group. "Who shot him?" she asked accusingly.

It turned out that, of all the men, only the Ecuadorean had fired, and at the calf. The others, slower to understand the signal, had not had time to fire. The Baroness, however, had fired her shotgun.

Arends, shot in the abdomen, needed immediate medical attention. The Baroness said that she would take care of him, but the Germans insisted on summoning Friedrich, a man known to be an M.D. Friedrich found that the wound had been inflicted by a shotgun fired from some distance and not by a rifle. Only the Baroness had been armed with a shotgun.

To Friedrich, it was obviously no accident but a deliberate shooting. For one thing, the Baroness had fired parallel to the herd of cattle, not at them. She was an expert shot. But why had she shot at Arends, her current favorite?

Then a curious point came up. Just before the signal was called, Arends had been standing several feet to the right and to the rear of the handsome young blond. Almost as the Baroness had looked toward the herd and pointed out the target he had stepped swiftly forward, placing himself directly between her and the blond. Expecting a volley, she had fired very quickly, without realizing until after the shot that Arends had moved in the way.

The Baroness had to admit the shooting; in fact she threw her shotgun away with every indication of remorse. She tried to give the impression that she had slipped or that something had suddenly alarmed her, causing her to wheel just as she fired. Apparently nobody questioned her explanation, although nobody believed it. Friedrich gave Arends excellent care until a vessel arrived about a week

ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

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later and took the patient to a hospital in Guygaquil, where he made an uneventful recovery. But Arends had had enough of the Baroness; he didn't come back to Floreana except to retrieve his fishing boat.

The Germans and the two Ecuadoreans departed on the same island boat with the wounded Arends.

With the visitors all gone, tension began to increase rapidly. Rudi, who apparently had given up all hope of ever being restored to the Baroness' favor, was beginning to show evidences of desperation—long periods of silence followed by raucous laughter, ranting threats, sobbings and weepings. He pleaded with her for enough money to get him back to France, or at least to the mainland. She told him bluntly that Arends had stripped her of money and that until she earned more from her writing she could not help him leave. He then asked for his personal belongings so that he could go elsewhere on the island, perhaps move in with the Wittmers, with whom he was friendly, but she refused because she wanted to keep him under her control and working for her. She now kept his things locked in a closet to which she alone had a key.

There is no doubt that she was financially rocky. Both Robert and Rudi were going about in rags. She was also getting panicky. Previously she had been a teetotaler, but now when yachts were in the harbor she played the part of a waterfront barfly, telling elaborate yarns for free drinks.

By early March of 1934 the situation had reached the exploding point. One day Rudi frantically demanded his things so that he could go away; he was shaking and sobbing. The Baroness let loose a torrent of abuse, calling him among other things a "spawn," a "dog," and a "low-down'bastard." Rudi snatched up a chair and smashed at the closet lock with it. Robert, who up to now had been standing by laughing, promptly moved in and clobbered him over the head with whatever implement was handy; it knocked Rudi out cold. When he revived he was outside Hacienda Paradise, his body a mass of bruises from head to toe; the Baroness had beaten him almost to death with the riding whip. He crawled to Friedrich's; the journey, interspersed by lapses into unconsciousness, took him two days. Friedrich and Dore fed him and nursed him as best they could. After awhile he left, saying that he was going to the Wittmers, that they would take him in for awhile. He reached the Wittmers and they gave him a place to stay.

What happened after that can only be conjectured, because there were no survivors, at least, for long. The date was March 19, 1934. It was the custom of the settlers to take a noon siesta, and Friedrich and Dore were dozing when they heard a single piercing shriek that was abruptly cut off. The sound came from Hacienda Paradise. The couple did not bother to investigate, for screams, oaths, and the sounds of beatings were commonplace at the Baroness' place.

Several days went by. There was quiet at Hacienda Paradise, and neither the Baroness nor Robert was seen by anybody. Rudi showed up at various times at both the Wittmers' and Friedrich's. For the first time since he had landed on the island he seemed relaxed, even jubilant. His customary hangdog attitude was gone. Asked if he had succeeded in getting back in the Baroness' favor he replied in the negative, but added that he had told her off "once and for all."

Day after day the strange quiet persisted at Hacienda Paradise. Only Rudi was seen. Again nobody bothered to investigate, for the Baroness was not only disliked, she was loathed. But everybody was becoming suspicious that something drastic had happened, and Rudi—who by nature was more amiable than bright—realized this. He went to the Wittmers with a brand-new story.

Briefly, he said that a magnificent yacht had put into Postoffice Bay, carrying a party of nobility, including some of the Baroness' closest friends. These people had persuaded the Baroness and Robert to return to Europe with them. Robert, it seemed, was still in her favor. As a parting gesture, she had "bequeathed" Hacienda Paradise to Rudi.

This could have been true. Postoffice Bay could not be seen from any of the homes on the island and nobody kept a lookout for incoming vessels; when residents wanted to be contacted for any reason they left a message in the ancient barrel. Separate trails led to each of the landholdings. A party could easily have landed, picked up the Baroness and Robert and their personal belongings, and left without being heard or observed.

In money, of course, Rudi was no richer than before. And he still wanted to leave Floreana. He had put a notice in the barrel begging to be picked up by the first passing ship, but he had no cash for passage and whether or not he would be carried on charity was a nice question. He went to the Wittmers and Friedrich and Dore, asked if they might be interested in buying any of the things the Baroness had left behind. They were and went with him to Hacienda Paradise.

Immediately they knew that something was very wrong. All the Baroness' and Robert's clothing was still at Hacienda Paradise; apparently they had taken nothing with them.

It was still possible that the Baroness and Robert had left with just the clothing on their backs; all their garb was badly worn, patched, and deteriorated by weather and insects. But there were more sinister signs that they had not left of their own free will.

The favorite book of the Baroness had been Oscar Wilde's "Portrait of Dorian Gray," a morbid psychological tale of the deterioration of a totally evil young man. She had read from it almost every day. It still lay where she always put it down.

On the same table lay her long ivory cigarette holder. Here and there were many photographs of her alleged relatives and friends; not one had been taken

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away. None of her jewelry had vanished.

Would the Baroness have left without taking with her these most personalized valuable possessions? The same unspoken answer occurred to everyone; it was, no.

"Would she want you to sell these personal belongings?" Dore asked gently. "Suppose she returns some day."

"There's no danger of that," Rudi told her. "Not any more."

Neither the Wittmers nor Friedrich and Dore bought anything. Weeks and months dragged by with no fresh developments. Then, along in June, a vessel put in at Postoffice Bay and when it left Rudi was aboard. This vessel put in at Santa Cruz, where he contracted with a Norwegian fisherman named Nuggerud to take him to Chatham Island, where he might intercept another vessel bound for Guayaquil.

Disaster of some sort overtook Nuggerud, for his boat never reached Chatham. Instead, many months lated the dessicated bodies of Rudi and Nuggerud were found by the crew of a California fishing vessel on the beach of Marchena Island, some miles north of Chatham. It appeared that the two men had been becalmed for some time but had finally reached Marchena where they had gone ashore, possibly in search of water. Finding no water—for there had been a prolonged drought that year—they had perished of thirst.

Except for the Wittmers, tragedy seems to have struck everyone who settled on Floreana. Early in November, Friedrich developed a raging fever, took to his bed, went into convulsions, drummed his feet briefly against the foot of the handmade acacia bed, and died. It seems most likely that he was killed by eating the meat of an infected chicken.

Dore buried Friedrich and returned to Germany as rapidly as possible, leaving Floreana on the first boat that put in after Friedrich's death. She vanished into oblivion during the madness and confusion of World War II.

The official investigation revealed little more than what has been told here. It did bring out the grim fact that no vessel had put in at Floreana at any time near the date Rudi had stated the Baroness and Robert had been picked up by a yacht. And since that noon when the sudden piercing scream was heard there has been no evidence of either the Baroness or Robert being seen alive anywhere, by anybody.

The evidence is circumstantial, but none the less convincing, that Rudi and Rudi alone killed the Baroness and Robert. He didn't do it with a gun, for the shots would have been heard. He didn't do it with a knife, for blood would have been found. It is probable that the instrument he used was some sort of club.

One riddle remains: What did he do with the bodies, which were never found? The best guess is that he merely dropped them into one of the hundreds of volcanic vents or pipes that honeycombed the craters. It was such a convenient and obvious solution to the problem that he could scarcely have overlooked it. If this was the case, it is probable that the bodies will never be recovered, even if a major search were made some day. And a search would serve no purpose, since all the principals are long since dead.

So we come to the end of the weird tale of murder in the Garden of Eden, a tale so fantastic that even a fictioneer would hesitate to write it. Perhaps the best conclusion of all is to merely quote from the writings of Friedrich Ritter, who said: "Paradise is only a state of the soul within one's self, and it consists of love, patience, and contentment. These are truly the entrance gates of Heaven; since we possess all three, we do not ask for anything more." ■ ■

THE WICKEDEST STREET IN THE WORLD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Completely outraged, the Red Dean streaked for Scotland Yard on the banks of the Thames and indignantly reported he had been "revoltingly propositioned" in the heart of London and in "almost broad daylight, too." The squawk was nothing new to the officials of Scotland Yard, or for that matter, to anyone else who has visited the British capital during the last few years.

For Piccadilly Circus in London's ultra-fashionable West End, has boomed into the busiest flesh market in the world. Girls of every nationality, color, age and size, and all aggressively eager, are available for hire at almost any time of the day. During peak hours, they swarm in such numbers that the Grands Boulevards of Paris and the Avenida of Lisbon, notoriously overloaded with female livestock, appear like deserted provincial main streets in comparison.

Nearly all of London's 20,000 women of easy virtue have at one time or another peddled their charms in the huge square and the streets leading into it. The Public Morality Council of London estimates that on an average day 7,000 to 10,000 girls operate openly on the streets of the square and its fringes.

In this confined area mass street-walking is a $150,000,000 play-for-pay industry. The take is all profit with a minimum of overhead and the gangsters, pimps and small-time hoodlums all want a share of the gravy. As an inevitable result a vicious switch-blade and razor-slashing underworld struggle for control of the racket has become a scandalous national problem.

London's illicit love sells for less than in any other large city in the western world. Of course, fees depend entirely upon the charms of the prostitute and how much she figures the traffic will bear. A dockside bum, for example, does well to get a dollar or a handful of change, while a Bond Street cutie with a luxury apartment is likely to command top fees of fifty dollars a performance.

But the average Piccadilly Circus babe averages about five dollars a client at prices ranging from one to two pounds sterling a throw. This is about half the price an average boulevard *troteuse* in Paris demands and a bumpkin who offered an average big city prostitute in the United States only five dollars is apt to be paid off with a Bronx cheer. Yet in spite of the comparatively low pay Piccadilly girls manage to bring in anywhere from $150 to $300 a week.

The whopping $150,000,000 pie is whacked up and working areas parcelled out in the backrooms of the pubs of Soho, a mile-square area just behind Piccadilly and the theatre district. Once populated mainly by foreigners, Soho is a sprawling hodge-podge of bars, shady rooming houses and small restaurants, a made-to-order hangout for bookmakers and pimps who infest the bawdy neighborhood.

The majority of the girls are home-grown talent from small towns and villages who have fled to the city to escape country boredom. Prostitution has the easy-money appeal but they soon learn they can't work the streets without a protector. Those who rebel against giving a pimp from half to two-thirds of their earnings wind up with scarred faces that put them out of business altogether.

Although most Piccadilly girls are native-born, a formidable imported foreign contingent is growing rapidly. The British public learned a lot about the international white-slave racket when the notorious Messina Brothers' case broke wide open in Brussels, Belgium. Much to the consternation of the English, the sensational exposé revealed that London is one of the biggest white-slave markets in the world.

Eugene and Louis Messina were big-time Soho pimps, who until the case broke had a sizeable stake in London's over-all prostitution empire. They affected the speech and mannerisms of upper-class Englishmen and dressed conservatively in the latest English fashions. But procurers and hoodlums at heart, Scotland Yard records show that neither ever performed an honest day's work.

Around Soho, the brothers were never highly regarded as knife-men. When there was a slashing job to be done, they hired tough "tear-aways" to handle the dirty work. Nevertheless they prospered until becoming the personal targets of another razor-wielding clique in a jurisdictional dispute and they lammed to the continent for a holiday while the matter was being ironed out.

The erstwhile vice-kings settled down in Brussels waiting for things to cool off in London. They had plenty of cash in foreign bank accounts but they weren't boys to pass up a fast buck, particularly when they discovered a gold mine of raw material in the Belgian capital. The Belgian girls fell for their synthetic sophis-

ticated English ways and in no time at all, the brothers had a steady stream of novice prostitutes flowing into London from Belgium.

The Messinas' system was corny but rarely failed to work. The slick-talking London pimps made a round of Brussels' bars and night-clubs, spending money and contacting girls from seventeen to twenty-five years old. An insidious mixture of cajolery, loose sexual affairs and a taste of the free-spending highlife did the rest.

The brothers wined and dined the credulous girls in the city's luxurious restaurants and took them to their $400 a month penthouse on the exclusive Avenue Louise. Although both had wives working as call girls in London, the Messinas often proposed marriage "when we get to London" and conned their gullible playmates into believing English life was just one big bed of roses.

The girls, overwhelmed by the style in which the Messinas lived in Brussels, swallowed the bait. They soon became accustomed to nice clothes, luxury living and the various men in the mob. When the brothers felt the time was right they proposed that the girls marry Englishmen to acquire British passports and nationality and proceed to London. There the bewildered young women were shunted into a brothel for a conditioning period and the husbands, often members of the gang, faded out of the picture.

But the Belgian police were not asleep. They nabbed the Messinas on a charge of recruiting talent for London's great army of prostitutes. After sweating it out in a Brussels' clink for a few months the brothers showed up in court with two Belgian women lawyers to defend them.

They were dismayed to find that Public Prosecutor Jean de Bettencourt was loaded with telling evidence seized in a police raid on the Avenue Louise penthouse. He sewed up the case by producing letters written to Eugene Messina by London brothel keepers. One pimp enthusiastically reported on the activities of a girl named Violette who had taken in $6,631 in six weeks' time. He implored Eugene to send him more like her.

"The Messinas," Prosecutor Bettencourt told the court in his summation, "are notorious white-slavers of the most disgusting type. They are a public menace here and in their homeland and it is up to us to remove them from circulation."

Oily Eugene was convicted and received a sentence of seven years in prison. Brother Louis got off with ten months. The white-slave ring was broken although its collapse had no perceptible effect on London's freewheeling prostitution racket.

A good many foreigners and some Britishers were prone to blame the police for the shocking conditions on London's streets. Even members of Parliament publicly stated that bobbies close their eyes to the wanton activities of the street-walkers. In the House of Commons, Home Secretary Gwilym Lloyd-George, son of the famous prime minister, who is responsible for law and order throughout the United Kingdom, had a hard time explaining why prostitutes and pimps were allowed to take over the city's sidewalks.

"What do you expect me to do?" the harassed Home Secretary protested plaintively. "We can't just pick up these people like so many stray dogs."

He reminded the House of Commons that in England no one is arrested on general principles. When a lawful charge is lacking, there can be no arrest and the truth is that while the British approach to vice and particularly prostitution has always been easy-going, English law is hopelessly outmoded. The bobbies' hands are tied and court processes are inadequate to handle the problem.

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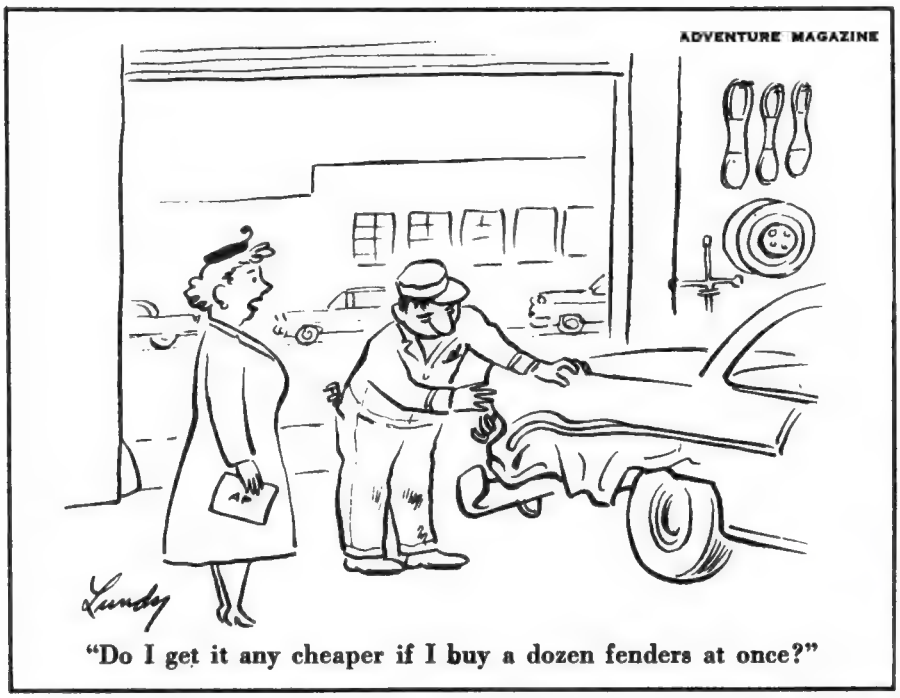

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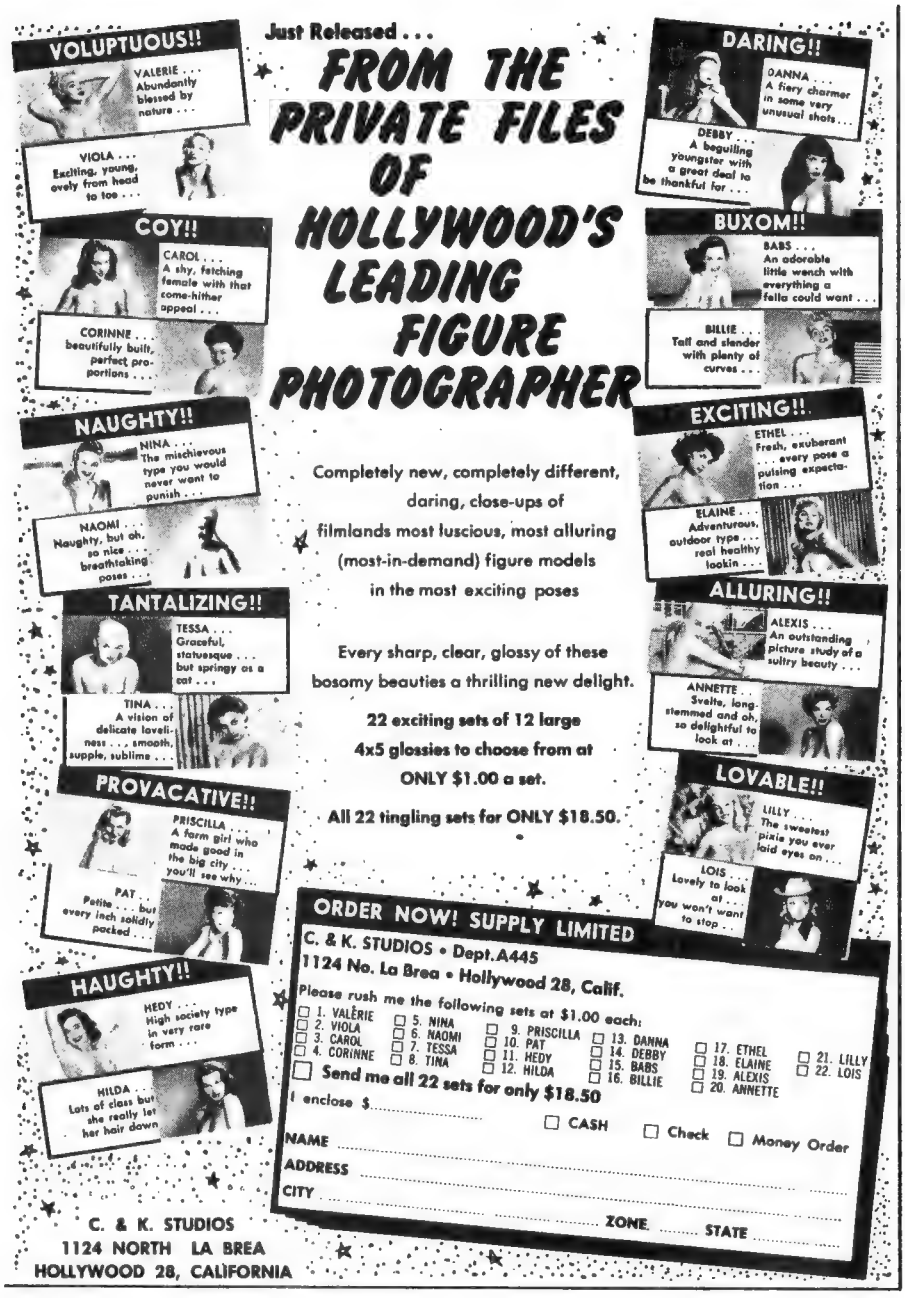
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woman to take money from a man in exchange for her favors. Under the law, that is strictly a legitimate business deal. Soliciting men for immoral purposes is unlawful, but on the other hand there is no law against a girl asking a gentleman friend to come home with her. Obviously, proving a case of immoral solicitation in court isn't the most effective method of curbing prostitution.

A flagrant case of habitual soliciting is not a serious crime even when proven and under an act passed in 1860, the maximum fine is only two pounds, the equivalent of $5.60. Most girls consider the fine a reasonable license fee to work. They pay up promptly and gaily return to their beats to make up the lost revenue before they go off shift.

The way English justice operates is illustrated by a recent case that aroused the British social conscience. The case inspired a vigorous campaign aimed at a new and growing form of organized prostitution—the call-girl racket, which the newspapers labeled as an idea "imported from the United States." It involved two young women who shared a two-room flat in Mulberry-Close, Beaufort Street, in London's Chelsea district.

Neighbors complained that Mrs. Maureen O'Connor, a stunning red-haired twenty-eight-year-old Irishwoman, and Miss Elsie Mary Hughes, an equally good looking young English girl, were operating a disorderly house. The girls would probably have beaten the rap if Mrs. O'Connor hadn't become flustered when police knocked on her door and politely asked if it were true that they habitually entertained men for the purpose of remunerative love-making.

"Well," replied Maureen O'Connor innocently, "It's twenty-five pounds a time [$67.50] and I give Elsie half what she earns."

In court the arresting officers produced the inevitable little black book filled with names of well-to-do customers and Mrs. O'Connor admitted that other girls were on call when Elsie was busy. She was sentenced to three months in jail but released on fifty pounds [$115] bail pending an appeal on the grounds that the officers hadn't cautioned her properly. As the British take a dim view of self-incriminatory evidence obtained through what they consider "trickery," chances are that she'll win her case.

But London's Sunday press whooped up the case and lambasted the call-girl racket as "fully as shocking as anything yet disclosed in America." They reviewed New York's sensational Jelke case and ran articles written by call-girls themselves who said that their clientele included titled members of Britain's aristocracy, politicians and businessmen.

The widely read *Reynold's News* located half a dozen call houses operated by "women vice bosses," one of whom claimed she netted $24,000 a year clear profit. Another reported several call houses almost on the doorstep of Buckingham Palace, one "within one hundred yards of the enclosure where the Royal Family exercise their dogs."

The hubbub became so loud that Sir John Mott-Gower, London's Commissioner of Police, hastily sent two top police officials to the United States to make an on-the-spot study of American police techniques in handling vice, namely, call-houses.

After a long conference with New York City's Chief Magistrate, John M. Murtagh, the English visitors emerged to say that, "New York City provides a horrible example of what not to do." Chief Magistrate Murtagh backed them up. He said that New York, like most big American cities, takes the wrong approach to prostitution and makes the same disgraceful fundamental errors that were made twenty years ago.

Just what the British investigators reported in London hasn't been disclosed but Home Secretary Lloyd-George told the House of Commons that the government was seeking new legislation to combat the problem.

Home Secretary Lloyd-George takes a somewhat fatalistic attitude toward the problem and doesn't hold out much hope for any great change in the immediate future. He points out that the metropolitan police force is woefully undermanned to enforce the proposed new legislation anyway. His attitude seems to be that the whole vice problem is a vicious circle that is propelled along by something like perpetual motion.

"Unless you remove the demand," he says with a touch of helpless resignation, "and I should be extremely interested to hear how that is to be done, prostitution will go on."

The hard-working girls who daily patrol the streets of seething, sinful Piccadilly Circus, could tell the Home Secretary that the supply has never yet caught up with the demand. But they are doing their best to help the process along and meanwhile, staid old London is steadily adding to its new reputation as the wicked city of the West. ■ ■

THE CASE OF THE RED-HEADED CORPSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"Holy Mother!" the patrolman said softly. "It's a body!" He was a young cop and this was his first experience of the kind.

The baggage chief was older and he took it calmly. "It's a woman. Look at that hair!"

The porter's eyes were on the hair, too. It was astonishing to see that mass of clean and glittering silky red hair surrounded by the hacked up torso. Most astonishing was the color—a vibrant red.

In a matter of minutes the baggage room was filled with terminal officials. The young cop had phoned his precinct station and a patrol car and morgue wagon arrived shortly.

The porter didn't bother with the rest of the lockers that night. He was too busy helping to hold back the crowd that kept gathering outside the baggage room after detectives arrived from Homicide, accompanied by Brooklyn District Attorney Miles C. McDonald and Assistant District Attorney Louis Andreozzi. Deputy Chief Inspector Patrick Kenny was in charge of the detectives. They left the body where it was until Police Commissioner Thomas Francis Murphy arrived.

It was several hours later when the body was removed from the suitcase, at the Homicide morgue. By then the porter had gone home and the baggage room was closed for the night.

The Homicide man said, "It's not all here. Only the torso and head are here. There must be another bag somewhere."

So back to the terminal they went, a patrol car full of detectives. They called the baggage chief and waited for him to show up with the keys.

"The porter stopped when he found the suitcase in number two-sixteen," the chief baggage man said. "That means we should check from there on. It was a big suitcase and filled the locker. That means if the killer had another bag he would have put it into the next empty locker he could find."

They found another smelly bag in number two-twenty. It was a battered Gladstone, and it contained the pelvis and the legs of the woman.

A detective said, "There're no hands. The killer cut the hands off. And they're not in either bag."

The Homicide man said, "The other missing item is her teeth. She must have worn false teeth; she didn't have a tooth in her head but the gums showed signs she'd worn plates. But they're missing."

Somebody else said, "Hands can be identified by fingerprints and false teeth by a dentist."

"Fingerprints wouldn't mean anything unless she had a police record," the Homicide man said.

There was nothing in the bags to give a clue to the dead woman's identity, but newspapers dated November 18th and 25th gave a clue as to the time of the murder. They were Brooklyn papers which indicated the crime was committed in Brooklyn. So, the search for the killer began in the vicinity of the terminal.

The several blocks surrounding the terminal contained many boarding houses or rooming houses. The suitcases had been cheap and battered, suggestive of the type person who might live in a cheap furnished room. The first move of the Brooklyn police department was to assign a group of men to an intensive, door-to-door search of those rooming houses, searching for a red-headed woman.

The coroner, Dr. Marten, made his report on December 7th. The murdered woman had been between twenty-five and forty years old. She had given birth to a child or children. She had an appendectomy scar which was about ten years old. She had also suffered from a very serious heart ailment called adhesive pericarditis. Her height was five feet seven inches and her weight about one hundred pounds. She had bad feet—feet which showed the work of chiropodist. The coroner added that she had been strangled, and that her body had been cut up with a sharp instrument and a saw.

The details of the coroner's report was given to the New York newspaper which were giving much space to the story. The wire services had sent the details out to newspapers around the country.

A canvas of dentists and doctors was made, in the Brooklyn area, and many of them visited the morgue to see if the woman had been a patient. But no one had ever seen the dead woman before. That meant, for police records, that she had had the operation for appendicitis and had her teeth removed somewhere else. Perhaps she had only recently come to Brooklyn; they had no way of knowing.

The police even visited chiropodists and hairdressers in the vicinity of the terminal. But none of them remembered the red-headed woman.

A close check was made on dry-cleaning establishments in the area, to see of any clothing had been left in the past few days that had blood stains on them.

But the first break came not in Brooklyn but from a little town upstate—from Saugerties, New York—just forty miles from New York City. A Mrs. Violet Martin went to the State Police headquarters on Christmas Eve, carrying with her a copy of the local newspaper which contained an account of the police findings to date on the red-headed nude case.

Mrs. Martin, an elderly woman, was the second wife of the sixty-year-old postmaster of Saugerties.

Mrs. Martin showed the police the newspaper. "I don't want to worry Mr. Martin," she said anxiously. "But I thought I ought to ask you to check this story. You see, Mr. Martin had a daughter by his first wife. Dorothy is her name. She's a good girl, but restless and she moves around a lot. But no matter, where

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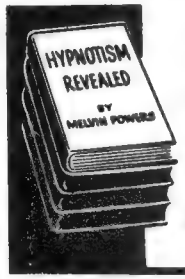

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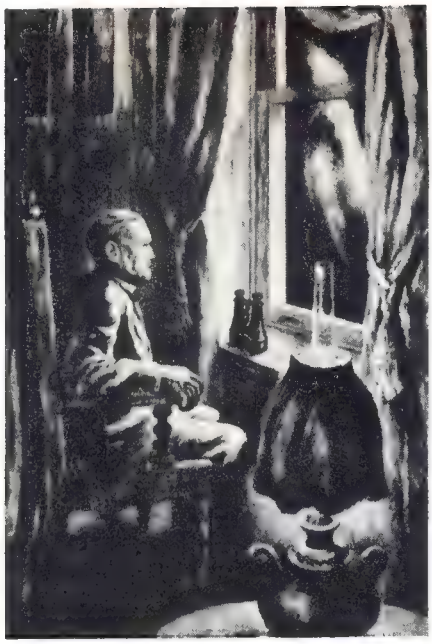

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Dorothy is, at Christmas time she always sends me and her father a gift, or at least a card. I've been thinking about Dorothy all this week because there's been no word of any kind from her—no Christmas card or gift, and this is unusual.

"I know her father is worried because of it, although he hasn't said anything. You see, Dorothy has a heart ailment—a real serious one. It's called adhesive pericarditis, which means the fluid in between the two layers of tissue covering the heart is dried up, and the heart can't pump so well. Any sort of strain could kill Dorothy at any time."

The woman paused for breath and the State Police chief said gently, "You want us to send out a missing persons report on her, Mrs. Martin?"

The woman shook her head, held out the newspaper and pointed to the front page story.

"No, sir," she said. "But I thought I ought to ask you to check this story. You see, the description of the red-headed woman they found in those suitcases in the Brooklyn terminal—" she paused, shuddered and her face whitened. "You see, the description fits Dorothy. The appendicitis operation scar, the lack of teeth—Dorothy lost her teeth when she was very young, due to illness. She's got fallen arches and very delicate feet and she has to go to foot doctors all the time. The hair—well, Dorothy's hair is naturally red and the most beautiful stuff you have ever seen."

The State Police chief checked what she said against the printed description of the mysterious nude corpse, and he asked questions. Dorothy had left home after her brother, Henry, had got into trouble; he and an ex-convict he had met in a bar had rolled a drunk in a New York hotel while they were on a drinking spree. The drunk had been strangled and died. Henry and the ex-convict had been caught and sent to prison for their crime.

Dorothy was embarrassed to go on living in the small town where everybody knew her as the sister of a murderer so she had gone to Baltimore and got a job in a hospital there. She had married a Baltimore man and had two children by him. Both of the babies, however, had died at birth and finally the marriage ended in divorce and Dorothy had moved to New York. She had a job at the Brooklyn State Hospital, and there she had met a man named Pasquale Donofrio, who was a house painter by trade and did odd jobs for the hospital.

"Dorothy wrote us that she had married Pasquale Donofrio and that they were living in a rooming house in Fort Greene Place, in Brooklyn. This was in the letter she sent us on Thanksgiving. She wrote me letters in which she told me things that she didn't put in the letters to her father, and she'd ask me not to tell him some of the things because she didn't want to worry him."

"What sort of things did she write you that she didn't tell her father?" the state cop asked gently.

"Well, one time she wrote that Pasquale had terrible fits of temper, and in one of them he hit her once and broke her jaw."

There hadn't been anything in the coroner's report that mentioned a broken jaw, but the state cop made a note of it.

The State Police officer made his report to the Brooklyn Homicide chief. As a matter of routine an x-ray was ordered to determine if the jaw bone of the red-haired corpse showed a break.

The Brooklyn police also checked the name Donofrio against their police records; both Dorothy Martin and Pasquale had records.

The Fort Greene Place address, which the State Police chief had passed along to them from the letters Mrs. Martin showed from Dorothy, had been checked in the routine search of rooming houses on December 4th; at that time the superintendent of the building assured them that none of his tenants was missing.

Assistant District Attorney Andreozzi and a New York detective went up to Saugerties to double-check on the report from Mrs. Martin as soon as the coroner gave them the report on the x-rays, which showed a break in the jawbone of the corpse just where Mrs. Martin had described the break in her stepdaughter's jaw.

Meanwhile, the superintendent of the Fort Greene Place rooming house was questioned again. When asked about Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale Donofrio the superintendent readily admitted they occupied a room on the third floor of his house.

After the first visit from the police he had asked Mr. Donofrio about his wife when he didn't see her around for a day or two.

"Donofrio said she'd gone home to Albany to visit her folks for Christmas," the nervous superintendent said. "Honest, when you asked me before if any of my tenants were missing I hadn't missed Mrs. Donofrio. It wasn't until several days later that I realized I hadn't seen her around for a few days."

"Why didn't you come and tell us when you missed her?" the Brooklyn detective asked sharply.

"I—I, well, at the time I had this conversation with Mr. Donofrio he payed me the week's rent and said he was giving up the room to go up to Albany and join his wife for Christmas with her folks. He said they were thinking of staying up there. He was a house painter and he thought he could make as good a living up there as he did in Brooklyn. His wife wasn't well, and he wanted her to give up her job at the hospital . . ."

The day after Pasquale Donofrio had paid his rent and moved out of the room, the superintendent had rented it to another couple. When police demanded to see the room the superintendent took them up to it and the nervous young couple stood by as they examined every inch of the place.

They found stains on the rug and on the floor that hard scrubbing by both the young woman tenant and the superintendent had not been able to remove. One of the most noticeable features of the

dingy room was the fact that two of the walls were painted cream color and the other two had a fresh coat of green paint. It was apparent that the cream colored paint job was considerably older than the two green walls.

"Mr. Donofrio painted the walls," the superintendent said. "I didn't know he'd painted them until the day he was leaving. I helped him carry out his stuff, and when I asked about the walls he said he'd had some green paint left over from a job and he thought it would brighten up the room a bit."

Detectives scraped off spots of the green paint at various points and when the paint was analysed it showed human blood. The spots on the floor and on the rug and on a bureau were tested and they, too, showed human blood.

Brooklyn police began an all-out search for Pasquale Donofrio. His police record gave a Brooklyn address on Union Street. A check at that place revealed that he had not been seen in that neighborhood since the arrest. A check with the house painters union gave no record of Pasquale Donofrio; he was a lone-wolf painter who worked outside the union. Police located Donofrio's elderly parents in Brooklyn, but they had not seen or heard from their son in years.

Now that police knew the identity of the murder suspect they sought, the search was easier. Knowing what type of man Donofrio was they knew what sections to search. And they knew, from his record, that he was not a wanderer type so they concentrated on a thorough search of the complicated vastness of Brooklyn.

One day, just a little over a month after the body of Dorothy Martin was found in the terminal locker, Brooklyn detectives found Pasquale Donofrio in a room on Dean Street, just a few blocks from Brooklyn police headquarters. Although the tenant in the first floor front room was known to his landlord as Dominick Parsi, the detective who questioned the owner of the rooming house knew he had found his man when he got the description of the tenant in the front room. The cop called for help, not leaving the house for fear the landlord might tip off his tenant.

When a squad of men arrived from headquarters they went up to the room occupied by the man who called himself Parsi.

The sound of heavy footsteps on the street stairs had reached the tenant in the first floor front room. As the detectives left the landlord's apartment in the basement and started toward the front of the house, a dark, bald little man darted out of the front room and ran up the stairs. The first detective, coming up the stairs from the cellar apartment, spotted the running figure. Instinctively, the cop ran after him, and was followed by the rest of the squad.

They caught Donofrio as he tried to climb the ladder leading from the third floor to the roof of the house. They took him to headquarters although he protested that his name was Dominick Parsi and that he was hiding from his wife and that he had thought she had the police looking for him. But the police weren't fooled. A quick check on his fingerprints proved he was Donofrio.

The questioning of Donofrio continued until, finally, the exhausted man broke down and confessed to the murder of Dorothy Martin.

And when the confession came it was the most casual account of cold-blooded mayhem the hardened corps of lawmen had ever heard.

"We were sitting in the room drinking," Donofrio began the confession. "We got into an argument. I don't know what it was about. I forget. But I get mad quick. We got into fights like that before—she'd say something that riled me, and I'd let her have it. This time I choked her. I didn't choke hard, I think. But suddenly she went limp. I figure she'd fainted. She had a weak heart. So I got a towel, wet it and put it over her face. I figured that'd bring her out of it. I was tired, so I lay down on the bed and went to sleep. She was laying on the floor, where she fell. I figured she'd get up and come to bed when she snapped out of it."

When Donofrio awakened the next morning Dorothy was still lying on the floor, with the wet towel over her face just as it had been when he went to sleep. She hadn't moved an inch. He knew before he felt her cold body that she was dead.

He looked out the window and saw that it was snowing and cold. A wind drove the thick snow against the window so hard it sounded like sleet hitting the glass, and the street outside was piled high with snow drifts and empty of people. The day was Saturday, November 25th; he wouldn't be expected to work that day and he knew that most of the people in the house would not be working either and would sleep late. That meant there wouldn't be much traffic in and out of the house. He planned his moves.

"I had a sharp tool that I use to scrape paint off doors," he said, "and a saw that I used in odd-job carpentry work I do. I got out the two suitcases Dorothy kept under the bed. I measured her so I'd know just where to cut to make her fit into the bags. And believe me, it ain't easy to cut up a body. It's real hard work. I got hungry, finally, from all the work it took. So I left the job half finished and went out to eat.

"I brought in some more newspapers," he continued, "because there was only one paper in the room." That was the paper dated November 18th. The paper he bought while he was out eating was the one dated November 25th that police had found in the bags.

He put the body in the two suitcases except the hands and the teeth.

"I know the cops could find out who she was by checking her fingerprints. And I know they identify people from their dental work. So I wrapped the hands in a piece of paper and put them in a paper bag and I put her plates in my pocket. I left the house with the two suitcases with

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Dorothy inside and I didn't meet anybody either inside the house or on the street all the way to the terminal."

There were other people putting bags into the lockers in the terminal so Donofrio didn't attract any attention there. He had no fear of being caught now. He knew the bags would be taken from the lockers in twenty-four hours and left in the baggage room until called for.

"I'd payed a week's rent in advance at the Fort Greene Place room and I figured the superintendent there would be more suspicious if I moved out right away than he would if I waited until the rent was due again. It would be Christmas then and it would be logical that Dorothy and me would go upstate to spend the holidays with her folks. The super knew about them because he saw Dorothy's letters from her mother and father, with the return address on them. And Dorothy had talked with him about her hometown.

"I knew when the cops came to question the superintendent about the tenants in the house. I stayed home that week, telling the super I had a cold. So he didn't come to the room, but when he heard me moving around inside he couldn't know if it was me or Dorothy."

Unfortunately, the police who checked the Fort Greene Place rooming house had not, at that point, asked if there was a red-haired woman tenant.

When the end of that week rolled around Donofrio told the superintendent that he and his wife were going to Albany for the holidays and that they planned to live up there with her parents. There was nothing suspicious about the move, so there was nothing for the superintendent to report to the police.

Donofrio moved out of that room and went, not to Albany, but to the Dean Street address.

"The hands?" he repeated when asked about them and the missing teeth. "I walked across the Brooklyn Bridge, looking for a chance to throw them in the river. But I had bad luck. The subways had been unable to run that day because of the heavy snow. No taxis or cars could move through the streets either. Lots of people who lived in Brooklyn and worked in Manhattan had to walk home that day and the bridges were full of pedestrians. I never got a chance to throw the hands over the rail into the river."

He walked on over into Manhattan and finally he came upon a stalled Department of Sanitation garbage truck half-filled with garbage. He tossed the paper bag containing Dorothy's hands into the truck.

"I shoved the teeth deep down in a garbage can I found sitting inside a hallway," Donofrio continued. "I knew it would be emptied onto a garbage truck and taken to the dump and burned. So would the hands. The way I figured, they couldn't ever identify the body now even when they found it in the bags."

But Donofrio was wrong, as so many murderers have been, in figuring they can commit the perfect crime. No two bodies are ever alike, no matter how much a person may resemble hundreds of other people.

Pasquale Donofrio was convicted of first-degree manslaughter and sentenced to serve ten to twenty years in Sing Sing for the crime of murdering Dorothy Martin. Only the fact that it was not a premeditated case of murder saved him from the electric chair. ■ ■

MANHUNT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

through suddenly crystallized fear of a full reprisal party. The drunkard and the Blackfoot would run like the wind, that Iron Legs knew, but their leader, Fire Hair, was no coward. Fear alone would not smother the freckled trapper's caution. There must be a better reason for such wanton carelessness.

The Cree threw himself over his tired pony and pushed onward. He nursed the animal and took an early cover in a windfall. Making no attempt to conceal his fire he stretched out and stared bleakly at the flames. . . .

Fire Hair and his companions had come to the Cree encampment just before the snows last whistled down from the north. They brought whiskey and kettles and beads as peace offerings and the Crees were so captivated by the fiery ringlets and beard of the leader that they tolerated the Blackfoot guide, a hated enemy from beyond the Shining Mountains.

The visitors had been well-behaved while they did their winter trapping, and it was not until the spring thaws began to breathe holes in the deep snow that they showed any disregard for propriety. The Blackfoot opened no breaches; he was too aware of his precarious position. The thin man with the burning eyes was the first transgressor. In the beginning Fire Hair restrained his friend when he reeled drunkenly through the camp, but when the freckled giant's eyes settled on the Chipewyan woman he forgot all else.

The thin man carried a black book in one hand and he shouted as he waved the book aloft. The council sachem said the book had magical properties—a robed white man had spoken of it in the Assiniboine country—and the chiefs forbade any Cree to touch the visitors.

Iron Legs stirred restlessly. He had observed the council order and had done nothing when his woman ran panting into their lodge with her dress torn at one shoulder, and he turned a deaf ear to Soaring Eagle's sarcasm. Even before the incident, Soaring Eagle had openly derided the Chipewyan woman whom he had traded to Iron Legs for two buffalo robes.

She and her brother had been cast out of their tribe with a father who showed signs of smallpox. They wandered from the inland sea to the Slave River and were keening beside the dead father's body when Soaring Eagle's raiding party found them, gaunt and frozen. The brother was

slain immediately and Soaring Eagle made the woman disrobe completely in the snow. When he saw no smallpox blemish on her he took her back to camp, her brother's scalp dangling over her head on her captor's lance.

Iron Legs threw a stick on the fire and listened as it sputtered. The woman had looked like a weasel long hung in a snare when he first saw her. Only her great black eyes showed spirit. They snapped when Soaring Eagle kicked her as she staggered beside his pony, and she spat at the war chief, refusing to raise her arms in protection when he brought his quirt down on her head.

Even so, Iron Legs would not have sought the woman from sympathy. He knew what he was and he knew how the Cree maidens mocked his rolling walk behind his back. His abnormally short legs and dangling arms set him apart as a freak. Life had been an agony in adolescence, with Soaring Eagle on clean, straight limbs leading the ridicule. Iron Legs' uncle, Man Who Walks With Deer, took compassion on the tormented boy and offered wisdom.

"Not all men are war chiefs. I am a hunter. The war chiefs would starve beside empty kettles without my meat."

So the misshapen youth rode with his uncle and learned to track and kill the elk and the shaggy buffalo. The gibes came less frequently, and when they did the boy acted as his uncle counselled. He would take a strip of dried meat from a small pouch at his waist and throw it wordlessly at the feet of his tormentors. When he fasted alone in the hills at manhood he had no symbolic dream like the other young Crees, but he lied and blandly reported a vision of standing in a cauldron of fire without feeling pain; and he took the name Iron Legs.

With manhood came a nameless stirring that reawakened the pangs of being different. Man Who Walks With Deer gave his last counsel to the young hunter.

"A man can buy a woman for ponies or a rifle," he said.

Iron Legs had balked. Not that he resented the dowry which was customary among his people, but in his case there would be no true courtship. He would only be buying an unwilling woman and his pride rebelled.

It was Soaring Eagle's contempt that made Iron Legs buy the skinny Chipewyan. When the war chief struck her with the quirt she fell against the hunter in the crowd that gathered, and threw her arms around him to keep from falling.

"The woman favors Iron Legs," Soaring Eagle remarked with heavy sarcasm. "For two buffalo robes he need no longer gather wood for his lonely campfire."

Iron Legs eyed the haughty chief and listened to the snickers in the crowd. He had never hated the arrogant warrior so intensely as he did at that moment. Disentangling himself from the woman's arms he walked stiffly to his lodge and returned with two robes which he tossed to the ground before his tormentor's pony. Then he supported the fainting woman to his lodge, his spine rigid as open laughter broke out behind him.

Iron Legs had never demanded anything from the Chipewyan, not even when his meat put softly curving flesh on her bones and restored the luster to her shining black hair. Even now, as he lay by his trail fire, the Cree marvelled at the miracle that changed a shivering wretch into a beautiful maiden. She had walked with a proud dignity and lowered her eyes modestly on the infrequent occasions when Iron Legs spoke to her. He saw the baffled rage inflame Soaring Eagle as the transformation took place and it was reward enough. Iron Legs still knew what he was in a woman's eyes—even to a captive woman—and he maintained an invisible wall in the privacy of their lodge.

Nevertheless, he had been stunned when he returned from his two day hunt and found the woman gone with the trappers. Soaring Eagle advised the council he was opposed to a pursuit party.

"The woman is not a Cree," said Soaring Eagle. "She is a low Chipewyan and she went willingly with Fire Hair." His eyes flickered spitefully over Iron Legs' stunted limbs.

"I will hunt them alone," said Iron Legs gravely. He rose to his feet and stared stonily at Soaring Eagle. "I will return with the woman and three scalps. If she left my lodge willingly I will bring back four scalps."

Soaring Eagle flushed at the admiring murmur of approval which rolled through the council. "You say," he sniffed.

"I say." Iron Legs stood as tall as he could. "Have I ever sought help in tracking down the grizzly bear? Let the war chief sit by his fire and fashion plumes for his lances while Iron Legs hunts alone."

The fire was low and Iron Legs felt knives of cold nipping his bones. He rolled in his blanket and stared up at Moon Woman's garden of stars in the black sky.

Did the Chipewyan go of her own accord with the trappers? There had been moments when she brushed against him and Iron Legs had felt warmth in her midnight eyes. He noticed that she had ceased to look at his legs.

The hunter tugged savagely at a loose blanket and his lips curled back from his teeth. "Four scalps," he muttered.

The prairie country opened before the Cree like a wasteland. Green shoots soon would be scrubby heralds of grass that would draw the hungry buffalo, but now Iron Legs and his pony moved through the flat reaches like ants in a honeyed bowl.

The third day on the open prairie he lay in an old buffalo wallow with his rifle aimed at the belly of the thin man. The trapper tramped across the winter-dead land holding crossed sticks before his face and singing loudly. When Iron Legs rose from the ground before him he never faltered. The Cree's fingers relaxed on the trigger when he saw the thin man's eyes.

Iron Legs had witnessed that empty

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stare before and he could not take the hair of a madman. Not even Soaring Eagle would attempt so heinous a crime. He jabbed the rifle muzzle against the thin man's ribs as he passed and the trapper brandished his sticks.

"Repent!" he screamed. "Repent your sins, ye Soddomites and be spared the wrath of the Lord!"

Iron Legs made his way over the rise where he had hidden his pony and watched silently as the madman marched off, singing, to nowhere. Kicking his pony he followed the trail eastward.

An hour later he heard muffled thunder from the cloudless horizon and realized, with the sickening futility of delayed intelligence, why Fire Hair's party was racing to the east. They were trying to ford the Athabasca River before the spring thaws cracked the ice, a close bit of timing that would leave a pursuit party stranded helplessly behind. Iron Legs flailed his heels against the pony's flanks, numb with rage as the thunder banged tremendous echoes across the skies.

The breakup had begun. Great, greenish-white slabs of ice rose like glistening peaks which ground together and toppled with mighty splashes in widening circles of open water. The heaving mass made a hellish cannonade which drowned out Iron Legs' dumb wail of despair. In his fury he tried to urge the frightened pony out on the shifting pack and pounded his fist on the animal's neck when it balked.

When reason returned he pointed the pony's head south and scoured the river bank with his eyes. If Fire Hair had missed his timing he would turn south. West would bring him into the arms of the pursuit party he felt was inevitable and north lay the land of the Chipewyan's people. A sick Chipewyan might be ostracized by her tribe, but it would be risky to take a healthy captive among her people . . . if she was a prisoner. Iron Legs gnawed his lower lip at the thought.

When he found the party's trail he scrambled to the ground. There were many tracks milling about and he felt a thrill of exultation when he saw the trail lead south. He came across the same sign a number of times. Obviously Fire Hair had reconnoitered the breaking ice at several points, moving on when he found the footing too dangerous. Late in the afternoon the Cree came upon a space of torn turf and saw blood on a rock. The trail continued south for the main party while one pony, with more bloodied rocks beside the unshod tracks, forked westward. Iron Legs left the river. A wounded man —or woman—would not take much time to run down.

He found the Blackfoot at dusk, sitting with his back to a lightning-blasted tree. The Blackfoot tried to raise his gun from his knees and then dropped it, coughing up blood. He raised his eyes as Iron Legs dismounted and walked toward him with a cocked rifle. Iron Legs kicked the man's gun beyond reach and looked down into the dying eyes.

"Did the woman go willingly?" he asked. When the Blackfoot grinned he brought the rifle butt down savagely on one knee. The wounded man gritted his teeth and took a deep breath.

"I am Blackfoot," he croaked proudly. "I fear no Cree."

Another fit of coughing wracked him and a steady scarlet stream flowed from his nose and mouth. In halting whispers he told Iron Legs of his fight with Fire Hair when the trapper refused to turn west to the Shining Mountains after the breaking ice blocked their eastward flight. They fought with knives and when the Blackfoot lay on the ground with Fire Hair's blade in his bowels the trapper shot him in the chest. After a tremendous burst of coughing the Blackfoot spat blood at Iron Legs' feet.

"All Crees are dogs," he said.

He fell to one side and died with his face in the ground. Iron Legs wrapped the body in the Blackfoot's blanket, pointing the head toward the Shining Mountains, and returned to the river.

He rode all night, seeing no campfire and expecting none. Taking cover in a copse of river brush he gnawed at a strip of dried meat and listened to a marmot whistling nearby. A flight of pintails wheeled overhead in the lightening sky, winging back from their southern retreat like excited voyageurs on the last leg of a long journey home. A doe picked her way delicately to the river bank and gazed with luminous eyes at the floes scudding past.

The deer was upwind and Iron Legs made no motion or sound. When the animal suddenly disappeared through a spruce thicket in a series of tremendous leaps the Cree flattened his body and blinked down the barrel of his rifle.

Fire Hair walked downriver slowly, leading one pony. Iron Legs' shot caught him in the stomach and he bent double. For a big man he moved remarkably fast. He threw himself flat on his pony's back and raced into sheltering timber with the second bullet whining inches above his rump. The Cree was only momentarily disgusted to find that his own pony had slipped its hobbles and wandered away. The half hour he spent finding the animal was of no great concern. Iron Legs had never met a man who could travel far with a bullet in his belly.

His composure wavered as he followed his enemy's trail. There was no blood sign, not so much as a drop. When he entered the small ravine where the Chipewyan had awaited Fire Hair with the pack ponies Iron Legs went over the ground desperately but found no blood. The Cree remembered the thin man's black book and shuddered. This was powerful medicine that defied a steel slug.

Fire Hair stopped running in heedless flight. He now masked trail signs, left false trails, doubled back. Iron Legs was tireless running down the blind alleys and back trails.

For another eight days they ranged through lower Alberta. Lupines appeared and golden lillies stole across bare mountain meadows. Frozen streams shook their winter coats free and met at cataracts that hurled them into dark gorges.

Iron Legs took trout from pools and ate them raw. His meat was gone and he would not risk a shot for game. He was exhausted, a hollow-eyed man forcing himself forward on stumpy legs, searching a final goal that burned inside his skull like prairie fire.

A festering boil broke out under his left arm, another on his neck. He lanced them with his knife and chanced a bath in a bubbling sulphur pool, holding his rifle high as he bathed. Two days later the boils reappeared and it was agony when his arm rubbed against his side.

He found Fire Hair's belt and discovered no powerful medicine had saved the trapper on the river bank. The huge silver buckle was bent almost in half by the impact of the rifle slug. The belt hung from a bush and Iron Legs puzzled over the ostentatious show of trail sign.

The following day he came upon a lamed pack pony grazing in a canyon. Fire Hair's winter catch of skins was still roped to the animal's back and Iron Legs felt a feverish excitement as he removed the skins. He was not surprised when he heard a shot later in the day and found a deer with one hind quarter missing. He cut steaks from the same carcass and roasted the meat as he watched Fire Hair's smoke spiral up across a narrow valley.

The chase was done. Iron Legs made medicine that night and rubbed his rifle with fat from the deer carcass, remembering the many times the faithless Chipewyan woman had performed the same chore in their lodge.

He ate again at dawn and daubed his face and chest with vermillion he carried in a steel match box. When he saw smoke he mounted his pony and slowly made his way to the valley floor.

Fire Hair made his stand on a bluff. Iron Legs saw sunlight glinting off metal on a granite shelf and he dismounted while still beyond rifle range. Timber was thin below the bluff and the Cree was certain the trapper had a stream within reach. Fire Hair had picked a site that couldn't be overwhelmed by numbers, and his deer haunch would hold him up a long time against a starvation siege.

Iron Legs took his time on the ascent, saving his wind. He moved through the timber and stepped into sunlight thirty yards from Fire Hair's stand. A bullet smacked into a spruce beside him and Iron Legs flopped to the ground and pumped a return shot at the trapper kneeling behind a boulder. Stone chips flew and the Cree slid behind the spruce. He settled down to a sniping sortie and was surprised when he heard Fire Hair call him by name.

"You come alone!" shouted the bearded man. "Is the woman that important to you, little maggot?" The Cree ignored the insult.

"I'll make a deal with you!" roared Fire Hair. He poked his head over the boulder, grinning, and Iron Legs fired again as the trapper ducked. "Did you see what I did to the Blackfoot? He was

a man! A Cree don't have the guts to fight like a Blackfoot!" Fire Hair shouted an obscene description of Cree men.

"I will fight you," Iron Legs called. "Throw away your rifle." When the trapper didn't answer he taunted him: "Are you afraid, old woman?"

Fire Hair's laughter boomed through the timber and an instant later he was standing erect with his rifle held overhead. When Iron Legs threw his own rifle aside the trapper followed suit, pulling a knife from a leg scabbard.

He let Iron Legs make it to the shelf before he rushed. The powerful trunk and short legs of the Cree were deceptive, and Iron Legs had no trouble bending under the arcing blade. His own knife slashed along the ribs of Fire Hair and one leg sent the big man sprawling. The trapper recovered with the same amazing speed he displayed on the river bank and turned to face the Cree, spitting dirt from his mouth.

They fought for twenty minutes. Fire Hair trumpeted insults at first, but the elusive Indian with the child's legs was quicksilver, sliding away from thrusts and groin-tearing knees like an otter. Sweat broke out on both men and they labored for breath. The trapper's shirt was in rags and both sides of his body were criss-crossed with glistening stripes. The Cree's lips were mashed from an elbow butt, and a deep knife furrow over his right eye was blinding him with blood.

It was when they stood locked together in a tiny stream that the trapper began to show fear. Each held the other's knife wrist and they strained to bring their blades home by brute force. The Cree looked like a pygmy before the other man, but his knife relentlessly edged in toward Fire Hair's body. The trapper trembled with effort but could not halt the blade's progress. He gambled on a quick turn and the Cree's knife slashed across his heaving chest. Iron Legs lunged off balance and his weapon flew through the air.

The trapper bellowed triumphantly and grabbed the Cree by the hair, pulling him toward the knife arm which Iron Legs still held. It seemed so easy, like an overgrown boy dragging a poorly made doll, but the doll's free arm was corded sinew that bulged as a groping hand found Fire Hair's rope belt. The Cree's back and comic legs strained and the trapper rose in the air, kicking and heaving.

Iron Legs held him on his head an instant and then bent his knees slightly and heaved. He leaped as the trapper landed with one leg bent under his heavy body and the two of them sprawled in the stream. The tibia made a distinct cracking sound and Fire Hair screamed with pain. Iron Legs got to his feet and stared down at the moaning man through blood-filled eyes. He staggered back to the shelf and had turned with his knife when he saw the woman.

She was sitting between the hobbled ponies with her knees drawn up, her wrists tied to her ankles. Iron Legs looked at the ropes and the livid bruise on the woman's face and blinked his eyes. He bent to slash the ropes and helped her to her feet.

"You did not run away?"

"Does a man bind a willing woman?"

He reached out and gently touched her swollen cheek. Then he spun on his heel and hefted the knife. The woman caught his arm.

"His leg is broken. There is no honor in taking the hair of a helpless man." When he growled she lifted her head. "It was done to my brother. I will die hating the coward who did it."

Iron Legs wavered. He had promised scalps and Soaring Eagle would mock him if he returned with empty hands. The old, maddening taunts would break out again. Iron Legs had followed a long, heartbreaking trail and had beaten his enemy honestly. He had endured much and was entitled to the respect he hungered for among his own people.

He stared at the Chipewyan and she did not turn away; and he knew this proud woman would live by her own peculiar code. If he took his sobbing enemy's scalp she would remain always nothing more than a dumb captive. Iron Legs looked at the rope marks on her wrists and walked to the stream.

"I leave you one pony," he said to Fire Hair. "Your rifle will be left down the trail. If your medicine is good you may reach Montana country alive." He drew himself erect. "I am Iron Legs. Never cross my trail again."

As he rode down to the valley with the woman on a pony behind him Iron Legs touched the rough mud poultice she had fashioned for his arm boil and his chest swelled. It was good to have a faithful woman. No man should walk alone . . . at any price. ■ ■

DON'T BE AFRAID OF THAT OPERATION! CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

in your life, and thanks to your group insurance, you aren't worried about the doctors' bills.

If you were Allan A., one morning last June you would wake up with what you might diagnose as a "a stitch" in your side. Your stomach would feel kind of funny, too, and you wouldn't have your usual appetite for the waffles and syrup your wife, Polly, has made. You don't let her know you're not feeling so hot, and you go to work, trying to forget yourself in the rush of serving early morning commuters.

But you can't forget. Those steps between cars seem longer and longer today, and you have a constant feeling of nausea even though you haven't eaten much all day. You report in sick at noon, and are told you have the choice of the company doctor or your own. You pick your own, and like all family doctors he tells you not to be alarmed, we'll have you fixed up in no time.

But the grin leaves his face, and the joviality departs from his voice as you lay on the table waiting for his examination to end. You grunt and groan with the pressure of his fingers, and when you're putting on your clothes, he suggests that it might be a good idea to arrange with your company to take some sick leave, say about two or three weeks. You're going to need it. You have an acute appendicitis.

If you were Allan A., you would be panic-stricken at this unexpected happening in your life.

Your family doctor makes all the necessary calls. You hear him telling the surgeon all your symptoms, and you hear him say that you will be taken by him to the New Rochelle Hospital, a few miles away, which takes care of patients from New Rochelle, Larchmont and the Pelhams.

Polly meets you at the hospital entrance, and your family doctor makes certain you are taken in by wheelchair, before he leaves you in the care of the hospital admitting office. Since your wife is there, you can be whisked right up to a bed in the two-patient semi-private room that has already been arranged for. She will answer all the admittance questions.

By now, your surgeon has telephoned the floor nurse and instructed an immediate urine analysis and all the blood tests necessary in your type of case. A medical technologist comes in as soon as you are undressed and put to bed, and swabs your middle finger with alcohol. The finger is then punctured with a sterile lancet and a drop of blood is squeezed into each of three microphipets (glass tubes), and onto a glass slide.

The first drop of blood is used to determine the amount of hemoglobin, or coloring matter, in the blood. Another is used to determine the number of white cells or corpuscles—which should be between five and ten million per cubic milimeter. The third drop of blood will determine the number of red blood cells which should range between four and five point two million.

The blood on the slide is spread thinly on a film which is stained with aniline dyes and examined under a microscope to determine the types of white blood cells that are present. There are five types and there could be abnormalities in any one of them.

If the patient is found to be anemic, blood is immediately secured from New Rochelle Hospital's own blood bank, in case transfusions are necessary.

Your blood type and RH factor are determined by taking additional blood specimen from your arm vein.

In the urine analysis, the laboratory always has the patient void a specimen to be examined for albumen, sugar and acetone. The color and specific gravity are noted and it is tested for acid or alkali. A portion of the urine is tested to determine if there are pus cells or red cells in it; the pus cells could indicate an infection anywhere in the urinary

tract from the kidneys to the bladder, and red blood cells would indicate that the person is losing blood from anywhere in that area.

Immediately after the specimens of blood and urine are taken from you, according to the balance of the surgeon's instructions, the nurse shaves you from your abdomen to the mid-thighs.

When your surgeon arrives, he examines you. He finds acute abdominal tenderness on pressure and the right lower quadrant of the abdomen also hurts when particularly pressed. Sometimes there is pain referred from the other side to the right, and you feel that you hurt all over, but actually you don't. Suddenly the doctor presses down on that particular area and lets go just as suddenly and you gasp, it hurts so badly. This proves that there is peritoneal irritation, meaning that the lining of the abdomen (called the peritoneum) and the organs there, are inflamed from the appendix infection. Finally, your surgeon does a rectal examination so that he can feel the tenderness high on the right side.

Summing up his examination and the twenty-four hour history, plus the fact that there is no past history of your ever having had gall bladder, perforated ulcer, kidney stone, or any related condition, this could only be appendicitis. There is just one condition that has the same symptoms—mesenteric adinitis, an inflammation of the nodes in that area—which would also be operable, and would automatically call for taking out the appendix at the same time.

If you were Allan A., your surgeon would then telephone your family doctor and tell him that it would be wise to book the operation for some time that day.

Now that an operation has been decided upon you are given an injection to relieve pain. In this case Demerol will be used, although Dramamine is also used. Morphine is not used so much these days, particularly since many patients are allergic to it. Meanwhile, your surgeon has gone about choosing the anesthetist to work with him and this additional doctor has given orders to the floor nurse for pre-operative medication to supplement the anesthetic, to be given anywhere from three-quarters of an hour to an hour before the operating time.

In the operating room there is usually an assistant to the surgeon, a hospital resident, a nurse to handle the tray and instruments, a circulating nurse who walks about getting things that are needed in addition, and the anesthetist.

You've heard about doctors having to be made "sterile" before an operation, and you know darned well it has nothing to do with not being able to procreate. If you weren't being made ready to come down to the operating room, you would find out that in this process your doctor disrobes completely, donning only an operating suit. In New Rochelle Hospital these are green. He even changes his shoes—the soles are conductors with a detachable arrangement on the heel to eliminate static in the use of various gases. Ditto anybody else who works in the operating room. Then he goes into the scrub room, adjacent to the operating room, and scrubs his fingers and hands up to the elbows with a brush and sterilizing soap.

Meanwhile, you, Allan A., having been made partialy unconscious through the injections, are wearing a tie-back, knee-length hospital gown, cotton foot socks, and have been wheeled to surgery. Here the anesthetist is inducing sleep with sodium penthathol, an intravenous injection. Then the assistant exposes your abdomen, paints the area with Scott's antiseptic solution and drapes it to expose only the operative section.

You, as Allan A., were on the operating table thirty-eight minutes for your operation. The incision was about three inches long. It went through the skin, subcutaneous tissue (fat), fascia, muscle, peritonium and through the abdominal cavity. Usually with a groin incision the cecum (the first portion of the large bowel), is immediately present; this is lifted with instruments and the exposed appendix is removed routinely. Then each layer is sewn in place with sterile catgut.

Meanwhile, the appendix specimen has been sent to the pathology laboratory and there the pathologist dictates a gross description of the specimen, while portions of it are placed in a machine that processes the tissue so that it can be determined whether a healthy or infected appendix was removed and in your (Allan A.'s) case it was definitely infected.

You are taken back to your room accompanied by the nurse and the anesthetist until you regain consciousness. You are wearing an air-way rubber tube in your mouth between your teeth, so as to keep your tongue from going to the back of your throat and choking you. The moment you begin to awaken you will spit out the air-way automatically.

Within a half-hour you have recovered enough consciousness to remove the air-way. You are a little restless and complain of pain in the operative site. The doctor has looked in on you once, and decided you are doing well enough to be permitted a sip of water every half-hour.

By the second day, you are allowed out of bed three or four times to accustom yourself to that exercise. Getting out of bed and sitting in a chair for an hour is no good, the doctor warns you. By the fifth day, you are feeling as good as new, and eating a regular diet, and on the sixth day your sutures are removed.

By the sixth day, however, you're restless, you've seen everything the hospital has to offer, and the summer weather is beckoning to you very openly. Fortunately, your vacation comes just as your sick leave ends, so you can follow the doctor's orders to take things easy for a month.

Exactly a week from the day you entered New Rochelle Hospital, Allan A., you leave it, well on the way to recovery, and almost sorry that you hadn't known long ago how free from anxiety an operative experience could be.

So if you, too, suddenly need an operation, don't fight it—accept it. Operations can be informative if you remember how efficient science is today! ■■

THE LADY WHO ATE MARINES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

gaping wounds were still oozing blood.

Beside me, in the thick guinea grass concealing us from the cacos, Auguste, my scout comrade of the Garde shifted his carbine uneasily.

"Moin pr' aller!" he whispered in my ear. "I am for going!"

As senior scout, the decision was for me to make if there was to be one. I put my finger to my lips in warning, listening intently. The booming of the big Rada drum nearby, the measured thunder of taut goat-skin over a hollowed log of mapou, could not entirely drown the whip-like snaps of shooting further down on the dark green slope of Mount St. Michel.

Somewhere far below us in the jungle shadows and along the narrow trail leading to the village of Las Cahobas, two Marines of the ambushed patrol were fighting a desperate rear-guard action against several pursuing cacos. With them, carried across the saddle of his horse, was a third Marine, Corporal Stone. He had been wounded and blinded in the fighting.

With three men Sergeant Muth had left Las Cahobas before dawn and ridden up the Mount St. Michel trail. Far up the slope, before we could make contact with them, they had come upon two cacos who had fired upon the patrol and had then fled. They were Benoit's men, decoys, and the pursuing patrol followed them straight into the ambush.

Sergeant Muth was shot down in the first ragged volley. The other three began to return the fire. Suddenly a bullet grazed Stone's neck and tore into the stock of his rifle, near the bolt. When he squeezed the trigger, the rifle exploded in his face, blinding him. After that the patrol had retreated, leaving the body of Sergeant Muth behind.

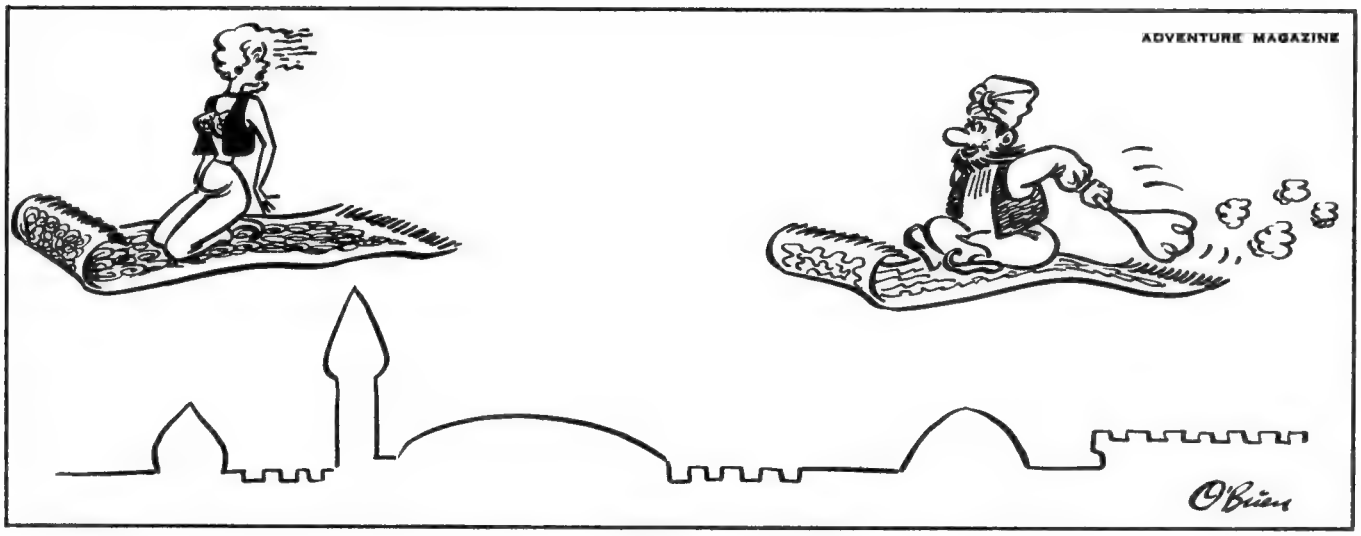
"Moin pr' aller!" Auguste whispered again. "If we hurry down the mountain we may be able to help them."

I shook my head. The orders which had come to us from Lieutenant Colonel Little's headquarters at the Marine camp in Mirebalais, twenty-two miles away, were to find Benoit and keep an eye on him until reinforcements arrived to capture him.

"No," I said. "The Marines will make it back to Las Cahobas."

"Perhaps," Auguste grunted skeptically, "but there are many cacos!"

He was right. Although several of the guerillas had left to follow the escaping



Marine patrol, at least a score had remained behind with Benoit in the little clearing. We could observe them plainly through the gently waving guinea grass. And we could see the slender, half-naked body of Victorin.

The head of the sorceress was bound in a turban of flaming scarlet. Bare to the waist, she wore a small ouanga, a voodoo charm bag around her neck at the end of a loop of braided horse hair.

As she danced around the body of Sergeant Muth to the slow beat of the Rada drum, Benoit and his cacos stood motionless behind the drummer. He was staring at her through narrowed eyes. His powerfully muscled body, stripped to the broad leather belt, glistened with sweat. In one hand he held a .45 rifle, in the other a razor-sharp machete.

It was said in the mountains that Victorin gave herself freely to two masters. Her body to Benoit, a man of the flesh, her soul to Ogoun Badagris, the Dreaded One, voodoo god of evil.

Because of this it was also said that Victorin was not a true mamaloi or priestess who respectfully worshipped all of the voodoo gods and served them well, but a sorceress and woman of evil.

She paused, having completed her dancing circle around the body. Her feet had almost ceased to move. But her voluptuous hips, her curving thighs, continued to sway forward and back and from side to side in a maddening, pulse-stirring movement which gradually quickened to the urgent command of the drum.

She turned her face upwards, eyes closed as if in ecstacy. Slowly she stretched out her arms, her hands palm up in a gesture of supplication. She appeared to be in a trance.

"Ogoun Badagris," she chanted solemnly, "take thy woman!"

Suddenly she stopped abruptly. So did the beating of the drum. The spell had been broken by something. They were all staring downward at the body near the sorceress' feet.

Plainly, unmistably, I heard a low, moaning sound. Startled, I saw that the body was beginning to stir. Despite his two terrible wounds Sergeant Muth was still alive!

"Auguste!" I whispered in horror.

"No use, Mathieu," even as I started to creep to the left Auguste pointed and I heard Benoit's loud oaths. He was advancing on Sergeant Muth, his machete swinging. Then he chopped downward.

Blood spurted from the severed neck. The head rolled slowly on the ground stopping against the sorceress' instep.

Standing motionless, she began to intone the ancient chant of the *culte des morts* which is invoked when molesting the dead.

"Eh! Eh! Canga li. Vana docki!" she began. "First take the brains to rub upon the sights of your rifles so that they may shoot true. Then build a fire and cook the heart so that having eaten of it neither the white man's bullets nor his bayonets can harm you. Finally the liver which is to be eaten by Victorin. For it is the flesh of the dead which gives strength to the body of the living."

She had finished. For a few seconds there was utter silence among the cacos. They stood there, regarding her with the stunned awe which I have seen reserved for respected mamalois by the voodoo worshippers in the houmforts, or temples, amid the hills.

True voodoo is a religion, make no mistake about it. But this Victorin was debasing and making a mockery of it. She was indeed an evil sorceress.

"Francingue! Attendez!"

Benoit's booming voice broke the stillness with a command.

Francingue was Benoit's lieutenant, a murderous butcher. He was short and wide with huge arms of incredible strength. A man of great cruelty.

He stepped forward with a swagger, approached the severed head and raised his machete. There was a crooked grin on his thin lips. With one blow he split the skull in half as though it were a coconut.

Auguste's lips were to my ear, a tremble in his voice. But it was a tremble of indignation and of horror, not of fear for Auguste was a brave man.

"It is too much, Mathieu! Let us kill them both now. I will take Francingue, you Benoit!"

He said this, knowing what the cacos would do to us afterwards.

I, too, was sickened with anger. I was eager to act although knowing the savage revenge which would surely follow the killing of Benoit and Francingue. But I sternly held myself in check. We had our orders and we in the Garde had been taught to obey them. Benoit was to be taken by the Americans. Alive.

We lay there concealed in the waving guinea grass while the cacos built a fire of dead pine and mapou branches. They dipped their fingers into the spongy sticky grayness of Sergeant Muth's brains and carefully rubbed their finger-tips on their rifle sights.

They held the Marine's dripping heart and liver over the leaping flame of the fire, skewered on machetes. We smelled the nauseating smell of cooking human flesh that had been quickly blackened, staring in horror as Francingue sliced the heart into small pieces. He threw a piece to each man as though they were so many dogs and respectfully offered a piece to Benoit.

We watched then as Francingue brought the skewered liver to Victorin. She accepted it with condescension.

She sat well apart from the others, under a mapou tree. Soon afterwards Benoit joined her, a bottle of clairin, our colorless native rum in one of his great hands.

There was a slight smile upon the face of the sorceress as she watched him drink greedily of the fiery liquid. Then he handed the bottle to her and she, too, drank deeply.

Suddenly, while I was watching, she ceased to be the woman of Ogoun Badagris the Dreaded One. In a frenzy of passion she flung aside her role of sorceress, becoming the woman of Benoit, the black giant. Their arms reached out for each other madly. And their two bodies came together and clung as if they were one. . . .

For some five hours Auguste and I had been lying concealed in the guinea grass beyond the clearing, not daring to move. It was now late afternoon. There was still no sign of a reinforced patrol coming up the mountain trail from the direction of Las Cahobas.

All of this time we had been keenly on the alert, ready to carry out our plan of action instantly. At the first sound or sight of a patrol from our point of observation high over the trail, we intended to make our way swiftly downward through the forest and report the presence of Benoit and his cacos in the vicinity.

But now, with the passage of time, it appeared almost certain that the wounded Corporal Stone and the other two Marines, if they succeeded in reaching Las Cahobas, had not found reinforcements in the village. This meant but one thing. There would be a delay of several hours while they sent word back by courier to Lieutenant Colonel Little's headquarters in Mirebelais.

"Alors!" Auguste groaned, glancing up at the sinking sun. "It is as I feared. The Marine patrol was wiped out by the cacos long before it reached Las Cahobas. Otherwise there would be many Americans down there on the trail right now."

It was as if he had been reading my thoughts. It was time for us to act before Benoit left with his cacos and Victorin.

"You carry the message back to the village," I told him. "I shall remain near Benoit. If he moves further into the mountains I shall try to leave a trail for you to follow."

He nodded grimly and immediately began to creep to the left, toward the shadowy concealment of the forest.

Five minutes passed and all was still quiet. I was certain that Auguste had made his withdrawal without attracting the attention of the cacos. And then, suddenly from the direction of the forest, I heard his carbine begin to fire.

At the sound of the first shot cacos sprang to their feet and dashed toward the trees. Benoit and Francingue followed them.

Now Auguste's carbine was cracking again and again. I realized that he was selling his life dearly.

Abruptly the sound of firing ceased. It was all over in a few minutes and the cacos were returning. The machete in Francingue's hand was red and dripping. I knew that it was Auguste's blood.

"Search thoroughly!" I heard Benoit order his lieutenant. "When a rat is found one seeks the nest for the others."

It was time for me to retreat before my avenue of escape was completely blocked off.

Cautiously I backed away through the guinea grass and then to the side. I crept through the scrub less than ten yards from the mapou tree where Victorin was sitting. Another ten yards of crawling and I was in the woods.

Now my progress was swifter. I knew Mount St. Michel well which was one of the reasons I had been chosen for this mission. I climbed downward through the forest in almost a straight line, coming out on the narrow, twisting trail to Las Cahobas far below.

Keeping to the concealment of the foliage which now had become tropical I was on the alert for cacos. As I advanced I came upon the bodies of dead ones.

The first was under a banana tree by the side of the trail. The man was on his back, a bullet hole squarely between his sightless eyes. Jungle ants were swarming over him. A few hundred yards further on, near a tall St. Joseph's Mantle (red poinsettia) I came upon two more of them.

Altogether I counted the bodies of ten cacos sprawled out on the trail back to Las Cahobas. Two Marines, with a wounded and blinded comrade had accounted for all of them. The deaths of Sergeant Muth and of poor Auguste had been partly avenged. But until Benoit, Francingue and the evil sorceress, Victorin, were captured the debt would not be paid in full.

Near Las Cahobas I met a full platoon of Marines on the trail. With them was Polycin Savan, another scout of the Garde. He told me that the Americans had received word of the fighting in Mirebalais and had started out from there immediately.

I gave a full report to the lieutenant in command. He turned a little pale beneath his bronzed face when I described how Sargeant Muth had been butchered and parts of him eaten.

"But these cacos are cannibals," he exclaimed wide-eyed, "and the witch woman too. Do you think Benoit is still up on the mountain?"

"That is my belief, mon Lieutenant

"It would be best for you to come along," Polycin suggested. "You know the mountain better than I."

I volunteered for this new scouting mission willingly. I still had a score to settle.

With Polycin I led the way back up the trail and about half way up the mountain we came upon Francingue and twelve or thirteen of the cacos. We took them completely by surprise. They began to retreat immediately, at the same time returning our fire.

"The short, wide one, mon Lieutenant!" I called out sharply. "He is the one called Francingue!"

"So!" he answered and barked an order.

I think Francingue suspected what was coming for he turned and began running toward the concealment of the foliage. He was a little too late. Several shots rang out, so close together they were almost a volley. Francingue, the bloody butcher, crashed downward into the thorny bahonde on his ugly face.

With Francingue dead, the others continued to fight a delaying action, sniping from the foliage as we advanced. Their marksmanship was poor; we killed eight cacos. The others fled.

The sun had set by now. A big three-quarter moon was climbing over the mountain top as we approached the clearing. Ahead was only the stillness of death.

We came upon the body of Auguste, his head and right arm severed. Then I led the lieutenant and Polycin to what was left of the mutilated body of Sergeant Muth.

The American stared, then turned away quickly. He swore bitterly under his breath. "Goddamned voodoo cannibals!"

Polycin and I exchanged glances.

"Non, they are not voodoo worshippers, mon Lieutenant," Polycin said softly.

We knew that we could not make him understand. It was difficult then, as it is sometimes even now, to explain to Americans that voodooism does not condone cannibalism.

All that night Polycin and I guided units of the Marine platoon over Mount St. Michel, making a thorough search. But we found no trace of Benoit or the sorceress, Victorin.

On the following day we received reinforcements. Several additional patrols and some light cannon were brought to the base of Mount St. Michel. The patrols fanned out on the hunt. Cannon shells pounded into the thick bahonde, the green-black valleys and the crests of steep mornes, wherever we thought it likely that Benoit might be hidden.

For many days the hunt continued. Then, on May 9, 1920, almost a month later, Benoit was surprised by a patrol led by Sergeant Passmore and scouted by Beran. They had come upon him near Bois Pin in the Mirebelais area. He had died fighting, with all of his caco followers.

I said to Beran: "What of his woman, the sorceress, Victorin? Did she also die?"

"Pas que je sache," he said with a shrug. "We saw her at Benoit's side when the fighting began. We did not find her among the bodies afterwards. But the Marines appear to be satisfied."

We returned to routine patrol. For almost five months Victorin was all but forgotten.

And then, on a day in November, we received an alert. Pilot Clarence E. Morris, Squadron E, first Division, Marine Aviation Force was missing. Flying an afternoon reconnaissance with Lieutenant McFayden, he had made a forced landing north of the village of Maissade when the engine went dead.

He had remained to guard the plane while McFayden hiked for eight hours along the jungle trail to Hinche, a Marine post. When he returned to the plane with a Marine patrol and mechanics, Morris had disappeared. So had most of the plane. Not only had it been stripped of its Lewis gun and ammunition drums but everything which could be detached, even the wings, were gone.

Once again the patrols were out searching. To us of the Garde, who did the scouting for them, it seemed incredible that so much of the plane could vanish with Morris and not leave a trace. Yet for more than a week our hunt was fruitless.

Eight days later, scouting along the ridge of a steep morne, we captured a young caco named Patou. He spoke no English and he was terribly frightened that we would torture him.

"Question him!" Sergeant Whaley ordered.

"The white bat has been eaten," Patou told me. "We captured him alive in a clearing. Our leader, Cadeus Bellegarde, commanded us to take the white bat back

to his woman, the sorceress Victorin.

"Then Victorin looked upon the white bat and spoke to Ogoun Badagris, the Dreaded One whose woman she also was. She told us to kill the white bat and Cadeus Bellegarde chopped off his head. She told us to bring the wings of the white bat and make a fire of them, placing the body in the flames."

Patou led us to a deep cleft in the morne. There we found the ashes of a fire. In them were metal pieces of plane wing. Nearby was a rusting Lewis gun and human bones—Lieutenant Morris' bones.

Now we were hunting intensively for the new leader, Cadeus Bellegarde and Victorin the sorceress who had become his woman. Patrols were ranging throughout the mountains and then, a few days later, once again it happened!

This time the victim who was eaten was Private Henry Lawrence, a Marine in the scouting patrol of Lieutenant Louis J. Cukela, Second Regiment, First Brigade. Deep in the jungle beyond Mirebalais, he had lost contact with his patrol and had been captured and killed by Bellegarde.

A month passed. One day a Garde scout discovered the whereabouts of Bellegarde and led a Marine patrol to him. He was captured alone. The sorceress, Victorin, had disappeared.

Bellegarde was brought back to Port au Prince and placed on trial before a military court of Marines. Since he wasn't an American citizen he was turned over to the Haitian authorities and thrown into prison.

But we who were in the Garde and been born in Haiti knew that the death of the caco leader, Benoit, and the imprisonment of Bellegarde would not put an end to cannibalism. Not as long as the evil sorceress, Victorin, was alive to make a gruesome mockery of voodoo worship.

We continued to hunt for her and one morning, high on a morne near the summit of Mount St. Michel, Polycin and I came upon her where we suspected that she had been hiding.

She was walking along the ridge. Her head was bound in a turban of flaming scarlet, her lithe, dusk-golden body half naked and silhouetted against the bright blueness of the morning sky.

Over the sights of his carbine Polycin whispered to me, half-mockingly, half serious: "Do you think, *mon ami*, that Ogoun Badagris will now turn aside our bullets?"

"I think not," I whispered back and then we both squeezed our triggers.

She fell forward and down—almost a thousand feet into the green-black depths of the canyon far below.

And her bones are still there. ■ ■

THE NIGHT I LOOKED INTO HELL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

clipped off the miles. I tried to picture what faced me when I reached the scene.

As "B" shift commander of the Los Angeles Fire Department's Battalion Six, the harbor battalion, I am responsible for all alarms turned in from the city's more than forty-five miles of tightly-packed waterfront warehouses, marine terminals, and residential areas surrounding it.

Los Angeles is one of the world's largest seaports, and being a major oil center too, the hazards of petroleum and a myriad of other dangerous chemicals moving in and out of the harbor around the clock always gave me nightmares when I thought what could happen if something went wrong. I often worried that I might not be capable of handling a disaster. I got my answer that night when I saw enough smoke and flame to last me a lifetime.

Nearing the harbor I picked up the microphone on the dashboard. "Division One to San Pedro," I radioed. "Have you a better location yet on the fire?"

The dispatcher told me to respond to the foot of Pier A Street. What had happened was spread out in front of me when I reached Pier A and Neptune Place. Exactly why and how it happened will forever remain a mystery.

Lying across a wide slip from me was a 10,000-ton oil tanker, the *Markay*, at the Shell Marine Oil Terminal Berth Number 173. Only a small part of her bow was visible through the mountain of flame capped with gobs of thick black smoke boiling hundreds of feet into the air.

A violent explosion in one of the storage compartments just forward of the midship house had, like a massive axe, chopped through the thick iron plating, slicing the tanker clear down to her keel. Out of the gaping death wound gushed thousands of barrels of flaming petroleum by-products. This vast spill fanned out across the water and in seconds bridged the slip and began chewing into creosote-soaked pilings and timbers supporting the wharf on which I stood.

The explosion had blown down part of an immense American President Lines transit shed, sending it clear across the slip from the tanker. We found the blast had also snapped the sprinkler system which could have saved the long and slender building. A good part of the massive barn-like shed was already glowing cherry red as the flames hurried through stacks of general cargo and headed for dozens of highly explosive liquified petroleum gas cylinders.

Looking off down the wharf I saw six hoselines manned by first-arriving companies who were fighting a dishearteningly futile battle against the flames spreading unchecked through the transit shed, and the wharf underneath. The full impact of the problem facing me was driven forcibly home when I looked down off the pierhead and saw the pride of our battalion, Fireboat Number Two, throwing its full weight against the flames—12,000 gallons of water per minute—from massive turret water guns, some with nozzles as big as four inches in diameter. But the flames only shrugged off our fireboat's pounding as if the streams of water had the force of mere water pistols.

To my right and left across Slip Number One the sea of fire was reaching out toward the Texaco Marine Oil Terminal and the huge Pacific Coast Borax plant. If the flames bent around the pierhead on my side of the slip they'd surely ignite the double-decker wharf of the Union Oil Company. Across the Turning Basin was the sprawling tank farm of Standard Oil. If the fire floated over there we'd be done for.

I radioed: "Division Number One to San Pedro . . . Send me six more engine companies."

As Bowen turned the car around so I could head over to the Shell terminal side to check on conditions, I noticed the wharf was littered with twisted chunks of iron plating, ship fittings and inch-thick rivets vomited by the *Markay*. We raced back up Pier A Street, through the hundreds of spectators attracted for miles around, and turned down Fries Avenue where I met Acting Battalion Chief Russell Biegel outside the Shell plant. The shimmering glow turned night into day and his grimy face glistened.

"How's it look on this side?" I asked.

"Not good. I pulled a third alarm the minute I arrived."

I squinted through the inferno and made out the outlines of two 40,000 barrel storage tanks dangerously close to the churning flames. Unless I acted fast those tanks were certain to blow.

"Get some lines on those tanks," I ordered. "Try to cool them."

Two companies of men climbed on top of the tanks and the radiated heat was so great that the lids heaved up and down.

Biegel and I got into my car and Bowen drove us down the narrow street lined with fifteen-foot high retaining dikes separating Shell and Texaco, so we could see how far the fire had spread into the adjacent terminal. As we got out I turned to Bowen.

"Better swing the car around now while we still can get out of here easily," I told him. "We might have to get out in a hurry."

Biegel and I were running down the street and by shielding our faces from the savage heat, managed to get fifty feet past the Shell terminal gate when the fire touched off another compartment aboard the *Markay*. The whooshing roar and blinding flash was followed by a huge gob of flame that stopped us dead in our tracks. A searing wave of heat slapped my forehead. Biegel and I started to run for our lives and I expected to die at any moment, but when I looked up I saw the explosion had miraculously not spread the fire, though the flames were more intense.

I found a terminal official and I asked him, "What's in that tanker's compartments?"

"She's been loading gasoline and butane blend. We shut down the pumps the minute she blew."

"How much fuel is aboard her?"

"Better than a hundred and fifty thousand barrels," he said grimly.

I knew we could pump the harbor dry and still not batter a wedge in the solid pillar of flame bellowing up from that floating cauldron.

My main problem, in fact the one that would spell victory or defeat for us, was to head off the sea of flame splashed across the slip and to stop the raging fire under the wharfs and in the transit shed.

Leaving Biegel in charge at the Shell terminal I hurried back around to the APL shed side, trying to figure out en route how I could accomplish what a dozen hand-lines and Fireboat Two had so far been unable to do. It's an axiom of fire-fighting that you can never put out a waterfront blaze involving a wharf unless you first kill the fire underneath it.

When I arrived at the transit shed I found that the flames were racing unhampered through the timbers and pilings underneath. Whole chunks of pavement inside the shed were melting and dropping down into the flaming water, thus opening up new flues for the fire.

It would have been murder for me to order my men onto the flame-threatened wharf which momentarily might collapse, nor did I dare move apparatus onto it for fear the supports would collapse the flooring and drop both men and equipment into the water. The unburned wharf was too thick to attempt to chop through so we could get special nozzles working. I knew, too, that by the time our pneumatic hammers opened a hole big enough to enable us to lower firemen, the flames might be a hundred feet behind us.

After quickly weighing all possibilities I knew there was only one way to stop that fire. Somehow we had to maneuver Fireboat Two through the swirling sea of smoke and flame to the north end of the wharf, ahead of the fire, then cut off its advance and slowly drive the flames back into the burned out area. I didn't know how I could do it without putting the boat and its crew in grave danger, but I had no alternative.

"As soon as possible," I radioed the boat, which was still barely holding her own at the pierhead, "or when you see a break in the smoke and fire, make a run for it up Slip Number One to the north end of the APL sheds."

The deafening roar of the flames and the boat's engines throbbing at full capacity drowned out my message. I repeated it three times before Pilot Brainard Gray and Acting Captain Jack Gordon understood me.

The crew turned the boat's bow turret down and swept the flaming water away from the craft as it battled to plow a fire-free path. The heat cracked pilot house windows and the smoke got so thick that Gray could not see his compass. They backed out. Twice more the boat tried to find a way through and each time the flames repulsed her thrusts.

Meanwhile, Chief Engineer John H. Alderson and Assistant Chief Frank Winkler arrived and after mapping battle strategy we radioed for six more engine companies to cover threatened exposures. Boat One chugged in from Fish Harbor and our fleet of fireboats was joined by Navy and Coast Guard tugs.

I decided to go aboard Fireboat Two where I could better see the problem of how to force our way up the slip.

"We've got to get through somehow," I told Gordon. "Let's try just once more. We'll edge along the wharf, all the while keeping our starboard side as distant from the *Markay* as possible. Have our bow turret gun and rail standees push the fire on top of the water away from us as we go through."

We began to feel our way into the billowing cloud of smoke and fire. The heat was intense and I waited for more pilot windows to break. I wondered what would happen if a stray spark ever found its way below deck and reached our gasoline-powered engines.

Our mighty streams bored into the boiling flames and the turrets swept the burning waters of the slip. Suddenly the smoke lifted slightly, enough for me to spot a slender path free of fire.

We bolted through the narrowing path and for a time the flames tried to swallow us, but we swept them from our hull. I held my breath for what seemed an eternity, but at last we pulled through the malestrom and shot into clear waters.

I knew the crewmen had little energy left after this supreme test of their endurance. Flicking on the public address horn aboard the boat I called to shore for a detail of six men from land companies to meet us when we put into the wharf.

Dawn was nearly upon us as we eased against the wharf and took on a fresh crew. I jumped ashore to set up heavy duty equipment which land companies had been readying for use the moment we maneuvered the boat through to the north end of the fire.

"Boat-tender Twenty-one!" I called. "Get your wagon battery to work on the inside of this transit shed. Drive her right in there." I also ordered a portable monitor into operation so as to give us two powerful battering ram streams that could safely work their way down the top of the wharf as Fireboat Two drove a wedge into the fire underneath.

Everything aboard our boat then opened up on the flames. The engines throbbed mightily as we hammered with every ounce of horsepower at our command at the fire. Slowly we began to pound holes in what had been an impenetrable wall. Fortunately there was little wind blowing or we would never had gotten a foothold. The fight was hard, but when I squinted through the smoke pouring up from the creosoted pinnings I saw we were winning. After a while the pungent black smoke turned to a dirty white color, and I knew we had the fire licked. On the land side, Boat Tender Two advanced and firemen moved the portable monitor along with it through the shed. With the fire on the APL side gradually being brought under control we could move in to sweep the fire on top of the water back toward the *Markay*, while other boats pounded the flames aboard the tanker and battled to keep intact compartments cool. Slowly the fire conceded defeat, but we weren't able to go aboard the *Markay* for two days.

The carnage below decks was appalling. Most of the dead were asleep in their bunks when the *Markay* blew. We found nine corpses down there and Boat Three found a tenth floating in the water. The coroner was never able to tell us exactly how many were killed. His final tally stood at twelve, counting a pile of charred bone fragments we found in the tanker's radio shack.

I was hardly conscious of the time when my relief came and I wearily dragged myself home but I knew I'd never again have doubts of our ability to cope with disaster in the Harbor Battalion. ■ ■

Yeah, a tough boy, all right. He found that his fists were clenched and he unclenched them.

"No doubt you men are wondering just where in hell you are," said General Hawkins. "Also, why the army picked you for duty in this unknown, uncomfortable place. Well, I must tell you that the answer to the first question, where you are, will never be answered. We brought you here by a roundabout route. We put you in a plane with the windows covered. When you landed here, you landed at night and were immediately moved into a car which drove you to the barracks . . ."

Some barracks, thought Private Tony Donato in bewilderment. *A cave in the side of a mountain. Some front yard, a big, hot and empty desert. Just sand. Sand, stone and lizards.* Tony knew they could be anywhere, anywhere in the world.

"But," said General Hawkins' voice tuning into Tony's consciousness again, "We find it necessary to tell you *why* you are here." Slowly General Hawkins looked around meeting each soldier's eyes with a probing stare. "You are here to do guard duty. The toughest guard duty on earth. Hidden in the side of this mountain is a huge cave. In it are a number of hydrogen bombs.

"I need hardly tell you," said the General softly, "what desperate efforts are being made by potential enemies to locate and sabotage this place. You have been carefully screened and checked for dependability. It is important that you know how special a group of men you are, how heavy your responsibility."

The General stared at them and as he stared lines of weariness seemed to appear around his eyes and mouth, making him seem more bitter and tougher than ever. "Don't let me down, men. Don't let your people, your country down." Suddenly he straightened and nodded. He said crisply, "Your special training will now begin."

Stretched out on his cot days later, aching in every muscle, Tony stared soberly at the wooden ceiling. Above it, he knew, was solid rock but the ceiling gave an illusion necessary to avoid claustrophobia. Tony closed his eyes wearily. He knew now the nature of solid rock, the unyielding quality of it, because slowly his heart and spirit were being turned into the equivalent. It was necessary. It was necessary because, as General Hawkins had pointed out in lectures, they, the guards, were the weakest link in the barrier. It was inevitable.

"You must understand," General Hawkins had said, "that the shrewdest minds on earth will be, *are being*, brought to bear on how to get past you and destroy those hydrogen bombs. So we must eliminate this weak link."

Strange, thought Tony in dull weariness, how they'd gone about this. They had a small and luxurious movie theatre in which the latest movies were shown three times a week. There was a superbly furnished music room with an unbelievable library of records, everything from chamber music to Rock'n'Roll. And the food! They ordered from menus and were served, anything from two-inch sirloin steak medium-rare to spare-ribs charcoaled to exquisite crispness.

It was a mighty sweet setup all right, what with the guards all being made sergeants, and having to be on guard duty for only two hours at a time so their alertness wouldn't dim. It would have been a soldier's paradise except for one thing: the disappearances. Tony felt his stomach churn as he tried to figure it out. He stared at the ceiling, thinking hard. Ten soldiers had come in his group. After one day there were nine. Nobody knew where the fellow—his name was Jessup, Paul Jessup—had gone. He'd made no goodby; just had his footlocker empty and was gone when they returned from their duty at the various lonely tunnel entrances. Nobody seemed to know what happened to him. Even the instructors looked surprised and blank, didn't, in fact, seem to even remember Jessup. What was this, some kind of crazy game?

It happened two more times. One man Tony had liked and missed a lot, a fellow named Harry, a corporal before they made him sergeant. Tony, staring now at the ceiling, felt a thickness in his throat. He sat up, as a soft bell rang out from the corridor outside, signalling the class given by General Hawkins himself.

I'm going to ask the General what happened to Harry, thought Tony as he reached for his jacket. The classroom was small, compact, with just enough room for the seven soldiers plus three empty chairs. General Hawkins was in front before a blackboard.

"All right now," said General Hawkins, "let's get started. You," he pointed to one of the soldiers, "you are on duty. You hear footsteps down the tunnel. Two men appear, one of them you recognize as an important civilian official in Washington; his picture has been in all the papers. They do not have the password but they do carry my authentic signature signed to a note telling you to let them inside the storage room. What do you do?"

"They don't get through, sir. I put my rifle on them and hold them while sounding the alarm bell," said the soldier.

"Right," said General Hawkins briskly. "And why?"

"You may have signed the note under duress, sir," said the soldier. *"Rule eight of our manual states: Only the password properly given shall admit any person, civilian or military to the storeroom even if bearing other proof of authority or permission."*

At this moment the door opened and a messenger hurried in, with a note which General Hawkins read rapidly. He looked up and spoke tersely, "There'll be no class tomorrow morning. We'll resume the day after."

He walked out calling over his shoulder, "Dismissed." Tony stared after him with disappointment. He would have to wait to find out about Harry.

They saw a good movie that night, a comedy which had the soldiers howling. But Tony, right in the middle of his laughter, found a sudden thought plaguing him which stopped his mirth immediately. It flashed unbidden from his subconscious like a neon sign in the dark. *If a guy turns out to be no good for this job,* he thought feeling sick, *they can't just reassign him. He knows too much. What would they do with him?* Immediately Tony knew the three missing men had turned out unsatisfactory. And feverishly, putting his mind to what he would decide if he were a general, Tony looked in full dread at the inevitable conclusion. *I'd call them psyche and lock them up, or I'd have to shove them way off somewhere where they could never talk to anybody.*

Tony got up and walked out of the theatre. He went to his bunk and lay down, holding his aching head. The next day Tony was on duty at the tunnel entrance when he heard the car outside grind to a halt. General Hawkins appeared looking as if he hadn't slept all night. His face grim, the General strode toward the entrance, clutching some documents in his hand.

"Halt," cried Tony automatically. "And give the password."

General Hawkins brushed by him impatiently. "Haven't got it this morning Sergeant," he called over his shoulder. "I've been on flight and missed the briefing. Glad you're on the ball though so . . ."

"Halt!" snarled Tony, swinging his rifle, aiming it. "You don't go through without the password." He aimed straight at the general's heart.

General Hawkins stopped. His face became scarlet.

"Listen you fool," he said in a menacing voice. "Put that gun down or I'll have you court martialed. Back to your post."

General Hawkins marched on down the tunnel to the storeroom.

Tony said in a strangled voice, "Halt. Halt." And then he pulled the trigger. As the shot reverberated and echoed, General Hawkins spun around and fell. General Hawkins got up grinning ruefully. He limped back to Tony who was standing there frozen. "Don't worry, boy," said General Hawkins as he opened his bulky overcoat and examined the bullet proof vest under it. "I'm okay."

He looked at Tony. "You did right," said the General. "You passed the last test, the way the other three did. And now we'll send you to where the hydrogen bombs really *are* hidden." ■ ■

ASK ADVENTURE

WHO ARE THE INDIAN POLICE?

Some time ago I read in a book or magazine about the Indian Police. This organization was merely mentioned and not described in any way. Can you inform me whether there is any literature dealing with this force, and if not, give me some information about its history?

L. U. GUNNERFELDT

Wayne, Mich.

Frankly, I have no information regarding

the so-called "Indian Police." Like you, I have read references to such a force—but in fiction stories only.

The brief references I have seen would indicate that it was a force of police, recruited from Indians, to maintain law and order on the Indian reservations. If there ever actually was such a force, to the best of my knowledge, it no longer exists.

You might be able to get the information you desire if you write to: The Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington 25, D. C.

FRANCIS H. BENT

TAKE THE FAMILY HIKING

My family and I enjoy "rambling" through the country for recreation, exercise, and just plain curiosity, but have been "road-bound" by our lack of knowledge of hiking and self-preservation outside of settled areas.

Could you recommend some references where we could find out about this subject or give us some information yourself?

A. H. BENNETT

Athens, Tenn.

Although I don't know whether your "family" consists of pre-school children or grandparents, either group can certainly go! When my oldest boy was a year old I cut holes in a knapsack for his legs and carried him like a papoose all over the Ramapo Mountains when they were really wild and when I wanted to get a stove up to a log cabin I built, I had to carry it up piece by piece as you couldn't get a wagon up. On the other hand, I've met a seventy year old grandma on a portage in Canada carrying her share of the duffle over the ridge.

Now there's an idea I'd suggest to you for the family outing of a lifetime, a ten-day canoe trip through Quetico Forest. It is one of the few roadless areas with moose, bear or deer easy to see as well as all the smaller wildlife and millions of birds. It is not expensive and not dangerous, but it requires the ability to read a compass and a map and reasonably vigorous health to traverse it safely.

I have written about what it does for family life in magazines like "Household," "Open Road," "Hunting and Fishing" and even for English outdoor magazines and have received hundreds of letters from folks thanking me for suggesting it. You can get complete information on this vacation, free, by writing Bill Rom, Canoe Country Outfitters, Ely, Minnesota, who will send you maps and photographs of the area.

You live very near the great highway from Georgia to Maine and so near its sponsor, Paul M. Fink in Tennessee's Jonesboro. Write Paul about the best areas near you for some of these family-break-in hikes.

Another trick of ours when we move (we've lived in over twenty states) is to write the State Highway Department for an inch-to-the-mile map of counties that look pretty deserted on road maps. On those maps they have every house, store, mine, bog, creek and lake. It's good winter evening fun tracing out a possible route to explore some marsh or lake not reached by a road. Drive down the country lane nearest it and park off the road. Make it a family all-day hike the first time; an overnight the next. It may be so attractive you'll want to build a lean-to for a permanent base the next trip.

Unfortunately, there is a dearth of material on hiking, and most of that is out of date. I've written a number of stories for the American Medical Association and a newspaper syndicate on being comfortable in the outdoors, but I have no copies at hand. AMA in Chicago might still have some copies of my "Be Comfortable in the Outdoors." You'll get a lot of good from the merit badge pamphlets of the Senior Scouts on hiking, woodcraft and similar outdoor activity. Write for a list of the Scout handbooks; they average about 35c each. You can order direct if you do not have a Scout store there. Don't sneer at going to the Boy Scouts of America for information. Some of my senior troop saw action in Korea and tell me that some of the woodcraft they learned as scouts did them more good during that terrible retreat than the skimpy boot camp training the Marines gave them.

The Gallion Road Equipment company gives out a free folder on how to forecast weather using the clouds and wind direction. Dr. Irving Krick who can be reached through the California Institute of Technology puts out a slide rule for $2.50 that I use and so does our local radio weather forecaster.

For first-aid I'd turn to the Scouts again or the Red Cross manual. An accredited operator from either will do you more good in an emergency than a doctor.

One thing I'd emphasize as the most important: before you vanish into the wilderness for any extended period have a complete check-up by both doctor and dentist and if you have any history of tenderness at McBirney's point, I'd seriously consider having the appendix out first. Use Halizone tablets for suspicious water or ten drops of a household bleach such as Purex, Chlorox (sodium-hypochlorite) to a gallon. When allowed to stand for five minutes and stirred to dissipate the chlorine the result is safe and delicious water. If you get a campfire burn *don't* douse it with any of the unguents or goo that is sold for that purpose. A sterile bandage that the air can get through is much safer.

The perils of long hikes are largely in not evaluating the next move. You reach up for a new handhold and the ledge crumbles away, or you pet a snake, or you step into a deep ford and suddenly are over your head with a knapsack turning you upside down, or you get lost and panic, etc. Bear in mind the Boy Scout motto: "Be Prepared."

AUSTIN H. PHELPS

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